

McGhee  
546









# OUR RIDE THROUGH ASIA MINOR

BY

MRS. SCOTT-STEVENSON

AUTHOR OF "OUR HOME IN CYPRUS."

*WITH MAP.*

LONDON: CHAPMAN AND HALL, LIMITED,  
HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

1881.

*[All rights reserved.]*

**CHARLES DICKENS AND EVANS,**  
**CRYSTAL PALACE PRESS.**

## DEDICATION.

---

**I Dedicate this my Second Book,**

AS I DEDICATED MY FIRST,

TO MY HUSBAND,

CAPTAIN ANDREW SCOTT-STEVENSON,

*Forty-Second Royal Highlanders ("The Black Watch"),*

CIVIL COMMISSIONER OF KYRENIA, CYPRUS,

AS A TRIBUTE TO HIS LOVE AND CARE.

HE SHARED IN EVERY SCENE DESCRIBED IN ITS PAGES ;

AND WITHOUT HIS COURAGE, TACT, KNOWLEDGE, AND DETERMINATION,

I COULD NOT HAVE ACCOMPLISHED A JOURNEY

WHICH HAS OCCUPIED THREE MONTHS OF THE HAPPIEST TIME

OF MY LIFE.



## PREFACE.

---

I HAVE explained in the first chapter, how I became possessed with an irresistible desire to visit Asia Minor. The country which we traversed, has been almost unexplored. M. Texier and, I believe, Mr. Hamilton have visited many of the places we were at; but their works are now so old that I had the greatest difficulty in procuring a copy of the former, and have not yet seen Mr. Hamilton's. I have read Mr. Davis's admirable book with much interest since my return, and have had much pleasure in comparing his experiences with our own. He is, I think, the most recent writer on Karamania; but whilst not wishing in any sense to depreciate the value of his work, I can fairly say, not only that we went much further east and north than he did, but that the country is so changed since his book was published, that,

although we had the same interpreter for part of the journey, the man declared it was as a new land, even to him. This may seem hard to reconcile with the known stagnation that reigns in the East ; yet an interval of five or six years will make a difference even in Turkey, as regards the roads and passes, the khans and the nomadic tribes.

As for the opinions expressed upon the character and dealings of the inhabitants, which in some cases may appear severe, I wish to say most emphatically that I, and I alone, am responsible for them. My strictures on the Armenians point directly to the inhabitants of Kaisariyeh. They indeed seem to me in some sense a different race from their countrymen elsewhere. Here, in Kyrenia, my husband has many Armenians under him, whom he respects and admires as clever men and devoted servants of the Government. But the natives of Kaisariyeh are exactly as I have described them. Their craftiness, their shrewdness, and parsimony have become a proverb, not only amongst the Turks, but also amongst their own people.

I feel, myself, that it was only the novelty of the subject which made my book on Cyprus so popular ; and I trust that this one may have the same good fortune—for if Cyprus was unknown, how much more so is Karamania ? But I have also been told, over and over again, that the success of my first book was due to its having been written in a natural —

womanly way. Indeed, it would be absurd of me to try to write otherwise ; for no one can feel more humbly than I do, that I have no literary pretensions whatever. The attempt to describe things just as I found them is, therefore, responsible for the unvarnished opinions of places and people which I have recorded. If to anyone I seem to be unkind, they must please remember this cause for my straightforwardness. And whilst I have reasons why I should not commit my husband to my opinions, I may confide a secret to the reader. When I was a little girl, my brother used to nip in the bud, by severe criticism, all my literary efforts ; and since I have grown up, my husband seems to think that this brotherly duty has devolved upon him. So, fearful of discussion that would have toned down opinion and description, until the work had ceased to be a "natural production," I have sent off the sheets for publication without my husband's knowledge, and thus made remonstrance ineffectual. *Q?*

For its errors, therefore, I alone am to blame. The task of writing it has been a very pleasant one ; for although I could not shut my eyes to the ruin and desolation in parts of the land, yet others have been so beautiful, that I feel justified in writing of them as an earthly Paradise. I earnestly hope that, not only strong and energetic men, but also clever and cultivated ladies, may be tempted to share the pleasure I



have enjoyed ; and instead of going to India, America, or Africa, for new sensations and enchanting scenery, come out to Karamania and explore what Andrew felicitously calls "our future recruiting ground."

*Kyrenia, Cyprus, July, 1881.*

# CONTENTS.

---

## CHAPTER I.

	PAGE
KYRENIA TO BEYROUT . . . . .	I
Inducements to attempt the journey—Travellers' tales—Consular accounts and our own sentiments—Warnings and reassurances; which were true?—Want of a good map—Preparations—Our party—To Nicosia—An anti-Russian project—Dreary Larnaca and bright Kyrenia—Off at last—Beyrout from the water—Fiscal backsheesh—Bassoul's Hotel—The bazaars; method of purchasing—A whited sepulchre—Sweetmeats—Midhat's reforms—" <i>Faire sauter le Czar</i> "—St. George and "The Worm"—"The Pines"—Bell's line of steamers—Russian promises and British performance.	

## CHAPTER II.

TRIPOLI TO BEILAN . . . . .	14
Bay of Tripoli—El Mina—Patient camels—The tramway—A garden of fruit—Tripoli rugs—Appearance of the town—A modern gaol—Narghilis—"Hacking over" a caféji and the result—A beautiful sunset—Coast scenery—Arrival at Scanderoon—The consulate—Portrait of <i>our</i> princess—Patience ill-rewarded—A sorry team—The caimacan to the rescue—We discard our baggage—Our brave defenders—What is, and what is not, equipment—Buffaloes and buffalo milk—Beilan—"The Iron Gates"—History of the Pass—Arrival at the khan—What a khan is really like—We make the best of it.	

## CHAPTER III.

THROUGH AFFRIN TO ALEPPO. . . . .	30
A primitive bath—The two routes—St. Stylites' perch—The Amanus mountains—Reports of brigands—The lake of Antioch—A caravan and its leader—Bactrian camels—I excite curiosity—Diarberly—Native food found "good tackle"—Splendid going—Pasture and to spare—Bedouins—The ford—How I tried it and was ducked;	

no laughing matter—The Kara Sou—Hadji birds—Our escort left behind—El Hammam ; the sulphur bath—A river encampment—Affrin—An exacting landlord—Nocturnal alarms—A short cut, but a rough road—Bare feeding—Strange mates at the plough—Davah—Turmanim—Costume of the natives—Desolation—Welcome sight of Aleppo—A quiet hotel—Mr. Boscawen of the British Museum—A call on Mr. Henderson the consul—His home—*Our* princess again—The “Aleppo button”—Kindness of the consul—Climate—Coursing—The Jewish quarter—Beauty not unadorned, and Moslem contempt.

## CHAPTER IV.

ALEPPO . . . . . 50

The bazaars—Decline of textile trade—The native “homespun”—Sweetmeat shops—“Haleb ;” a tradition of the patriarch—The silversmiths—Persian carpets ; what they were and what they are—How my purchases were treated in Cyprus ; the Custom House and Sir Garnet—“Doing” the antiquities—The Gates—Colonel Briscoe—The Castle—The highways “famous for all time” as seen from its summit—Unwholesome water—The “button” and its ravages—Cause and course of the disease—A visit to Said Pasha—Appreciation of Sir R. Biddulph—Sound sense of the Turk—A disappointed man—The Russian consul ; a poor specimen of the diplomatist—Dr. Bischoff—A visit to Djemel Pasha—His memories of England—His stud—The barracks ; parade and dismissal—The Turk, his virtues and faults—Good-bye to Mr. Henderson—My tribute to him and his colleagues.

## CHAPTER V.

THROUGH KILLIS TO AINTAB . . . . . 69

A troublesome muleteer—A village of beehives—Arab inhospitality—A lesson in bread-making—Blue *v.* Red lips—Men will sometimes be boys ; an unwilling stampede—The approach to Killis—A guard of honour—The observed of all observers ; and the reason—An Armenian home—The town—Armenian architecture ; size not beauty—A banquet ; fingers before forks—A grand bedroom—The missing *douceur*—The Ballouk Sou—Turkish politeness—A country of vineyards—Aintab—The Persian consul’s home—A crowd and its dispersal—Appearance of the town—Native wine—A novel sedan-chair—A cheerful Osmanli—Extreme kindness of the people—Gorgeous coverlets.

## CHAPTER VI.

THROUGH PULLANICK TO OSMANIEH . . . . . 83

An indefinite route—Proselytism and its results—Extinction of brigandage—Mountain scenery—Scarcity of game—The Katur

Hissar—A beautiful solitude—Sachtzu-Geuzu—Some ancient carving—A kind host—A red-trouser village—Companions for the night—Regrets on leaving—The passes described—The avi-fauna—Kurd shepherds—The pillow spring—Oloujak—A fine breed of dogs—A rough cavalcade—The lion-killer—Destruction of forests—Infant tortoises—A lovely stream—Pullanick—The Devrishe Bel—Scented groves—The village—A brief nap—Unconscious progress—Osmanieh at last.

PAGE

## CHAPTER VII.

FROM OSMANIEH TO MISSIS . . . . . 99

Our previous route considered—Mr. Bertram and his mount—Osmanieh in daylight—A Turcoman encampment—A formidable fortress—The Circassians; their incivility; their exodus; their appearance; conversation with one of them on Turks and Russians; their treachery; unscrupulousness of the Russian—Our companions in trouble; lucky escape from a mad camel—The mighty Pyramus—Jami-Keuy—Villagers armed for the foray—The Silurus—Mountain castles—Unpleasant neighbours; wolves and jackals—The doctor's somersaults—Missis in the dark—The justice-seat our bed.

## CHAPTER VIII.

MISSIS AND ADANA . . . . . 112

The swallows—Site of Missis—Adana in the distance—Startling encounter with Circassians—The Circassian character—My husband as a snake-killer—Entrance to Adana—Break-up of our party and new arrangements—Theodore dismissed—Difficulties about horses—The bridge of Adana—A river-side inn—Value of Captain Cooper's letters—Mr. Tattarachi—The Effendi—A rare favour; we may see the mosque—The mosque described—View from the minaret—A Turkish tomb—The hospital—Empty bazaars—A convert and his works.

## CHAPTER IX.

A DAY IN TARSUS . . . . . 124

A weak moment—A Cilician brougham—Public inquisition—A rough road—A busy official—How the roads are made—The eight pashas—Competitive exams and the roads in Cyprus—A fertile country—The harbour of Ayas—Boar-hunting—Armenian responsibility for forest destruction—Migration of herds and families to the hills—Reception by the Dutch consul—A word on carpets—Good-bye in earnest to our old companions—The bazaars and trade of Tarsus—Tent-making of St. Paul—The Tarsus of to-day—Tarsus of yesterday; a retrospect and a bit of history—St. Paul's gateway and tomb. The tomb of Sardanapalus—The result of the morning's weakness.

	PAGE
CHAPTER X.	
ON THE ROAD TO KAISARIYEH . . . . .	140

We buy "Paul"—Value set on horse-tails—Arrival of the missing muleteer—A sinister countenance—Its presage fulfilled—A caravan encampment—Pastoral fountains—Venerated olive-trees—A risky road—Messalouk-Khan—The Zeybecks; their customs and costume—Adorers of the moon—Sarichek—A full house—Our katurji (muleteer) again—Reminiscence of the Highlands—The Pylæ or gates of Cilicia—View from the pass—The mountain guard-house—We lose our escort—I attempt to comfort Nahli—Road-making and forced labour—Ibrahim's defences—The poplar as a feminine emblem—The yaila or country house—A dying camel—Bozanti-Khan—Ugly customers—A brave defender offers; lion or jackal?—I risk another bath—Our katurji receives a lesson—Revengefulness of the Persians—Arrival at Kamouslu-Khan—Preparations for the night—Precautions for "Paul's" safety.

CHAPTER XI.	
STILL DUE NORTH . . . . .	163

Really "roughing it"—Allah-Dagh—A drizzly start—An abandoned mine—Signs of civilisation—Ferêk—A Turk to the rescue—The "strangers'-room" in a Moslem home—Native *v.* English diet—"Paul" in clover—Enegil—A notable column—A hamlet 'midst the crags—Musical carts—Treachery of our guides; a narrow escape—First view of Mount Argæus—Approach to Kara-Hissar—A torrent of hail—Welcome shelter.

CHAPTER XII.	
KARA-HISSAR AND INJESU . . . . .	174

Kara-Hissar—Modern Deborahs—Brilliant costumes—A warning against brigands disregarded—Its truth verified—An exciting time—Attack and defeat—I act up to orders—Nahli's excuses—I take him in hand—Arrival at the guard-house—A roofless stable—A soldierly reception—We learn native habits in sitting and dining—A waif of the plains—Nahli's midnight music—Depressing scenery—Injesu—Our torment turns up again—Wholesome restraint—Solitude where once was life; the great khan of Mustapha—The Karamanli sheep—A rat-weasel—Near view of Argæus—A charming morass—The "chiftlick;" first experience of Armenian incivility—Hadji birds again—Approach to the great city.

CHAPTER XIII.	
KAISARIYEH . . . . .	191

Situation of the city—The Arjish-Dagh—Horrors of the streets—And this is Kaisariyeh!—The bazaars—A choice in furs—Armenian

houses—Our own quarters—Dr. Michaeliane ; a friend in need—  
Hostility of the natives hinted—Value of official goodwill—Our  
care to secure it—Deficiencies and difficulties of the authorities—  
Visit to Hady Pasha—His white donkey—The jewellery bazaar—  
A live Zeybeck—An Armenian home—Slimness no beauty—  
Native wines—Mr. and Mrs. Farnsworth ; a reminiscence of  
“Queechy”—The tomb of Honant—A specimen convert—The  
castle ; a town within a fortress—The city walls—Architectural  
dates—Lack of roads—The white donkey’s performances—Stories  
and traditions—Talass—Mr. Farnsworth’s girls’ school—Changing  
temperature—The araba, or native waggon—We charter one.

PAGE

# CHAPTER XIV.

ARMENIAN AND TURK . . . . . 210

The Armenians—Their control of commerce—Reputation for smartness  
—Want of good qualities—Our own experiences detailed ; con-  
firmed by Nahli’s—Mr. Farnsworth on them—A very black legend  
—Appearance of the men and women—Early marriages and their  
results—An unsavoury *coiffure*—The nomadic tribes : Turcomans ;  
Yuruks ; Kurds ; Affschars—A word for the Turk ; difficulties of  
authorities ; uncertain tenure of office and foreign interference—  
How “atrocities” are manufactured—Armenian influence with  
missionaries—Diverse notions of proselytism by the two races—  
Our interest in the country and result of our inquiry : sympathy  
with the Turk.

# CHAPTER XV.

A DAY OF PERIL . . . . . 224

The araba and its driver—The muleteer again—How he had behaved  
in Kaisariyeh—His last demand and its reward—The last scene of  
all ; a strong man’s anger—Nahli, too, is avenged—Disconcerted  
sympathisers—The morass and its causeway—Perils of a Turkish  
bridge—Karibtcha—Luncheon ; a doubtful well—Familiarity of  
the arabaji—His looks and costume—Kara-euk—A waggon-bed—  
Conical villages—The yellow khan—Pyramidal hills—Shoukuk ;  
an apt translation—We lose our way and are mistaken for Cir-  
cassians—A blind guide—Our driver attempts a precipice—Wreck  
and mutilation—An unpleasant outlook—Nahli despatched for  
help—My husband follows—Alone with a dying man—Five hours  
of dread suspense—“Oh mither, when ye cradled me !”—Sus-  
picious visitors—A welcome voice—Help at last.

# CHAPTER XVI.

URGUB AND NEM SHEHR . . . . . 239

Approach to Urgub—A troglodyte city—A friendly caimacan—  
Alabaster work—The prison ; treatment of a special malefactor

—A Circassian zaptieh—The upper town—Curious retreats ; cells or tombs?—A sight worth seeing ; rocks of Urgub—Natural minarets—Entrance to Nem Shehr—Arrival in the dark—An inhospitable reception—Our Circassian proves his mettle—A row and its consequences—My husband to the rescue—The khanji paid out—A humbled people—The caimacan's lack of authority—Two more specimen converts and what I thought of them—Aspect of the town—The dead alive ; our arabaji reappears !—A tribute to pluck.

## CHAPTER XVII.

NIGDEH . . . . . 254

A rock-built village—A dangerous road—Experiences of Christian and Turkish hospitality—Malagob, a Christian village ; Achachar, a Turkish : The contrast—Cool feet and warm head—Crimean reminiscences—Guljeük, a village of idleness—Extraordinary kindness of the people—An atrocious road—Nigdeh—The lieutenant-governor—Greek welcome—The question of "tubbing"—Mr. Petrachi at home ; filial respect—The bazaars and streets—Fatmah's tomb—The college—Circassian iconoclasm—Circassian women ; a disappointment—The castle—Nigdeh robbers—Native wine—Turkish curiosity—A Turkish "atrocious" got up for our behoof, and its result—The effendi between two fires—Farewell to our host.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

A NIGHT WITH THE TURCOMANS . . . . . 268

A choice of roads—Bor : another bad highway—Ancient and modern engineering—The village fair—Dress of the peasants—Silver-work—Prayer-carpet—Kiz-Hissar—Remains of ancient Tyana—Its aqueduct and sculpture—A deserted town—Well-guarded orchards—A missing causeway—How the roads are destroyed ; liberty beyond a joke—The Lycaonian plain—Emen Chiftlick—Dissolving views—Arrival at a Turcoman encampment—A trial of nomad life—Turcoman huts—We make ourselves at home—Want of good water—Feminine curiosity ; "What is she good for?"—The strangers' hut—Arrival of the flocks—Separation of ewes and lambs ; a curious scene—An idyllic life—The Teftek goat—Depredation by wolves—Cleanliness of the encampment—A Turcoman supper—Yuruk coffee—A night beneath the stars.

## CHAPTER XIX.

EREGLI : A STATE OF SIEGE . . . . . 281

Amateur doctoring—An aspirant to arms—The marshes—Ibreez ; a lovely spot—Regrets—Wandering dervishes—Eregli—A storm—



Early fruit—A state of siege ; the Circassians hold the town—  
Their outrages—Terror of the authorities—My husband's declara-  
tion and its effect—Poor Nahli's fears—Carpets—A moufflon's  
head—The Armenian Church—Petrifying springs—Petitions and  
their reception.

PAGE

## CHAPTER XX.

### THE DESERTED VILLAGE . . . . . 290

Preparations for brigands—An unwholesome spot—Bektik—"The  
mail"—"Tatar" or "Tartar"—Wild geese—Herds of camels  
—The camel and its food—The inevitable morass—Karabunar  
"the melancholy"—Truly "a deserted village"—Its unfortunate  
caimacan—Valuable ruins—Departed greatness—Hospitable re-  
ception—A Turkish lady in dismal case—Windmills that will not  
turn—Some of Nahli's experiences as a tax-gatherer ; how the  
national funds disappear—Primitive irrigation—The mirage—I  
find myself in floral clover—Scarcity of fuel—Ismil—Andrew  
poses as a pasha—Nahli is himself overtaxed—Ismil's one monu-  
ment ; a horrible idea—Cleanliness of the Turk—Advantages of  
native diet—The Circassians meet their match—A pickaxe as an  
aid to travel—A plethora of mushrooms—Kütschü-Keuy—Moufflon-  
hunters—Paul becomes odoriferous—Hints to travellers, to ensure  
hospitality.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### KONIAH AND ITS HISTORY . . . . . 307

Scriptural scenes—First view of the city—The past and present—  
Early history of Koniah—"A cradle and sepulchre"—Paul and  
Barnabas—Timothy—The Lycaonian plain—"The Almighty's  
belt"—A representative Turkish city—The streets—Captain  
Stewart's home—His servant Sambo—Sambo and the petitioners  
—We are asked to shelter a murderer—News at last ; the welcome  
papers—Visit to Nourri Bey—Government offices in ruins—The  
bazaars—The mosques—Carpets of price—Our old driver figures  
as a hero—We engage a new one—An earnest—Visit from Nourri  
Bey—His account of the Circassians—Turkish and Christian mal-  
versation ; "not a pin to choose."

## CHAPTER XXII.

### KONIAH : ITS RUINS AND ITS DERVISHES . . . . . 321

The old walls—Ancient lions—The Castle of Allaoodeen—A treasure-  
trove ; Persian tiles—Effective carving—The tomb and the mosque  
of Allaoodeen—Relics of ancient Iconium : native want of appre-  
ciation—Tottering mosques—The castle—The suburbs as seen  
from it—My interview with the sheikh of the Mevlevi dervishes—

I obtain permission to visit their mosque and see the dancing—Andrew on my diplomacy—Our visit to the college and mosque of the dervishes described—The courtyard—Shoes off!—The mosque and its treasures; priceless gems of glass—The tombs and shrine—Hazret's tomb—Offerings of devotees—Wealth within and poverty without—The dance of the whirling dervishes—Coffee—A pasha's backsheesh—Proofs of the tolerance of the Turk—A contrast in this respect with the Christian.

PAGE

## CHAPTER XXIII.

DUE SOUTH TO KARAMAN . . . . . 337

Homeward bound—A decent road and an apology—Turkish and English road-making compared—Value of directness—Arcadian goat-herds—Schumra, a village of pitfalls—Returning signs of life—Cassaba, its minaret and walls—Old china in an out-of-the-way place—A bath at dawn—Bin-bir-Kilisse, the site of ancient Lystra—Paul and Barnabas; crowding Bible memories—Fertile Ilisera—Arrival at Karaman—Hospitality of Ali Effendi—Sudden transformation of bare walls—Why I prefer a divan to a chair—A truly Turkish meal—We feel at home—Andrew recognised by old friends (?)—A picturesque market scene—Friendly services of the caimacan—We impress horses, and endeavour to excuse the act—The mosques of Karaman—Two perfect doorways—Supposed grave at Karaman—Startling extent of the cemeteries—The castle—Climate of Karaman—Its situation and aspect—Prevalence of semi-deserted towns—The Turk and his hospitality—Difficulty of repaying it—His appreciation of small attentions.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

A NIGHT IN THE FOREST . . . . . 355

Our imposing return—Terrors of the "Itchelli"—Last view of Karaman—An Eastern well appropriately set off—The Médan—Lalâh, a very oasis—Villagers impressed in our service—Where are the brigands?—Wild tulips—The mill of Kalakeuseu—Primitive butter-making—A stiff climb and a rough road—Hidden cascades—A deep dell of solitude—Destruction of timber—A Yuruk encampment—Deceptive reassurances—Our goal seemingly in sight—The valley of Mout—We make a plunge into the forest—Horses promised—The forest in flames—How the remnants of our party fared—The situation at midnight—Welcome lights and general collapse—Tardy deliverance—The morrow's reflections: how far had we come?—Not Ybunti after all—The caimacan's victim and the real truth—How I felt—Sad reports of my behaviour.

CHAPTER XXV.

MOUT AND ZÉNA . . . . .	PAGE 368
-------------------------	-------------

The valley of Mout—Some deserted villages—Reception by the caimacan—Mout—A notable spring—The castle—Claudiopolis—Vestiges of a vast colonnade—Scarcity of forage—The Gok-Sou—A broken bridge—Locusts, and the locust bird—The bridge of Paradise—Exquisite woodland—Arrival at Zéna—Reception by Hadji Ibrahim Aga—An encampment beneath the stars—A veritable patriarch—Aga and Effendi—Advantages of a bed-room beneath the sky—My primitive dining-room—Pasture, stream, and woodland—A placid life—A lingering farewell.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A BEAUTIFUL RIDE . . . . .	380
----------------------------	-----

A fortunate official—Rough forest roads—Turkish kindness to animals—The gipsies—A fair scene; even "bonny Scotland" eclipsed—For once I see flowers enough—"Kenger" coffee—The yaila of Bozaghatsch—Hearty reception—Cookery by Turkish ladies—The yearly flitting—Prisoners paroled for church—Signs of a southern climate—Mountain game: boar and porcupine—First glimpse of the blue sea—Bozaghatsch in summer—The peasant and the conscription—Arrival at Killindryeh—The population turn out to greet us—News of home, and of "Souris"—I am at last satisfied that I have done something.

CHAPTER XXVII.

KILLINDRYEH AND OUR VOYAGE HOME . . . . .	390
---	-----

Disappointment; a foul wind and compulsory detention—Good-bye to honest Nahli; a recommendation and a warning—We turn our own interpreters—Killindryeh—The timber shoot—Site of ancient Celendris—Vestiges of the old castle—Wanting a bridge; official disregard of national interests—The rock-cut tombs—Visit to a secluded ruin—Reminiscences of Cyprus—A hidden stream—We find a bridge—An excellent situation—Undoubted signs of departed monastic life—A ramble over the ruins—Black and gray snakes—We resolve to start—A stormy night—Wrecked in port—My bedraggled pasha—Donkey-stalking—Approach to dear Kyrenia—My nervousness—Andrew goes as *avant coureur*—How he was received—Calls for "the lady"—How my pet had been cared for—Apotheosis of "Souris"—Impressions of our trip—My last word: an appeal for the generous Turk.







Scale of Eng. Stat. Miles

London; C









# OUR RIDE THROUGH ASIA MINOR.

---

## CHAPTER I.

### KYRENIA TO BEYROUT.

Inducements to attempt the journey—Travellers' tales—Consular accounts and our own sentiments—Warnings and reassurances ; which were true?—Want of a good map—Preparations—Our party—To Nicosia—An anti-Russian project—Dreary Larnaca and bright Kyrenia—Off at last—Beyrout from the water—Fiscal backsheesh—Bassoul's Hotel—The bazaars ; method of purchasing—A whited sepulchre—Sweetmeats—Midhat's reforms—"*Faire sauter le Czar*"—St. George and "The Worm"—"The Pines"—Bell's line of steamers—Russian promises and British performance.

WE left Kyrenia—"Our home in Cyprus"—at daybreak on the 2nd of April, 1880, *en route* for Karamania in Asia Minor. The sun had barely risen. The Taurus mountains on the opposite coast were still tinged with crimson, their rugged peaks and deep ravines standing out sharp and clear in the morning light. We should not see them again till we stood at their base on the Turkish shore ready to return to the spot which we were now leaving.

The distance from Cyprus to the mainland is only forty-five miles, and often the sea looks but a great lake with every sail reflected on its calm surface. I had often felt a longing as I gazed on the distant shore to visit it and see what lay beyond these purple mountains. I have daily watched the small caiques arriving, and loading their cargoes of goats and Karamanli sheep, bales of carpets and skins of butter, flasks of oil and piles of coloured earthenware plates. I have admired the picturesque-looking Turk with his long beard, his knotted staff and flowing robes, vividly calling to mind the pictures of the Patriarchs; the sturdy mountaineer dressed in short full trousers of some bright-hued calico, with huge waist-scarf and embroidered shirt; the merchant too, in red fez and black coat; and the primitive trader from the interior in snow-white turban and fur-lined robe of wolf-skin.

I have often gone down to the beach and spoken to them about the country they had come from, and had learned curious tales of the nomad tribes—the Turcomans, the Kurds, the Yuruks, the Zeybecks, and the Circassians. They would tell me of the caravans from the East that traverse the country; of the wild-boar hunts where the Christians feast on the unclean pig, and drink raki till they cannot move; of the pursuit of the deer and the ibex and the moufflon; of the virgin forests of fir, pine, and oak; of the woods; of the gardens containing all the fruits of the earth, from the date and banana to the cherry and plum. They would speak too of the majestic rivers with fish over six feet in length with

flesh like an ox ; of the mines or quarries of copper, alabaster, marble, porphyry, lead, and emery ; of the great table-lands, the plains, and the salt lakes, the boiling springs, and those that turn to stone everything that touches them ; of the treasures of the mosques, and of the ancient tombs in which to-day the peasants make their homes.

The stories, in short, were so varied and extravagant as to fire me with an uncontrollable wish to see for myself the wonders hidden by the distant hills.

We had other evidence. My husband's friends in the consular service had written him glowing accounts of the fertility of the soil, and of the mineral wealth hidden in the earth, which we hope will some day, under more favourable political circumstances, constitute the chief wealth of the country. He, indeed, often speaks of Asia Minor as the "future recruiting-ground" of England ; for its sturdy peasants and brave mountaineers are ready and willing to meet our common foe. And it is here, in all probability, that we shall again encounter that incarnation of organised hypocrisy and injustice, of brute force and cruelty—the Russian Government, and the Russian people.

Living as we do so near Asia Minor, we cannot fail to take the keenest interest in its welfare and future fate, and we longed to go and judge for ourselves of the country and the government.

There was much to be done before we could start. My husband had to procure a firman from the Porte ; but this Sir Robert Biddulph, the Vali-Pasha (governor) of Cyprus,

kindly got for him through Sir Henry Layard. I should name that Lady Layard too was very kind in writing to me, expressing an interest in our journey.

We were warned that we should have to undergo much fatigue and many privations. There were neither roads, nor inns, nor means of travelling, except on horseback. The people too were said to be fanatical and barbarous ; a lady had never been seen in these countries, and would probably meet with all sorts of unpleasantness. We would assuredly be robbed or taken captive ; the villagers would set their wolf-hounds upon us, and, if we defended ourselves we might be shot ; and even should we escape all these, we would certainly fall victims to the Zeybecks and Circassians, who infested the mountains, and never gave quarter. In short, everyone did his best to frighten us into giving up the expedition ; but my husband had heard from Mr. Kitchener, R.E., and from Captain Cooper, our consuls at Castamuni and Adana respectively, who assured us that so far from the natives being rude or inhospitable, they were convinced that all would do their best to treat us well. The reader will learn from the following pages which view was the right one.

Once the question of my husband's leave was settled, we began to make our preparations. We got a tent, and laid in supplies of preserved provisions and wine. We bought waterproof clothing of every description (which we found really useful later on). We had all our saddles and bridles repaired, and added extra straps to every part of the former to which anything could be fastened.

We traced out our route and sent to England for Kiepert's map of *Klein-Asien*, which is the best—in fact the only one, I believe, published on Asia Minor.\* My husband wrote, announcing our intended visit, to Captain Cooper at Adana, and to Captain Stewart at Koniah, and received the kindest replies. We got letters of credit on Beyrout and Aleppo from the Ottoman Bank, and letters of introduction to their correspondents at Kaisariyeh and Koniah. But it was not, as I have said, until the 2nd of April that our arrangements were sufficiently completed to enable us to make a start.

Our party, at the outset, consisted of three—my husband, myself, and Dr. Johnstone, who at the time was civil surgeon in Kyrenia, though holding a commission in the army. When he proposed to join us we were delighted; for he is not only a skilful physician, but his tact and cheerfulness under difficulties helped to smooth many a rough part of our travels.

We left in high spirits. The bright sun and glorious weather seemed a good omen; the country we were driving through was very beautiful. In the forest the hoary olives contrasted with the dark carobs and with the tall firs scattered through it, whilst the underwood of arbutus and myrtle sparkled with dew. The crowing of the partridges as they ran before us, the cooing of the doves, and the incessant song of in-

---

\* I should mention that Kiepert's map proved little better than a delusion and a snare. It would be almost useless for the purpose of enabling the reader to trace our route. The map which accompanies this volume was drawn by Mr. Kitchener, R.E., after our return.

numerable warblers and flycatchers, made the world seem very bright, and in unison with our cheerful spirits.

At Nicosia we stayed a few hours with Sir Lushington and Lady Phillips, and busied ourselves saying good-bye to our friends and laying in last supplies for the journey. Mr. Kitchenner, who is now in Cyprus making a survey of the island for the Government, gave me a map to show to the Turks we might stay with. It explained how the Russians at the treaty of San Stefano had endeavoured to deprive them of a large extent of territory, and how we, by the treaty of Berlin, had prevented their doing this. I never lost an opportunity of bringing out this map; and it used to be quite amusing to see the Turks poring over it, and to hear their expressions of bitterness and hatred against their treacherous foe—sentiments which I cordially echoed.

We galloped the twenty-six miles from Nicosia to Larnaca in a few hours, having sent on our horses to the former place. We found the mail for Beyrout was a day late, and not expected from Alexandria till Sunday; so were forced to spend a day in Larnaca doing nothing.

I really cannot divine how civilised people exist in Larnaca; at least I know that I can never find anything to do when I am there. Gentlemen possibly can manage; for they can smoke and read the papers comfortably enough in the club, which is good. But for ladies—diversion is simply conspicuous by its absence. There are neither walks nor drives nor trees nor gardens. The hideous shingly beach is backed by a long row of stone houses, with another row behind it, where

the bazaar is. But the latter is more like the High Street of a provincial town with us, than an Eastern bazaar. And beyond it there are only a few scattered houses of hideous architecture built over an old necropolis, and then the commencement of the low gray hills that lead to the Messarian plain.

In truth to come from the beautiful northern coast to this dreary town is always an infliction to me. It makes me feel very thankful for the good fortune that made my husband Commissioner of the fairest part of Cyprus. Though I have travelled a good deal, I know of no place where sea, forest, and mountains lie all together within so small a space as they do at Kyrenia, or of any range of hills that can compare in beauty of colour or irregularity of outline with the castle-crowned peaks of its background of mountains. It will be easily understood, then, how joyfully we signalled the little steamer belonging to Bell's Asia Minor line, that goes weekly between Cyprus and the Syrian coast. We got on board as soon as the Egyptian cargo was unloaded, and a rough passage of twelve hours brought us next morning, April 5th, to Beyrout.

When I came on deck at seven o'clock I thought the world must be very beautiful if there exist many places half so fair as the one that lay before me. I had been told that few towns surpassed Beyrout in beauty when looked at from the sea, and certainly none of us knew of any to compare with it.

Beyrout is situated at the base of an amphitheatre of



mountains, clothed in one continuous sheet of colour, changing from the green of a meadow at the foot to the blue of a pitch-pine at the summit ; whilst crags of gray, yellow, red, and purple, crowned with towers and monasteries at every point, rising here and there, break the monotony and add a charm of their own. The snowy summits of Lebanon tower above all. The lower hills are dotted over with white-walled villas, surrounded by fantastic arches and green verandahs embowered in luxuriant verdure.

The city rises from the water's edge ; and the gaily-painted houses, the green shutters, the red-tiled roofs, the minarets, domes, mosques, and ruins, with many a waving palm-tree and scattered banana, are unsurpassed in brightness of colour and charming irregularity of contour. The rugged headlands of rock, the banks of many-coloured seaweed, the fringe of foam, the little harbour and wooden piers, and the two old ruined castles, make the foreground of the picture. Scores of little boats, caïques and feluccas, with quaintly-dressed crews, all jammed together, a very babel of strange tongues, make an *ensemble* which fascinates the eye. It is a picture, indeed, that rests in the mind as an everlasting memory. Thus my first view of Syria was a very fair one ; very different from the mental forecast of burning deserts and glare and barrenness.

We were not long in getting pratique, and I presently found myself literally handed down the ship's side, and passed on from one brawny arm to another, till I was seated in the corner of the newest caïque. At the Custom House we met with our first experience of the corruption of Turkish officials ;

for they coolly affirmed that the couple of shillings given to the douanier was not enough, and that unless another was added all our luggage would be searched. I learned later that the Custom House officers are never paid by government, but rely for their livelihood entirely on the backsheesh received from travellers. This, if true, is an apt illustration of the short-sightedness of Ottoman policy. The government must lose enormously; for only bribe high enough and anyone may smuggle to any extent.

We took up our quarters at Bassoul's Hotel, and were fortunate in securing a large airy room with a marble floor, and windows overlooking the sea, the town, and Lebanon. The house was very crowded. Sometimes we sat down two hundred to dinner, most of the guests being Americans. There are two hotels, but this is decidedly the best. Mr. Bassoul has another establishment at a place called Alieh, on Mount Lebanon, which is filled all summer with people from Egypt and other parts of Syria who want bracing up. Many people come over from Cyprus, and return delighted with the air, the scenery, the fresh butter and cream, and old Mr. Bassoul's civility and attention.

We stayed four days in Beyrout, waiting for the arrival of the Russian steamer to take us on to Alexandretta. I spent nearly all this time ransacking the town. The bazaars are by no means handsome; but the narrow streets, with fern-covered water-conduits, the courts surrounded by arches, the narrow gateways with pointed roofs, make parts of it exceedingly picturesque. The shops are very poor, the European ones

containing only second-rate English and French goods ; and the native ones, as a rule, only things from Damascus of inferior workmanship. It need scarcely be said that enormous prices are asked for everything.

Beyrout is famous for its silver and gold work ; but the filigree is coarse and the best things sold are second-hand ornaments bought from the Druses. These, I should remark, should be purchased by weighing them in a scale against English shillings. During the summer months the shop-keepers are thankful to do this ; but our visit was in the tourist season, and we were asked a hundred per cent. for workmanship in addition to the weight. Gold and silver embroideries, slippers, and scarves made in the neighbouring villages are also offered for sale, and also very pretty dark blue and crimson woollen divan-covers from the Lebanon, which latter are worth getting as they make capital curtains and serve especially well for *portières*. Yet I would never buy a thing in Beyrout if I were going on to Damascus ; that is, unless I wished to pay double for everything.

Alas ! these Eastern cities—veritable whited sepulchres, fair to the eye yet foul within ! I have described the beauty of the sight which Beyrout presented when viewed from the water ; but with all its loveliness outwardly it is no exception to the rule. The town is shockingly dirty and about as odoriferous as Valetta. Yet the people seem healthy and prosperous ; and I, at all events, should not complain, for I enjoyed myself whilst in it. I used to wander about all day under the vaulted roofs, and was never tired watching the

natives with their wares. The cooking-places do a large amount of business ; but nearly all the food consists of sweet stuffs. Mouchalebba, a sort of curd sweetened with sugar and rosewater, is a very favourite dish, and so is lokwa, small round balls of honey and flour. These, with fish fried in oil, kabobs\* and keftés, are hawked all over the town. One thing specially struck one—the number of Germans settled in Beyrout. Every fourth or fifth shop was a saddler's, and of necessity a German's.

Whilst I did my shopping my husband would call on the Turkish officials. Raif Effendi is the present governor of the town. He was once Vali of Cyprus and was anxious to hear about the changes and improvements we had made. Roustoun Pasha is governor of the district, and Midhat Pasha governor of Damascus. The latter is a great reformer, always planning new roads, railways, and model buildings. His popularity, however, seems undecided, as some do not approve of his advanced opinions.

But the topic of topics at present is the last blowing up of the Czar—“*faire sauter le Czar*,” as the Turks call it. They talk of it with an expression of grim humour on their faces, and one and all attribute all these attempts to the Czar himself and his advisers. They unhesitatingly declare that they are only got up to distract public attention from other matters, and to try and revive his waning popularity. As

---

\* Kabobs, as all the world knows, are pieces of meat on a skewer: keftés are like rissoles, but have cheese mixed with the meat.

for my own opinion, I can only say that though the Turks are very shrewd, all these shootings and explosions and marvellous escapes are horrible to think of, and have at least served to render miserable the existence of one who, however ill-advised, is credited with good intentions for his subjects' welfare.\*

We drove out one afternoon to visit the spot where St. George of England (of Cappadocia, in reality) killed the "mighty worm," and rescued the Syrian princess. The drive leads through the northern end of the town, where we noticed the remains of the old walls in many places; but they have been demolished to make new ones as enclosures for the mulberry-gardens on either side of the road. Crowned with trailing plants, they resemble hanging gardens of poppies, daisies, wild geranium, and blue bugloss, whilst the hedges of brambles and clematis made me think of England.

You pass across the fine old bridge of seven arches over the Nahr Beyrout, which flows into the sea close to the spot of Saint George's encounter with the Dragon. We were shown a well in which it is said he washed his hands after the combat. A Turkish mosque is built near it, and some women who were standing about, claimed backsheesh for allowing us to look at the historical spot.

Another pretty drive is to a place called The Pines, made famous by Lamartine. The *élite* of Beyrout drive out there on Fridays when a band plays, and stroll about under the

---

\* As events have unhappily proved Mrs. Scott-Stevenson's view of the matter was the more correct.

shade of the pines. The place had its origin in the action of a Druse prince, who, finding that the sands of the beach had been driven over to this part of the valley, planted it with trees to prevent further drifting. Numbers of small cafés line the road, and seem to do a thriving trade by selling coffee and sherbet.

We were much annoyed at our delay at Beyrout, for we had counted on spending only a day here, and had looked forward to returning next year to visit it and Damascus. The agent of the Russian steamer kept assuring us from hour to hour that his boat would arrive, and we were thus prevented looking out for another. However, on the fourth day we lost all patience, and through Mr. Dixon, the English consul, heard of one of Bell's steamers, the *Clutha*, going up that night to Alexandretta. We at once saw Captain Russell, and he promised to have berths ready for us when we went on board. Our party was increased by Mr. Bertram, a gentleman who joined us in Beyrout. He had spent the winter on the Nile, and wished if possible to go home through Anatolia.

We had every reason to be pleased with our decision. We found Bell's steamers not only cleaner than either the French or Russian line, but with far larger cabins. I wonder English people do not oftener make use of them.

## CHAPTER II.

### TRIPOLI TO BEILAN.

Bay of Tripoli—El Mina—Patient camels—The tramway—A garden of fruit—Tripoli rugs—Appearance of the town—A modern gaol—Narghilis—"Hacking over" a caféji and the result—A beautiful sunset—Coast scenery—Arrival at Scanderoon—The consulate—Portrait of *our* princess—Patience ill-rewarded—A sorry team—The caimacan to the rescue—We discard our baggage—Our brave defenders—What is, and what is not, equipment—Buffaloes and buffalo milk—Beilan—"The Iron Gates"—History of the Pass—Arrival at the khan—What a khan is really like—We make the best of it.

ON the morning of the 9th, the *Clutha* steamed into the Bay of Tripoli, having made the run from Beyrout in six hours, over a sea glassy and smooth as a mill-pond

We landed at the little town of El Mina, about a mile and a half from Tripoli. This was the site of the ancient Phœnician city, and the remains of great walls, twenty feet in thickness, with the ruins of many towers, may yet be seen, stretching from the end of the promontory to the mouth of the river Kadisha. From the point a number of small rocky islets run out, and form a protection on

the south side ; but the place is merely a roadstead, for it lies open to the north-west gales so prevalent along the coast.

Whatever may be thought of Midhat's reforms by others, we were enabled fully to appreciate one of them—the tramroad running from El Mina to Tripoli. As we waited, seated on a pile of sacks outside a maize store, the scene around us was painful to a degree ; for on every side lay the poor camels, shortly to be laden, groaning pitiably, their owners busy dressing the sores made by the unwieldy saddles, and stuffing cotton-wool into the bruised parts. I was thankful indeed when the tramcar at last appeared. It is drawn by mules, and does the distance between the two towns in twenty minutes.

I mounted with Andrew to the top of it, and we set off driving through beautiful orange-gardens filled with spring verdure, and orchards crowded with apricots, figs, mulberries, orange and lemon trees, and enclosed with hedges of pomegranate and vines. The soil is of a rich red colour, without a stone, and carefully cultivated. The finest fruit in Syria comes from here, and the Russian, English, and Austrian steamers call every week for cargoes of oranges and other kinds. Sponges also luxuriate in the bays ; whilst in every village silk is spun, and carpets woven by the peasant-girls. These rugs are of a deep red colour mixed with blue. I did not care for any that I saw, for I thought them quite too coarse in texture. But I regretted afterwards that I had not bought some, for they are prettier than those made in the interior of Asia Minor, and if ever I return to Tripoli, I shall certainly get some of them.



The tramway stops at the entrance to the town, below a mound on which stands a large café. The river Kadisha flows through the city, the houses being built along its banks with the water rushing past the basements, whilst covered bazaars traverse its breadth in several places. The town is built on the slope of a hill, and the streets are narrow and winding, with groined arches over the bazaars. The Lebanon range of mountains rises abruptly behind it, its strata curiously and grotesquely marked. On one of the spurs stands an old castle from which there is a splendid view of the town and gardens. Midhat Pasha is busy here too turning the ancient fortress into a central prison. We received permission to go over it, and my husband was really astonished at the method and good engineering displayed in turning the older parts into modern rooms. The stone floors are boarded over, with a raised dais in each room for the prisoners to lay their rugs on. The ventilation is carefully attended to, and it is intended to separate the criminals into classes. The debtors' gaol was quite luxurious, with taps for water and every kind of convenience. This is to be the central prison of Syria, for the one at St. Jean d'Acre has not only fallen into decay but has become foul from long usage.

Here, as elsewhere, in my experiences in the East, the masons had been unsparing in the use of whitewash; and the result was that the glare from the walls was enough to blind one, and I was glad to get down into the cool dark streets of the town, and to sit by the square towers where the water rises to its own level and then trickles over into the drain below

There are always ferns and mosses about these hollow pillars, and whether they do or do not actually cool the air, they at all events make one believe that it is less hot in their neighbourhood. We bought a number of silk purses here, most tastefully made, and also some shell-embroidered harness as presents for our Cypriote muleteers. My husband made a purchase on his own account of several narghili tubes—an opportunity not to be missed; for these come from Homs, and the Homs narghilis are, it is said, the best in the world.

We were rather enthusiastically received, and very eagerly questioned on our arrival, the natives supposing that we had come in connection with a railway which they hoped is to be made between Tripoli and Homs. And yet, before we left, we had our first and not very agreeable adventure.

It was in this wise: We had all gone up to the café I have named to rest a little after our walk in the bazaars, and sat drinking coffee whilst some of the gentlemen smoked narghilis. On leaving, my husband handed the Greek caféji a medjidie, more than double what we owed him. However, he demanded three of them, and, of course, was refused; whereupon he became very violent, following us along the road, and finally throwing the medjidie into the dust, turned round, and began to belabour unmercifully a small boy who had acted as our guide and taken us to the place. However, he found he had made a mistake; for Mr. Bertram, who was nearest, seized him by the neck and shook him as a Newfoundland dog would shake a rat. The fellow actually foamed with rage, and when released, brandished his stretched-out

fingers, which were for all the world like the claws of a cat, into burly Mr. Bertram's face. The latter, who, I should say, is well known as a football player, then determined to hack him over, and the man tripped on the tramcar-rail and fell flat on his face with his pursuer on top of him.

So far the battle had inclined to our side. But now came a change : a crowd collected, and the aspect began to look threatening, when of course our valiant interpreter, Theodore Vassilio, whom we had brought from Cyprus with us, took to his heels. I do not say I was not alarmed ; but I felt sure of the pluck and resolution of my body-guard, so began to walk slowly on whilst the gentlemen kept the crowd back. They followed us for nearly a mile, but fortunately were too cowardly to come near, contenting themselves with hurling at us loud-sounding epithets in Arabic and Greek, the force of which was naturally lost upon ears that could at best only understand them in part. So, as they dropped off one by one and finally left us in peace, we could be merry over the adventure, and had a lovely walk home, laughing most of the way.

We wandered through groves filled with exquisite foliage, and watered by the trickling of innumerable streams. Here my husband killed a gray snake, with a flat head and black spots down its back, which was crossing the road near some water ; concerning which our small native friend was much alarmed, declaring it to be frightfully poisonous.

We sat on the beach till long past sunset, watching the tender and indescribable tints on the mountains. The blue of the sea, the purple of the hills, the tender rose-colour of the

more distant summits, and the white snow softening the whole into a kind of pale glow. The lights began to twinkle in the town, the moon came out and turned the minarets into molten silver and illuminated the mountain-tops, whilst the cool night air came floating by laden with sweet scents. A splash of oars was heard, a given signal came from the *Clutha*, and in a few moments we had parted with our dream and found ourselves steaming slowly out of the harbour, the lights of El Mina fading away into the shadowy distance.

Next morning I awoke to find that we were only a mile and a half from the shore, and steaming slowly round Cape Râs-el-Khanzir, which it should be said has been recently surveyed by Captain Hare. The scenery is lovely. The rugged peaks of the mountains are varied with wooded nooks and shady meadow-land, and glens with rushing torrents, whilst flowery thickets grow to the water's edge. The sea is of a brighter and deeper blue here than any I have seen. We passed the smaller cape of St. George, behind which lies the little fishing village of Arsus, built on the site of ancient Rhosus, celebrated for its earthenware. The meadows round it were covered with grazing flocks, and numerous small fishing craft lay in the bay. The deep water makes it a favourite haven of the sponge-fishers, who take their spoils to Scanderoon, whence they are shipped to Rhodes, and thence to Smyrna.

An hour afterwards we dropped anchor opposite the little

town of Alexandretta or Scanderoon. We had fine clear weather and a calm sea, and never, I dare to say, did the beautiful bay look to greater advantage. The Amanus mountains come down nearly to the water's edge, and the beach is clothed with tamarisks and oleanders. The bay is enclosed with lofty hills, at the foot of which lies a small marshy plain, which I should think could be drained with very little labour. The town itself is built close to the shore, and I was surprised to see fine stone houses, instead of the wooden huts built on piles I had heard of. Some of the latter we did come across later on ; but they were very few, and, so far as we could see, uninhabited. The soil, here too, is exceeding rich. Even thus early there were splendid crops in the cultivated places. We landed at a wooden pier heaped up with bales of merchandise, and went straight to the office of Mr. Catoni, the English consul. We begged him to find us horses immediately, as we wished to sleep at the village of Beilan. He kindly sent his cavass to look for them, and meantime took us to his private house.

We were received by his daughter, who had just come from a school in Beyrout, and could speak both French and English well. The first thing to greet us on entering was a lovely engraving of the Princess of Wales. It seemed strange to see the beautiful refined face so far from home. A rather matronly portrait of the Duchess of Edinburgh faced it on the opposite wall. Miss Catoni was, with reason, very proud of these consular engravings, and asked many questions about the originals of them.

I was rather glad that we had to wait some time for our horses ; for to speak the truth a rest was very grateful after the two nights in the steamer. We found the air very pleasant, and were told that the town is more healthy now than formerly. But it is a curious fact that the four principal ports of Asia Minor—Smyrna, Samsoon, Mersina, and Alexandretta—are all feverish and in other ways more or less unhealthy.

We waited, as I have said, some time for our horses ; but did not expect so poor a return for our patience. When they arrived, we were horrified. They were quadrupeds certainly ; but nothing else could be said for them ; and, poor beasts, excited our pity as well as disgust. For when Andrew took off a piece of sail-cloth that was strapped round the first of these broken-kneed, curby-hocked, roman-nosed, rawboned animals, he was speechless to find that the whole of its side had been eaten away by a sore, and the bare ribs were actually protruding through the flesh ! As for my own feelings, they can scarcely be imagined. I never in my life did see anything quite so horrible ; and yet the owner declared that the poor brute could go well to Aleppo, and added that if we did not ride it, he himself would. And this was not a solitary case ; every wretched animal amongst them had a sore back, or other wounds equally dreadful. My husband spoke most strongly about the cruelty of the whole thing to Mr. Catoni ; but the latter only shrugged his shoulders, and said that all the horses were the same, and that after they had started and got warm they did not mind it !

But, as may be supposed, we were not inclined to take

this complacent view of the matter, but started off at once in a body to the caimacan (the governor of the town) and told him of it. The worthy man pretended to be very indignant; ordered the owner of the horses to be imprisoned, and sent zaptiehs out in all directions to look for fresh ones. As for the imprisonment, we knew that was a farce—that the man would be let out the moment our backs should be turned. As for the fresh horses, they brought us some twenty to look at, amongst which, if they were not quite so bad as their predecessors, there was hardly one without a sore.

What was to be done? It was evident that if we wished to go on with our journey at all, we must discard all our luggage. So we chose five of the best of these sorry animals, and ordered them to be fed at once as a preliminary. Then arose a fresh difficulty; the owners required payment in advance—a demand which we found later was made everywhere. But on this occasion, and indeed always afterwards, we steadily refused to advance anything, and were often very glad that we were so firm. Indeed I feel convinced that had we listened to their prayers, or paid attention to the observation of the consul “that it was the custom to do so,” we should still be in Asia Minor, not having found an animal to carry us out of it.

It was four o'clock before we actually started. My mount was a small pony, which however turned out to be the best of the lot. Andrew had a rough mule with no other pace than a jog. Dr. Johnstone had a horse which stood about sixteen hands high, and kept his head always well in

the air ; Mr. Bertram rode a smaller mule, and Theodore the interpreter a mouse-coloured one. A good mule in these countries is better than a hired horse ; for whilst they are all pack animals and one goes as fast as the other, the mules are more enduring.

The caimacan insisted on our taking a mounted officer and two zaptiehs as guide and guard. Our future experience taught us that this was not entirely a mark of respect. The authorities in fact always tried to force as many zaptiehs on us as they could, knowing that we would reward them well, and thus make up in a measure for the absolute non-receipt of any government pay whatever. Some of the zaptiehs we had with us had not received pay for ten months, or new clothes for five years ; but just lived on the rations daily given out, and on the backsheesh they received occasionally from travellers like ourselves. Yet they never grumbled ; indeed they seem quite contented, and would ride on in front of us singing and racing each other, or doing what they called "*fantaisie*," which means to pick up a stick as it lies on the ground without dismounting, or to dash full pace at an imaginary enemy whirling their short rifles round and round above their heads.

As for their value as protectors or guides, it does not do to say too much. For one thing, they had not the slightest notion of sparing their horses at the beginning of a journey ; and as a rule, we had to leave them behind, and instead of their showing us the road, we would arrive at our destination often hours before "*our brave defenders*." In some instances I



have no doubt zaptiehs form a useful escort. They at least show that you are travelling with authority; but we found them just as often as not a great trouble, and naturally a considerable addition to our expenses, although we made it a rule never to give them more than half a medjidie a day each, besides feeding them and their horses.

Our baggage was, by our present arrangement, of necessity left behind, to be forwarded on to Adana by mules round by Ayas, and we took nothing with us to Aleppo but what our saddle-bags contained, besides our blankets, which were strapped on the saddles. I had my blanket fastened on my saddle before we started, having, as the reader may perhaps remember, experienced the advantages of this arrangement in my former excursions on horseback. The gentlemen laughed at me, and manlike had theirs rolled up in front of them. But after the first day's ride they laughed no more, having discovered how infinitely less fatiguing it is to ride on a roughish surface than on slippery leather, and all adopted my plan. My husband and I brought blanket-bags to sleep in; these are not only warmer, but they have one very special advantage in being an excellent protection against fleas.

We had also each of us a waterproof sheet fastened by leather straps to the back of our saddles. I could not manage to ride with ordinary bags, so had a single large one made to fasten to the off-side, and this held all I required for a ten days' journey. My husband had holsters in front in which he kept, in case of accidents, two very diverse articles—a pistol and a bottle of brandy. In truth it is really extra-

ordinary how little one does actually require for a journey, if one hardens one's heart. I had packed up gowns and all sorts of things which eventually returned to Cyprus unopened; and wore nothing for two months but a couple of gray-cloth riding-habits which rolled up into a very small compass, and could be washed by the roughest peasant. My ulster and a waterproof were strapped to the saddle with the blanket.

We left Alexandretta about four o'clock, and rode towards the mountains by a well-made macadamised road. The marsh was on each side of us, overgrown with reeds and flags. In the pools flocks of geese and ducks were swimming about, whilst great buffaloes lay wallowing in the mud, sometimes with nothing but their noses above the water. These creatures dwell in swampy ground and cannot thrive unless they have access to water. They are larger and much more powerful than the best oxen, and easily do either the heaviest ploughing or draw the largest loads. Their milk is more creamy than that of the cow. We knew at once when the yaourt\* or butter was made from buffalo by the superior richness and sweetness of the flavour.

The marsh seemed of small extent; at least we soon passed it, riding through rich meadows and undulating slopes covered with brushwood. At every step the scenery grew more beautiful. We were gradually ascending and approaching the famous "Iron Gates" of Syria, as the Beilan Pass is

---

\* Thickened milk, the same as German *dicke-milch*.

generally called. We passed charming glens and glades filled with Judas tree, daphnes, laurestinus, arbutus, myrtle, thickets of bay and aromatic shrubs, whilst the ground was positively carpeted with cyclamen and iris. It was the first scenery of this kind we had seen, and all of us were in raptures over the loveliness of everything around whichever way we looked.

The caravans to Aleppo and Antioch pass along this road, and we met many travellers. A small house with a guard of zaptiehs stands halfway between Alexandretta and Beilan, and here we rested for a few minutes. The road gradually becomes steeper, and the higher the ascent, the grander and more richly wooded it becomes. A sudden turn brought us in sight of a deep gully in the mountain-side, where the road is cut through the solid rock. This is probably the actual site of the "Iron Gates." It is at all events the only entrance from the Gulf of Issus into the country beyond.

Alexander the Great, flushed with the utter defeat of the Persians under Darius Codomanus, advanced triumphantly through this Pass to the conquest of Syria. Along this path Barnabas, "The Son of consolation," came from Antioch to seek Paul in Tarsus, and through it they returned together from Cilicia. All these mountains are filled with souvenirs of the gallant crusaders; for the armies of both the first and second crusades passed through the defile. Among these precipitous ravines thousands lay down to die without even seeing the Promised Land. Of those who survived,

many passed through the mountain-road only to be slain at Antioch and Damascus.

The gorge is very narrow, leaving but space for a small mountain torrent. The town is picturesquely perched on ledges of the mountain, on both sides of which it peeps out amongst wild savage rocks. One only sees shelf after shelf of yellow-brown houses, clinging as it were on every available coign which the ravine offers, each with its little dome and open verandah. The torrent is bridged over in several places by aqueducts mounted on arches, from which foaming cascades pour down and cover all within reach of their refreshing spray with a delightful verdure.

There was no lodging to be had anywhere except at the khan. As this was my first introduction to this world-known institution it deserves a word to itself.

The khan is the substitute, and the only one, for an inn throughout Asia Minor and Northern Syria. It consists generally of a large building with a courtyard in which is a fountain for water. Stables are built round the court; above them is a verandah with rooms opening on to it in which travellers pass the night. The khanji provides neither food nor furniture, as travellers in the East universally carry their own beds and provisions. However a clean mat is always to be procured, and promise of extra payment generally brings forth food if required and lights.

None of us had any idea what a khan was really like, and we expected to have found at least a tolerable inn. On our arrival the zaptieh officer told us the Pasha's room

would be put at our disposal ; and whilst Andrew and the others were looking after the horses, I ran gaily up the stairs to examine the noble quarters apportioned to us for the night. Judge of my dismay when I entered the place to find nothing but four unplastered walls, with three windows without either glass or shutters, but only wooden bars to keep out robbers ; no fireplace, and but a few grass mats laid on the floor—such was the Pasha's room, so called because the other apartments were mere cells without a window ! Fortunately I called to mind, even in my first moment of dismay, that other travellers—Lady Anne Blount amongst the number—had slept in similar uninviting places ; and why should not I ? We were prepared to rough it, and the sooner we began the better.

I called to my husband to 'come up. He I think was still more dismayed than I had been. He thought it impossible we should sleep in such a place ; but now that we were really in for it, I half enjoyed the adventure, and began at once to make preparations for the night. I laid the saddles against the walls, and put over them all the spare clothes I could find, turning them into very comfortable pillows. Our waterproof sheets took the place of a mattress ; and the blankets and bags made up our beds. There was no doubt about it, this was real "roughing it ;" and strange to say I was the cheeriest of the party, and I think I really liked it. Sleeping with one's saddle for a pillow sounded so romantic, and I thought myself so clever in remembering all the contrivances of other travellers.

---

My good spirits soon infected the others ; and presently we all began to laugh at our difficulties. Dr. Johnstone and Mr. Bertram went off to look for a "soft plank," whilst I got a charcoal brazier, and soon had a kettle of tea singing merrily on it. We had each taken a share of necessities in our bags at Alexandretta, so some candles also were forthcoming, and these we stuck in pieces of wood fastened to the wall for the purpose. The khanji brought us up eggs and a rice pilaff, and some cakes of unleavened bread, and so we made a good end of it, and enjoyed really a very fair supper. As for myself, I was so tired that I went to bed immediately afterwards, leaving the gentlemen to smoke in the verandah.

## CHAPTER III.

### THROUGH AFFRIN TO ALEPPO.

A primitive bath—The two routes—St. Stylites' perch—The Amanus mountains—Reports of brigands—The lake of Antioch—A caravan and its leader—Bactrian camels—I excite curiosity—Diarberly—Native food found "good tackle"—Splendid going—Pasture and to spare—Bedouins—The ford—How I tried it and was ducked ; no laughing matter—The Kara Sou—Hadji birds—Our escort left behind—El Hammam ; the sulphur bath—A river encampment—Affrin—An exacting landlord—Nocturnal alarms—A short cut, but a rough road—Bare feeding—Strange mates at the plough—Davah—Turmanim—Costume of the natives—Desolation—Welcome sight of Aleppo—A quiet hotel—Mr. Boscawen of the British Museum—A call on Mr. Henderson the consul—His home—*Our* princess again—The "Aleppo button"—Kindness of the consul—Climate—Coursing—The Jewish quarter—Beauty not unadorned, and moslem contempt.

NEXT day, the 11th, Andrew and I were awake before dawn ; but, even thus early, we were by no means the first to be up and doing. Other travellers were busy in the courtyard below, loading their animals, making a noisy scene of mixed confusion of men, mules, and horses.

Our first trouble was to get something to wash in ; an

unheard-of demand. Theodore was either too lazy or too ignorant to ask for what we wanted, so as usual my husband had to forage for himself; and as usual he was successful, returning in triumph with a huge metal tray with a deep rim round it, that made an excellent if primitive bath. As for breakfast, all we could get was some coffee, boiled with the grounds in Turkish fashion; but what was more to the purpose, we succeeded in making a start at 6 A.M., and before the sun had risen had left Beilan behind us.

There are two ways of going to Aleppo. The longest but most interesting road turns sharply to the right on reaching the top of the Beilan Pass and continues due south to Antioch. The great lake Bahr-el-Abyad lies in the plain below. Then following the remains of an old Roman road, and fording innumerable streams, which meander across the rich flat plain, it reaches the Orontes, opposite to Antioch. Next day the traveller recrosses the river and follows a road along the left bank till he arrives at an iron bridge which spans it, passing by the villages of Kul-'at-Hârim and Katouva, until Kul-'at-Sim-'ân is reached. Near the latter, on the summit of a low hill, are some ruins, the most notable being the remains of a church built in the fifth century. In the centre of it, the pedestal is still visible on which once stood the pillar, fifty-four feet in height, perched on the top of which St. Simon Stylites spent most of his days. The piety of his admirers built the church on this spot, enclosing it in a richly-ornamented court. About four miles beyond this the ordinary caravan road to Aleppo leads to the city.



We chose the other, the shortest road, passing by Diaberly-Khan and Affrin. The distance is ninety-two or ninety-five miles, and a camel caravan takes seven days over it. We had been told, however, that Captain Tryon of H. M. S. *Monarch* had done it in two days, so we determined to try and ride it in the same time. On arriving at the heights above Beilan, we began a long descent into the plain. The Amanus mountains stretched before us on our left, the great Giaour Dagh towering snow-covered above the others; whilst on every side of us stretched the lower spurs covered with firs, and the same beautiful undergrowth as on the hills above Alexandretta. The zaptiehs told us terrible tales of these mountains. They have, it appears, a very bad reputation, and formerly no caravan passed without a guard. Latterly, however, so many of the brigands had been killed, that they are afraid to attack travellers except in the night time.

The great lake of Antioch, also called the White Lake, the Ak Deniz, the Bahr-el-Abyad, with its marshy border, now came into view; but our road led away from it towards the great plain which is crossed by the Kara Sou. We met many caravans coming from Aleppo which were quite sights of themselves. Imagine strings of camels with huge bales fastened on either side, with a wee donkey leading in front. It was the strangest spectacle to see these diminutive animals, barely three feet high, leading the huge colossus. The camels, too, are very fine. They have two humps, with long dark hair on the forehead, around the throat, in front of the whole length of the neck, and on the upper part of the

forelegs. These are the Bactrian camels, easily distinguished from the Arabian by the greater quantity of hair, the short legs and the length of body, which is very great in proportion to the height. They all seemed well fed and well conditioned, with nothing of that mangy appearance we often noticed amongst the camels of Cyprus. The drivers, too, were in unison, looking most picturesque in their sandaled feet, long robe and sweeping mantle of striped stuff, with a gaudy handkerchief fastened round the head by a rope of camel's-hair. They never failed to stop as we passed and eye us curiously—myself in particular, gutturally proclaiming their astonishment. In fact the side-saddle is an inexplicable mystery to these people, and even the zaptiehs, when they saw me setting off at a galop, would shout out “Mashallah!” and all sorts of other expressions of surprise and I suppose delight.

We descended over a succession of uplands and inclines until we reached a plain with two little villages in front of us. Before arriving at Diarberly we had to cross numerous streams, but they were all easily forded. There is no half-way house between the khan and Affrin (our resting-place for the night), so we made a halt here to breakfast. It was nine A.M. when we dismounted in front of a long low building, with a verandah running its whole length under which we tied up the horses. At the back of the house there is a swiftly-flowing rivulet, in which the kitchen utensils are washed, the rubbish is thrown away, and whence the water for the establishment is obtained. Fortunately it runs at

such a rate that no unpleasantness is caused by the nasty habits of the natives.

We were, it may be imagined, by this time quite ready for breakfast, which indeed we enjoyed thoroughly when it came. The fact is, we were already beginning to find out an important truth; that on a journey like this our present one, the native food is by far the best. On this occasion the Arab bread—simple cakes of flour and water lightly cooked on an iron griddle or girdle—and delicious fresh butter, quite effaced all recollection of the tinned meats which had been so carefully stowed away amongst the other treasures in our saddle-bags; and without perhaps quite understanding it, I could give a grateful assent to the phrase "Very good tackle" I heard whispered by Mr. Bertram to the doctor.

A huge pan of rice boiled in buffalo milk followed; also very acceptable, and with the additional advantage of affording quite a new sensation. There were no plates; so Andrew and I philosophically had our share in the lid whilst the others ate out of the pot. The stream looked so tempting further up that the gentlemen all had a bath before leaving. I did not of course dream of such a thing; but as it turned out was to have my second bath that day, later and in a way I little expected.

After an hour and a half's rest we started away over splendid turf that even our wretched animals could not resist; and Dr. Johnstone's Ruins (as we had dubbed his horse) snorted like an old charger and showed off like a wooden toy. Indeed, nothing would teach it sobriety but a hard gallop,

in which we all joined. We rode on for miles over the most splendid pasture-ground, the emerald plain stretching before us, bounded only by the horizon and a faint range of hills in the southern distance. We saw very few herds, just a few cows and buffaloes ; and when later we heard of the people and cattle who were dying farther eastward of starvation and drought, we wondered why they did not come here to this land literally flowing with milk and honey. I am told that these plains extend all the way to Bagdad, and one would think there was enough pasture, even on those that we rode over during the eight days following, to feed the whole of Asia. As it was, they were quite deserted except by a few small tribes of wandering Bedouins or Turcomans.

As we neared the river the turf gave place to marshy ground, causing us to make considerable detours in order to avoid the treacherous bogs. At this point the zaptiehs rode up to tell us there were two ways from it to Affrin. The caravan road skirted a marsh and was about two hours longer, but if we rode straight on and took our chance of the river being low enough to ford, we would save a long round. There was not a moment's question ; we decided to risk the river, and rode on, carefully avoiding the black patches of mud, as none of us wished to try their depth. At last we arrived at the branch of the Kara Sou (black water) which had to be crossed. A tribe of wild-looking Bedouins were encamped on the nearest bank waiting to ford it when the river fell.

Andrew, as usual, was the first to volunteer to cross ;

and I confess I felt nervous as I saw him enter the whirling chocolate-coloured stream. The mule refused to go near the water, but a sharp dig with his spur forced it to go on. Its head was kept well up the stream, but the water reached far above the saddle-flaps, and it was a relief to see my husband climbing up the opposite bank. Dr. Johnstone and Ruins followed ; but my pony and the other mules were too small to cross safely with a weight on their backs, so a tall horse belonging to one of the zaptiehs, and led by a Bedouin, took the rest over.

And now came my turn for a little adventure on my own account. I, only remained ; and the guide insisted that I would be much safer on his back than on the horse, which had become very restive. In a weak moment I consented and was hoisted up by a sturdy Arab on to the man's shoulders, my hands tightly clasping his head. I felt him very unsteady under my weight, and more so probably because he held his arms up to support me. We swayed from side to side like a tottering pillar, everybody shouting out different valuable pieces of advice, but above all "not to move." This was much easier said than done, especially when we had got into the water ; for the more the man shook the more I swayed, until all of a sudden, he put his foot in a hole, and down we went together. I will never forget, as long as I live, the feeling of the muddy water as it rushed over me. In a second I had scrambled out, of course on the same side as I had started from, and was seated on the grass with the water pouring literally in

streams from my saturated garments. There was nothing left but to get the zaptieh's horse over again for me, and seated like a Turk in the broad saddle, this time I crossed in safety.

When the others saw that I was safe, but not before, they commenced to laugh at my drenched appearance ; and what was worse, my husband joined in the merriment as heartily as any of them—with one good effect, I was obliged to laugh myself. But though it was very well to make light of it, it was, it may be believed, no laughing matter to the one chiefly concerned. I had not the means of changing my clothes even if I would, and so had to run about in the sun until half dried. And though afterwards the quick motion of riding kept me tolerably warm, no one who has not tried it, can realise, as I did, the discomfort of feeling one's wet things sticking at every movement of your horse.

Shortly afterwards, we had to cross a smaller river, where a travelling smith with a large bellows was waiting till he saw someone braver than himself try the depth before he ventured in. The stream was not deep, but the melted snow had made the water so muddy, it was impossible to be sure of it until one actually tried to cross it.

A mile farther, we arrived at the Kara Sou, a wide river with reeds and rushes stretching halfway across, with great white water-lilies surrounded by platelike leaves floating on its surface. The hadji birds, a kind of stork which comes from Mecca, waded about with their long bills buried in the water. The natives look on these birds as sacred, and never

destroy them. They arrive in March and when the heat commences, go to the mountains and remain there till the first rains, when they return to the plains and go back to Mecca. They have long yellow-coloured legs and beak, white bodies, with black wings and tails.

A kind of island divides the river, and each branch of it is crossed by a bridge. Beyond it, an old Roman road continues for some way, but stops at the commencement of the hills at a point where a track leads into a broad valley, and here the road divides. The one on the left leads to Ain-el-Beda (white spring) while our road lay straight before us. The grass here is even richer than in the Antioch plain, and would afford pasture for countless herds. Nothing could exceed the beauty of the poppies, the anemones, and the asphodels. As you proceed the valley widens and extends as far as one can see. We passed Ain-el-Beda on our left, at which a large khan was visible, and once more gradually approached the hills.

The zaptiehs had disappeared, and were miles behind us. They had been showing off as usual, and their horses had broken down. We were only able to find our way by asking the caravan-drivers who occasionally passed us. From time to time we saw the small black tents of the Bedouins, who with their camels had the valley to themselves. At last we arrived at El-Hammam (the bath). Several women were washing clothes by the roadside, the perfume from which was anything but agreeable. A few stone-built cottages were grouped near, and at a little distance from the others we

noticed a circular dome-roofed building. Through the open door we saw about twenty heads appearing just above the surface of the water.

This is the famous sulphur-bath after which the place is named. The temperature is about eighty degrees, and the smell of the sulphur very strong. This bath must be very necessary, and indeed very refreshing to the travellers from Bagdad, and from places even more distant. The natives at all events seemed thoroughly to appreciate the comfort of it. Above El-Hammam is a village of Turcomans; the houses are mere sheds, made of reeds and canes, with thatched roofs, and a sort of wattled fence round each. The women wear a square cushion, covered by a veil, on the top of the head, which greatly adds to their height, giving them a dignified appearance, probably spurious. Their faces were not covered, and we saw several handsome ones among them.

We did not arrive at the Affrin river for two hours after this. When we reached it we found the banks covered with encampments of different caravans. Hundreds of fires flamed up amongst the bushes, with traders and merchants squatted round them, their bales of merchandise forming an outer circle. Camels, horses, and mules were grazing on the banks. The people had a wild uncouth look, and stared surlily at us as we passed. There were Kurds, Arabs, Bedouins, and Turcomans carrying corn from the coast to the famine district of Diarbekir.

The river is wide but shallow, and we easily forded it. We rode up to the new or yeni khan, built on its banks, and found an old Armenian in charge; a gentleman who, it may



be remarked in passing, knows thoroughly well how to charge for everything he supplies. In truth, his sharpness and suspicions amused us greatly ; for he insisted on being paid for the corn and eatables we bought before handing them over. A second storey is in course of construction over the ground-floor of the khan. The rooms are as yet only separated by unplastered laths, but they were clean and free from fleas, and we made use of them and found comfort in the feeling that we were the first to occupy them.

This had been our first long ride, and we were all feeling stiff and tired, and were glad to lie on the soft turf and talk over our day's adventures. A small village lies beyond the khan, close to the river, but we were too tired to pay it a visit. Our zaptiehs did not arrive till quite four hours after us, and Andrew told them plainly that if they did not choose to keep up with us on the morrow they would receive no backsheesh. The Armenian brought us our supper, a tough chicken and some stale bread, but neither butter nor milk. In fact this khan, though much more pretentious than Diarberly, is not nearly so comfortable.

We were kept awake all night by the repeated discharge of firearms. This entertainment we found was provided by the people encamped by the riverside, in order to let robbers know that some of them were awake, and thus prevent their cattle being stolen. We rose in the dark, and saddled our horses by candlelight. It was four A.M. exactly when we left.

The morning air felt raw and chill, and we had consider-

able difficulty in getting the horses to go beyond a walk, for they were stiff from the unusual pace at which we had made yesterday's journey. Fortunately, the road is good. We passed through a Bedouin village in the dark ; and as the sun rose arrived in a valley where the caravan road branches off to the right. The zaptiehs however told us of a shorter cut to the village of Turmanim. They said it was over a rough road but an hour nearer, so we did not hesitate about taking it. We therefore went straight ahead across a ploughed field—for we had passed in our ride, for the first time, patches of tilled ground—and turned into a narrow stony valley with several Turcoman dwellings. The walls were of stone, but the roof was made of the black Bedouin tent-covers ; so that they might be called half houses and half tents. Some fine dogs with long-haired coats flew out at us as we passed, but the people called them off.

We had left the plains behind us here, and found ourselves winding through rocky defiles, and over hills covered with loose stones, which were neither rock nor boulders, but small smooth and polished. A few thorny plants grew amongst them, and every spare inch of earth had a purple or red anemone growing on it. We noticed also a peculiar flower like a purple velvet leaf with a yellow centre rising from the stalk ; very beautiful, and of a kind I had never seen before, except in Cyprus. But there it grows to double the size, and we call it the purple arum. Our escort had said it was a rough road ; and certainly it was one ; for the horses had as much as they could do to pick their steps carefully through the

stones. Sometimes we traversed narrow valleys with rich red earth, through which the corn was just beginning to peep.

But if the road was rough there was plenty that was curious to see. Shepherds in number whose flocks apparently contrived to find something to eat even in this barren region. The sheep here have small tails and resemble our English breeds. But how, we thought, could they prefer the sparse herbage on these bare rocks to the splendid pasturage of the plains? And as we went on and the hills began to decrease in height and the valleys to become larger and more frequent, we saw many ploughs at work; this one drawn by a buffalo side-by-side with a donkey, and the other by an ox and a horse yoked together.\* It seemed to be all the same to them; and was in fact method and not madness.

Presently a large village called Hazreeh appeared on our right about a mile off. It possesses a tomb of some Mussulman saint, and the three snow-white domes above it make it conspicuous a long way off. Another village called Davah stands in the middle of the valley. This place is truly like an oasis in the centre of the unfertile region we had ridden over. The land is most carefully cultivated and without a weed or stone. At least eighty ploughs were at work on each side of us. A sharp shower made us gallop forwards, and we reached our immediate destination just in time to escape a heavy downpour.

Turmanim is a large village built entirely of stone with

---

\* I am told that occasionally a woman and a goat are seen drawing these ploughs!

one striking peculiarity—each house was covered with dark-coloured dabs of mud. We might well wonder what earthly purpose these could serve, until a native told us that it was their manner of drying the manure which serves as fuel. They have neither wood nor charcoal, and these bricks of chopped straw and manure are the only thing they use in their fire-places, although in winter the snow lies here for weeks and weeks together. There is no khan, but this did not matter as we were taken to the Mussaffir Odassy, or strangers'-room, which was clean and had a fireplace. This the villagers soon filled, and then brought us pans of milk and yaourt. The latter was really delicious. It tasted like thick cream slightly acid. We ate it with spoonsful of jam taken from the never-failing bags. We tried a tin of preserved brawn; but our taste for such dainties had been spoiled by the country fare, and after a mouthful or two we threw it away and returned to the native bread and yaourt.

The people here are all Arabs, and wear a dress that is peculiar to Aleppo and Mesopotamia. It is made of a scarlet woollen material, with a yellow pattern representing embroidery let in on the back, sleeves, and down the front. It is square shaped and seems to hang loosely from the shoulders. Short white trousers and a shirt are worn underneath it. The women all dress in a peculiar shade of dark-blue. Even their long veils are of the same colour. This fact was called to mind later rather curiously; for in Asia Minor we noticed that the colours are exactly reversed—the women there wear red and the men blue.

On leaving Turmanim we made a long ascent through its undulating environs, and passed many rock-cut tombs, with stone steps scarped down to the entrances. This led us into a dreadfully dreary region, amongst low hills, and stony uplands, without verdure or any remarkable features. We passed at a short distance above Turmanim a grove of fig-trees, and beyond it were some ruins called Ed-Dêr. But beyond these figs we did not see a green leaf until we arrived at Aleppo.

And so it went on ; desolation succeeding desolation. We certainly occasionally got sight of extensive ruins and of a few small villages inhabited by Kurd shepherds of more than doubtful repute ; but I think I am not exaggerating in saying that the ride between Turmanim and Aleppo is the most dreary I know of. For five weary hours we rode over the same kind of ground, down one hill and up another, until we were not only feeling intensely the fatigue and heat, but were fast losing all patience.

Under these circumstances I take credit to myself for being the first to espy the tower of the citadel of Aleppo. But even after the first view of it, we had to ride for three hours longer until we reached some chalk-pits above the city. Then the change was magical. Our spirits revived at once, and we rode gaily on, passing between two old columns with Kufic inscriptions on them, then over the river, through a churchyard, and finally found ourselves in the welcome cool of the dark bazaars of Aleppo.

We rode straight to an inn, or locanda it is called, kept

by Madame Cleophas, and were delighted to return again to what was almost luxury, and I suppose civilisation, after the roughing we had undergone during the last two days. The hotel arrangements however are decidedly primitive, and the cuisine but second-rate. Yet I must not be supposed to complain. We had soft beds, unlimited hot-water, and *quiet*; all of which and especially the last we had come to look upon quite as luxuries. There was only one guest in the house besides ourselves—Mr. Boscawen, who had been sent out by the authorities of the British Museum to examine and report on the antiquities of the neighbourhood. And I may as well say, here, that he knows Aleppo well, and used in the evenings to give us most interesting accounts of the town and its inhabitants.

Later in the afternoon we went to call on Mr. Henderson the English consul. Mr. Catoni had telegraphed our arrival to him and he had secured our rooms at the locanda.

Mr. Henderson himself lives in a suburb called El-Azzazieah, near the road by which we entered the town. The houses round it are well-built and substantial edifices; Mr. Henderson's in particular being large, cool and roomy. We entered by a hall lined with marble, having a fountain in the centre. Two cavasses gorgeously dressed stood on each side of the doorway. These men had jackets with long hanging sleeves, and so richly embroidered in gold, that it was literally not possible to see an inch of the material it was worked on. One of them had his name in Turkish worked on his back. They have long swords dangling by their side, in

gold-embroidered velvet sheaths. Each of them carried an ivory stick or mace, which is used in keeping the crowd from pressing round you in the streets.

Whilst waiting for Mr. Henderson we examined his Persian china bowls and carpets, and his divan-covers of Aleppo silk worked with gold. These latter I confess I don't admire, as hand embroidery is much richer and more beautiful than any woven material. Like the consulate at Alexandretta, the walls here were covered with pictures of the royal family; but unfortunately that of the Princess of Wales is only a photograph that must have been copied at least fourteen years ago. This is a pity, for it is as much unlike her Royal Highness as it fails to do her justice; and it seems to me that an important post like Mr. Henderson's ought to have at least a faithful likeness of one whose loveliness is the pride of every Englishman.

And here we learned something of that celebrated ill that haunts the human flesh—"the Aleppo boil"—an eruption with which every resident, whether native or foreigner, is bound to be affected at one time or another. Kind Mr. Henderson was suffering from the complaint, and Mr. Chermide, R.E., we heard, had nine on his face! The notion is enough to make the stoutest heart nervous. Indeed, even now, I quite expect that some fine morning I shall wake up and find that I, also, have brought away the disagreeable souvenir that makes Aleppo a painful memory to most travellers. There is but one small ray of consolation in the matter; the ailment never lasts longer than a year, so that

one has the comfort of knowing that each day brings one nearer the end of one's torment.

Nothing could exceed Mr. Henderson's hospitality and kindness to us. Ill as he was, he made his illness of no account. He made over to us his interpreter and cavasses, furnished us with letters of introduction and recommendation that were most useful, and gave us much valuable information about the journey we were intending to pursue.

Speaking of Aleppo, he told us that he never found the climate too hot. During the heat of summer he lives in underground chambers fitted up with fountains, divans and couches. In winter, he said, it was very cold. He owns some fine Arab horses and a collection of greyhounds for coursing. Last year he killed thirty-six foxes and many hares. Early in the summer mornings he starts off gazelle-hunting, the plains around swarming with these animals. We saw some very valuable antiquities in his courtyard. These, we were told, had been discovered at Yerabblus, the site of Carchemish the capital of the Hittite kingdom, and dug out of the ruins. They were waiting transport to Alexandretta, to be despatched to the British Museum.

On our return to town we walked through the Jews' quarter. This was, to me, rather an interesting and more than rather a curious sight. All the ladies were standing about or walking in the open space of ground outside the gate. We were much struck with their beauty, and I was fairly astonished at their wonderful complexions. Unfortunately, the sweet illusion did not last ; for a nearer



inspection showed it was all rouge! I certainly have never seen so much paint in my life as I saw that evening. Old hags of sixty were reddened, blackened, and whitened, and even had blue chalk lines on their temples to represent veins; whilst little dots of four and six had rouge on their downy little cheeks! At a distance the women looked lovely. Indeed I saw some young girls who were quite beautiful—the dark shadows under the eyes giving them a brilliance that was almost unnatural yet strangely fascinating. But again the dream was dispelled; this time by Mr. Boscawen, who demonstrated how unpleasant it may be to know too much of men, or, in this case, of women and their manners; for he entirely took the poetry from this vision of fair maidens, by assuring me that nearly all of them wore wigs! It appears that a Jewess is never allowed to show her hair except to her husband, and so, to save trouble, they have it shaved off. I had myself noticed that the fringes appearing below their white veils had rather a stereotyped and stiff air, and now of course this appearance was explained.

The Mahomedans of Aleppo have a great contempt for the Jews, and indeed hate both the Armenians and the Greeks. But they like the English, and look forward to our constructing railways some day to connect their towns with the sea. It is curious and indeed touching to observe how the Turks invariably look to the English for benefits, or projects for increasing their prosperity. The Christian part of the population prefer the French and the Russian to us, and

---

the consuls of both nations are very active amongst them. There are many Jesuits too here, and it is said that the French and Italian consuls are entirely in their hands. How the Moslems must wonder at all the Christian sects and creeds, jealousies and heartburnings! Is it more than natural that with what they see around them, they should prefer their own religion? or that so few converts are made amongst them?

## CHAPTER IV.

### ALEPPO.

The bazaars—Decline of textile trade—The native “homespun”—Sweet-meat shops—“Haleb;” a tradition of the patriarch—The silver-smiths—Persian carpets; what they were and what they are—How my purchases were treated in Cyprus; the Custom House and Sir Garnet—“Doing” the antiquities—The Gates—Colonel Briscoe—The Castle—The highways “famous for all time” as seen from its summit—Unwholesome water—The “button” and its ravages—Cause and course of the disease—A visit to Said Pasha—Appreciation of Sir R. Biddulph—Sound sense of the Turk—A disappointed man—The Russian consul; a poor specimen of the diplomatist—Dr. Bischoff—A visit to Djemel Pasha—His memories of England—His stud—The barracks; parade and dismissal—The Turk, his virtues and faults—Good-bye to Mr. Henderson—My tribute to him and his colleagues.

MR. HENDERSON’S dragoman and cavasses having arrived, we devoted the morning to looking through the bazaars. We were much struck with the excellent repair of the pavement as well as the cleanliness of the streets—things quite unlooked-for in a Turkish town. The bazaars are as a rule built of solid stone and roofed with the same material or wood, with holes to let in the light. Some of the less

solidly-built roofs had broken down from the weight of snow which falls during the early spring. At first the streets have a somewhat cavernous look ; but one soon appreciates the coolness, the shaded light, and the absence of flies. I may state here that the shops of Aleppo were much better stocked with all goods, both European and Eastern, than any we saw during our journey ; and that travellers had better make their purchases here than trust to doing so at Adana, Kaisariyeh, or Koniah.

Forty years ago Aleppo was the centre of a great textile manufacture, but the trade has greatly declined. The bazaars, once stocked with the beautiful dyed and printed goods of the native factories, rich with Arabesque and Persian art, are now filled with cheap imitations from Manchester. Gold and silver thread was largely used in weaving the beautiful brocaded cloaks and silks of Aleppo, which in beauty rivalled those produced by the looms of Damascus. But to-day only some thirty shops are engaged in the manufacture, and the designs have much deteriorated. I was shown sofa-covers that looked like damask-silk with a great patch of gold thread woven into the flat surface at regular intervals ; but not the least notion of an artistic design beyond perhaps a star or a circular ornament was attempted.

Large quantities of native calico are made, some five thousand looms being employed, and a great number of hands. The material is coarse, and is dyed blue with indigo. It is used for the covering and the veils of the women, or

for the baggy trousers of the men. It may be called the native homespun. The dyers, after dipping the cotton, spread it out to dry in the most convenient open space; and sometimes whole walls of the city, or some hundreds of tombstones, may be seen covered with yards and yards of this one cloth. It is never woven in greater pieces than strips six, eight, and eleven feet long, and about four feet wide, suitable for the costume worn by the natives. Amongst other products of the looms, are embroidered turbans of calico, with patterns in yellow silk worked on them; *kufiyehs*, or handkerchiefs for the head; camel-hair ropes for binding them round the forehead; and *abbâs*, a long white or striped cloak worn by the Arabs.

Each trade has its special bazaar. Thus there is one for the makers of the half-long boot of red or yellow leather; another for the saddle-makers and another for silversmiths; and a number of smaller ones in the different quarters, for the sale of dried fruits, meat and vegetables—the latter of these especially in the Jewish and Arab quarters, were very dirty. The number of shops in which sweetmeats are sold is really surprising and in a few of them the goods are as varied and as delicious as could be found even in Paris. The cakes and preserves are kept under glass-cases, whilst every care is taken to make the shop look tempting. Aleppo is famous for its pistachio sweetmeats. When we dined with Mr. Henderson he showed us a great variety made into different dishes. The brick-red earth of the neighbouring country is admirably suited to the growth of these trees, and it is said that the

gourmand Vitellius was the first to import the pistachio into Europe. The people are very fond of munching the nuts preserved in brine, but I never got to like them in this shape. The shops where milk, yaourt, mouchalebba, and other such-like dishes with milk are sold, are exceptionally nice. They are tastefully decorated with palms, flags and grasses ; and as for cleanliness, the bright pans and dishes might vie with those in an English dairy.

The Arabic name for Aleppo, " Haleb," which means milk, is very appropriate. The tradition runs that Abraham, on his way to Canaan settled for some time on the Castle hill, and the stone-trough into which his cattle were milked used formerly to be shown. The patriarch daily distributed milk to the poor of a neighbouring village, who at certain hours assembled at the bottom of the hill, and repeated the words " Ibrahim haleb," " Abraham has milked." Thus the name Haleb was conferred on this spot, around which the city has been built.

The silversmiths' bazaar is very good, and bangles and anklets can be bought of most uncommon and artistic shapes. Also small antique boxes of enamelled silver or ivory, the use of which I could not discover. Probably the Turks make them serve as snuff-boxes or bonbonnières. Enormous prices were asked for everything. Unfortunately I had no time to bargain, otherwise I could have bought many things that would have been thought uncommon in England. It requires the greatest patience to deal with these tiresome Eastern traders. But if you care to go back and back,

you will eventually get the things for half the original price demanded.

A large, but as in other things, a sadly-degenerated trade is carried on in Persian carpets. The carpets of to-day are not durable like the famous Eastern carpets of old ; they have cotton mixed with the wool, and they lack the incomparable richness of tint in their colouring. They are stiff, too, as a board. I was fortunate in securing some old ones, really genuine, so flexible that a child could roll them up and twist them about. The colours, too, were the exquisite effects of a lost art—the blues and pinks especially beautiful. I bought them in Christian houses. The finest I saw was, I think, one that had a pale coral-coloured ground with a black arabesque pattern on it, and yellow lions at each corner. It was over a hundred years old ; but alas ! the owner would not part with it, saying, very justly I must allow, that none were made like it nowadays.\*

Hand-embroidered dresses or long coats may also be picked up by those who care for them, to be cut into pieces for wall-panels, screens or chair-covers. The green shades of these are particularly soft and rare ; whilst those that have raised gold or silver patterns are exceedingly rich—the gold

---

\* On my return to Cyprus, I found that all my second-hand carpets had gone to the Custom House in Larnaca, and that the authorities there had charged eight per cent. on an *imaginary* value, which was in fact more than double what I had actually paid. I wrote to say that it was most unfair to charge me duty *on their own valuation*. I was told that Sir Garnet Wolseley had settled the Custom House laws.

is as untarnished as if fresh from the maker's hands, though perhaps the work is a century old. Altogether we had a very busy day in the bazaars; I, with my carpets and curiosities, and my husband over his collections of narghilis and their mouth-pieces, silver bowls, amber stems, and Homs tubes.

The following day, the fourteenth, we settled to "do the antiquities" and call on the Pasha.

Of the antiquities, the various city gates are well worth a visit. Some of them, especially those of a few of the mosques and palaces near the old Castle are fine specimens of Saracenic architecture. The city itself, as I have said, is strangely situated, standing as it does in a plain bordering the Desert, and surrounded at a short distance by arid hills destitute of trees or verdure. A small river, the Nahr Koweik, which rises near Aintab, winds along by part of the city walls, and irrigates the groves of pistachios, olives and other fruit-trees which, from the heights, look like a narrow belt of green encircling the town. Beyond the walls which are of Saracenic origin, but are now in a ruinous state, are large suburbs and cemeteries situated on low mounds. The circumference including these suburbs is six miles, but that of the city proper is little more than half this length.

I will not inflict upon the reader a detailed account of the gates, which are better seen than described, but will submit a list of the names of some of those we visited. They are the following: The Bab-el-Nasir, or the gate of



victory, erected by Omar Pasha after his victories in Syria. The Bab Kinnesreen, a gate on the south side leading to Kinnesreen, the ancient Chalsis which lies south-east of Aleppo near the Salt lake. From this gate to the Bab Antâkieh, or Antioch gate, considerable traces of the walls are still visible; evidently finely built, and with bastion towers of great strength. The Bab Antâkieh itself is one of the best preserved, and its lofty embrasures with groined roofs are very fine. In one of the bays of this gateway there is to be seen a large stone cannon-ball suspended from the roof by a chain. It was hung there by a sheikh of the Dervishes, and has so remained for many years. Bab Irnain, a poor gateway in the Jewish quarter. Bab-el-Farag, the gate of pleasure in the west wall. In the space before this gateway there is a fountain, on holidays a favourite lounge for the people. In summer the sight is very pretty, the bright sun, the glow and warmth, and many-hued costumes, and the endless variety, combining to make it a very picture of eastern life. There are also the Bab-el-Nisreen, and the Bab-el-Akhmar or red gate. We also heard of another one on the north-east side of the town which contains a stone with part of an inscription; and this stone every Aleppine, whether Christian, Jew or Mahomedan, touches with his finger, as he passes in and out, kissing his hand respectfully after the act.

We had arranged to meet Colonel Briscoe of the Turkish gendarmerie in the afternoon to take us to see the Castle. As nearly everyone knows, he was formerly in the

15th Hussars, and is now acting A.D.C. to Said Pasha who is very fond of him, indeed Colonel Briscoe always lives with his chief.

The Castle stands on a mound which, an old legend states is supported on eight thousand columns. The sloping scarp was formerly cased with hewn stone, but the stones have all been taken away to build new houses in the town. A moat surrounds the hill, crossed by a bridge of seven arches, built by the renowned Ibrahim Pasha. On entering the Castle you come to a gateway, with horseshoes cut into the panels, and a curious serpentine moulding round it, for on this, the heads of the serpents rest on each side, at the spring of the arch. An old Arabic inscription is carved above the gate. Another entrance has the head of a lion and a tiger on both sides. The earthquake of 1822 completed the destruction which time and neglect had begun, and now the interior is a pile of ruins. Part of it has been roughly repaired, and in it a small garrison is quartered to guard the magazines. Lightning-conductors are placed on every prominent projection; for the vaults, which are cut out of the solid rock, and are of great size, are filled with explosives.

Gibbon gives an account of the capture of Aleppo Castle, but I have no books of reference by me, so only describe what I actually saw. Colonel Briscoe took us up to the highest tower by a winding stair of seventy-nine steps, each of unusual height. But the view repaid the toil. It was certainly magnificent. The town lay like a map at our

feet, and the covered bazaars and terraces gave one the impression that we were looking down on a subterranean city. It was most interesting to see the different roads leading from the gates to towns made famous by history, and the Bible. Nothing indeed during my stay in Aleppo gave me a deeper impression of the distance we had travelled. For now we saw the roads to Antioch, to Aintab, to Alexandretta, to Damascus and Bagdad. And these highways were, so to speak, instinct with Oriental life. The caravans of camels, the mounted Arabs, the Kurd in his sheepskin, and Bedouin in his flowing abbâs, as they entered by the city gates, made one feel that we had truly left the Western world behind us.

A hot wind was blowing, which, with the glare of the sun, made a rest by the huge cistern of the Castle very pleasant.

About this cistern, a word may be said. The water is supposed to be the best in Aleppo, and is declared by the natives to be the only kind which insures you against an attack of that frightful Aleppine plague, the "button." All the water, with this one exception, is thought to be unwholesome, and the water is supposed to be the cause of the boil. But for all this, the complaint prevails at Aintab, extends through the Euphrates valley to Persia, and eastwards to the Punjab. The Arabic name for it is *Hebbet-es-Sineh*—"botch of a year." At Mosoul it is called the "button," and at Bagdad the "date mark," on account of the reddish-brown scar it leaves, said to resemble the stone

of a date. Even dogs and cats are subject to it, and with them it generally breaks out on the nose.

The natives as a rule have it in childhood ; most frequently on the face. Almost every child we passed in the streets was suffering from it, and amongst the grown-up people nearly all had an indelible scar either on the nose, cheek, or forehead. But it often appears on the lower extremities, especially the ankles. It commonly attacks strangers soon after their arrival ; although people have resided in the town for twenty months without being affected. But the disease may be latent in the system for years, and not appear till long after leaving the country. As a rule, only two or three parts of the body are attacked ; but in some cases as many as forty boils have been known ; in one authenticated if quite exceptional case, there were no less than forty-six " buttons."

It first appears as a small red spot, like the bite of a sandfly, and gradually increases in area till it becomes as large as a shilling. It then turns to a boil and does not heal till within a year of its first appearance. There is little or no pain, and the people pay no attention to it. There is the one consolation—it only occurs once in life. There is no known preventive or remedy for it ; thorough cauterisation with lunar caustic is the plan found most successful in expediting its course. But I believe myself it is far better to leave it to nature, and only apply hot water when required.

Most conflicting opinions prevail as to its origin. Some

believe it to be wholly the water, whilst others think it climatic, the result of the bite of some fly. Against the water theory are two facts ; villages using the same water as that which furnishes the supply of Aleppo, are not at all affected with it ; and again, those who have studiously avoided drinking or even cooking with the water, confining themselves to beer, wines or aerated drinks, have not escaped it. Until I came to Aleppo I had no idea of the existence of the malady ; and I confess, as I have said, that I was a little scared by the accounts I heard, and the actual suffering I witnessed. However, our stay in Aleppo extended only over a few days, and we all hope to be spared the infliction.

In the afternoon we went with Colonel Briscoe to call on Said Pasha, or "Ingliz Said" as he is often called. His excellency is in a sort of exile at present, as his political feelings are not shared by the Padishah. I believe—at all events it is reported—that he sends in his resignation every week, but that its acceptance is always politely declined at Stamboul. He was aware of our approaching visit to Aleppo and had sent out an escort of dragoons to meet us. Fortunately they looked for us by the road from Antioch, so we escaped the, to tired travellers, unpleasant ceremony of making a triumphant entry into a strange town. However the Vali had meant to be polite, and my husband was anxious to pay his respects to thank him.

He received us in the serai,\* and Said, who is a short

---

\* Palace or seraglio.

man, with grizzled hair, perfect manners, and thorough knowledge of the world and its modern politics, was extremely friendly. He was much interested in my husband's account of Cyprus and said that he had heard that Sir Robert Biddulph had done so much good there, and proved himself a much more able "administrator" than his predecessor.

He laughed good-humouredly about "our only general" and wanted to know if he was "our only administrator" as well, and if we had any intention of sending him to Asia Minor to help the consuls in their difficulties there. In some way Sir Garnet is not a favourite with the Turks, but why or wherefore I do not know. For General Biddulph is, in his dealings with them, far more strict than ever Sir Garnet was ; and at this present moment is doing his utmost to prevent the Sultan claiming all the fattest land in the island. Nevertheless the shrewd Turk seemed to appreciate the disinterestedness with which he gives his time and energy to really increase the good of the country which he governs.

In short Said's conversation showed what sound common sense the Turk possesses, and how thoroughly at home he is in European, and especially English, politics—much more so than we English give him credit for. This experience does not apply to Said alone, but to all the higher classes. Our travels brought us into contact with the head officials of each town, and their knowledge of our ministers and generals and of the progress of events with us was quite astounding. They know more of English politics than they do of their own.

But in spite of Said's kindness and vigilant politeness, I could see that he was a disappointed man. He spoke more bitterly and with more irony than is usual amongst the Turks. His wife is a princess of royal blood, and he is treated with much more respect than an ordinary Pasha. He ordered his officers to see that we were supplied with everything we wanted, and that horses and transport should be placed at our disposal when we left the town.

The interview took up some time ; and it was nearly dark when we again reached our hotel, where we found the Russian consul had just called and was waiting to see my husband. This visit rather surprised and not a little amused us. We had heard of the *finesse* of the Russian, but this wary diplomatist could not conceal his anxiety to learn what his excellency had said, nor his endeavours to find out the real reason of our travelling in Asia Minor. He was excessively polite and flattering, but his whole conversation was nothing but a series of indirect questions. I noticed—he may have been a bad specimen of his class—that he never would look my husband in the face, and sat uneasily shifting his hat from hand to hand. I saw through him in a moment; and must make a confession. My spirit moved me to invent a number of fables to see how far he could be taken in, but unfortunately Andrew's reproofing glance stopped me. My husband, indeed, answered all his questions in a frank straightforward manner, and did not show the least displeasure at the cross-examination. He afterwards explained to me, which I suppose I ought to have known before, that

the plain truth completely nonplusses these people. They are such storytellers themselves, they think it impossible anyone can tell the truth or be straightforward. The Russian consul told us he was acquainted with H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, and seemed to think *that* would have a great effect in making us confidential with him.

Dr. Bischoff the well-known German doctor of Aleppo dined with us in the evening. He has lived here for twenty-five years and the "button" has made frightful ravages on his face. Yet he considers the climate remarkably healthy. He looks forward, like everyone else, to the railway that the English, it is supposed, intend to make. I left him and Dr. Johnstone having an eager discussion on topics of mutual interest, and retired to my own little sanctum to write out my notes of the day's experiences.

We spent the morning of the fifteenth in once more going through the bazaars and concluding the bargains of the day before. In the afternoon we went with Colonel Briscoe to call on Djemel Pasha, a Turk of high rank, commander of the forces in this part of Asia. He lives in the highest part of the town, in a garden in which he has built a kiosque containing two rooms.

He welcomed us most kindly. We carried on the conversation in French, for though he knows English fairly well, he speaks that language as fluently as Turkish. He told us he had lived a year at Long's Hotel, and was very proud of having been presented to the Prince and Princess of Wales, and having received an invitation to Marlborough



House. He further added that he had made a point of seeing all the lovely women in Europe, but had seen none so beautiful as her Royal Highness.

He is obliged to live here without his wife ; and, though a Turk, this seemed a real trial to him ; for he read us a touching letter from her, announcing the birth of a little daughter born during his absence. She had taken the baby's hand and covered the little palm and fingers with ink, and pressed it on the paper at the end of the letter. The tiny facsimile was placed there like a seal. One touch of nature makes the whole world kin, and when his excellency heard that I, also, had one only little daughter, we became quite friends.

He had afternoon tea laid out for us, with bread-and-butter cut in the orthodox fashion and Minton's ware. A Turkish band of sixty musicians played outside for our amusement remarkably well. They gave us all the national airs *except the Russian* ; beginning with "God save the Queen" and ending with the "Marche du Sultan."

Djemel Pasha is collecting a stud of Arab horses. He had some very fine ones brought round for my husband's inspection. Nearly all the Turkish officials who come so far east, amuse themselves by buying horses, and I daresay sell them later at a large profit in Stamboul. Yet I was astonished at the prices he had paid ; for some we saw, he had given as much as two or three hundred pounds.

At my husband's request he took us to the barracks. There was the natural hesitation about admitting a lady ;

but Colonel Briscoe settled the difficulty by inviting me into his sitting-room, from the window of which I could see everything. There is accommodation for 7000 men; the large square is well paved and very tidy. A parade was going on, so I had a good opportunity of seeing the Turkish soldiers. They struck me as small but wiry. Andrew's verdict was: "Physique of the men good, the officers bad, welfare and drill of the soldiers sadly neglected." The retreat was sounded, and the national air played; then the men all cheered loudly and were dismissed. At one end of the square, guarded by fixed bayonets, was a squad of Druse prisoners who had enlisted, but tiring of the service had attempted to desert and were now waiting trial. We said good-bye to the commander-in-chief with a mutual wish to meet again.

To this point I was delighted with the Turkish officials we had met. Not only had they treated us with great courtesy, but they were much cleverer and more polished than I had expected. Yet much as I like the Turk, it is impossible to be blind to the fact that he is not born to govern. I firmly believe that the wish to govern wisely exists amongst them; but there is so much intrigue, so much corruption and such terrible weakness at headquarters, that a man who has a post under the Government thinks it useless to attempt reforms. He knows that now, is his one and only chance of making his own fortune, and that if he misses it, he will only be thought a fool for his pains.

Even Said Pasha, one of the best known, best educated,

and most Europeanised of their rulers, has done literally nothing here. There are neither good roads, nor is there security for life and property. The police are most inefficient, the finances in a desperate state of confusion, and the law courts most corrupt.\* It is no use our talking about preserving the integrity of the Turkish Empire. It *must* collapse from its own weakness and corruption, unless we step in and force upon it the reforms which are so sadly needed.

On our way home we called on Mr. Henderson to say good-bye. He gave us letters of introduction for the caimacans of Killis and Aintab, and mentioned that he had also telegraphed to them to prepare for our reception. We felt very grateful to him, and his forethought I may add was fully appreciated by us all on the journeys of the following days. My husband and I in particular, were struck by the weight attached to any recommendations of his. It seemed as though his word were more "law" than that of the Turkish Pasha ; and in all the towns we stayed at, on this side of the Amanus mountains, we heard stories of his kindness and generosity, and of his ceaseless efforts to protect and assist all those who were worthy of help. These are the men—men like kind brave Mr. Henderson—who make our name

---

\* It is only fair to say for Said Pasha's inactivity, that not only does he believe he would not be backed up from Constantinople and may be recalled at any moment, but, also, that he is, as I have said, in a kind of banishment. He himself told my husband that he is a minister of marine affairs and not suited to this appointment ; and added laughingly, that were he to prove himself too good a governor, his banishment might last for ever.

honoured in the East, and are teaching the Mahomedans to instinctively look forward to the English as their future protectors.

But, indeed, I may say the same of the three other consuls of whom we had occasion to hear in the course of our travels—Mr. Kitchener, R.E.; Captain Cooper, 47th Regiment; and Captain Stewart, 11th Hussars. Their tact, their patience and their perseverance first gained them the respect, and later the cordial admiration of the Turkish governors. They had enormous difficulties to overcome, and the work which they have achieved can only be appreciated by those, who like ourselves—that is Andrew and myself—have heard and seen in their own districts the good that they have done. Though we hardly entered Mr. Kitchener's consulate, yet his name is always associated with those of Captain Cooper and Captain Stewart; and, indeed, his firmness and courage in bringing the murderous and thievish Circassians to justice, has rendered him famous from Tireboli on the Black Sea to Chelindreh on the Mediterranean.

## CHAPTER V.

### THROUGH KILLIS TO AINTAB.

A troublesome muleteer—A village of beehives—Arab *inhospitality*—A lesson in bread-making—Blue *v.* Red lips—Men will sometimes be boys ; an unwilling stampede—The approach to Killis—A guard of honour—The observed of all observers ; and the reason—An Armenian home—The town—Armenian architecture ; size not beauty—A banquet ; fingers before forks—A grand bedroom—The missing *douceur*—The Ballouk Sou—Turkish politeness—A country of vineyards—Aintab—The Persian consul's home—A crowd and its dispersal—Appearance of the town—Native wine—A novel sedan-chair—A cheerful Osmanli—Extreme kindness of the people—Gorgeous coverlets.

WE left Aleppo at 6 A.M. on the 16th of April en route to Killis, as we had decided to go from there to Aintab, and then across the Amanus mountains through a village called Pullanick and follow the Pyramus (or Jaihan) to Missis. The road to Killis is a dreary one, leading for many miles across the stone boundary that encloses Aleppo. The air was piercingly cold ; our waterproofs over ulsters closely wrapped round, could scarcely keep out the bitter wind. As for myself I had occasionally to get off, and run by my horse's side in order to

bring back a semblance of circulation to my hands and feet. Our horses I should say were a little better than those we had hired at Alexandretta ; but on the other hand we had a troublesome muleteer who was opposed to every attempt to make the horses go beyond a walk. Of course this could not be endured, so when the first piece of level ground was reached we worked the horses up into a canter and got rid of him. Our zaptieh escort had not turned up when we left the hotel, so we had started without them.

About four hours from Aleppo we came in sight of a most curious village. It seemed like nothing so much as a colony of beehives. About a thousand small hive-shaped houses were grouped at the base of a low hill. Mr. Boscawen who had accompanied us thus far on our way told me that this is the village of Tel-Erfêt (pronounced by the natives Terfêt) and is inhabited by Fellaheen. It is supposed to be the site of Arpad an important Syrian city, and is situated at the foot of a square-shaped artificial mound nearly eight hundred yards in circumference and seventy feet high.

We had all of us heard much of the hospitality of the Arabs ; but when we rode up to the khan, the owner refused to supply us with anything. However at the sight of the handful of silver my husband pulled out, he at once produced corn for the horses, and sent a woman to make some bread. Yet the cautious old gentleman stipulated for prepayment ; and when he had received the exorbitant sum of two francs (ten piastres) for each small feed, became more agreeable, and brought us out chairs and jars of water.

The opportunity of seeing bread made in real Arab fashion was not to be lost, so I followed the woman into a building with mud walls, and a black tent-cover for a roof. She first sifted the flour, then worked up the whiter part into dough with water. A child, who was with her, scooped out a hole in the ground, thrust a few dried vine tendrils into it, then placed three stones round the edge, and on these she put a concave piece of iron, and lit the fire below. The woman separated the dough into small pieces, which she beat out into flat cakes by twirling them between her hands, and as they grew larger, throwing them over her arm at each turn. When about as thin as blotting-paper, she placed them on the griddle and in a few seconds they were baked. A large basketful was made in this way in a few minutes. All the native bread throughout Asia Minor (except in the towns) is the same; though some make it a little thicker than others. When fresh, as we got it now, it is excellent, tasting something like a soda-scone. Our lunch consisted of preserved sausages and bread, with the eternal but yet delightful buffalo milk.

After luncheon Mr. Boscawen and I scrambled up to the summit of the mound. It is flat on the top, with indications of ancient walls round it. Many fragments of glazed and unglazed pottery, and large pieces of black granite were scattered over the surface. The beehive houses of the village had foundations of this granite, and also pieces of basalt were occasionally seen in the walls. Mr. Boscawen told us that the inhabitants had the name of being very rich, which I can quite believe, to judge from their comfortable

appearance. But rich or poor the Arab women manage to make themselves hideous ; for they dye their lips with indigo, and anything more repulsive I have never seen. However, they hold a contrary opinion, thinking our red lips ugly. They were also much tattooed and had their eyebrows painted black.

We took our time after leaving the village ; we were half-way to Killis, and had all the afternoon before us. The sun had heated the air, and the wind had died away ; we were now as glad to get rid of our wraps as before we had been to put them on. Our two companions were in wild spirits, and nothing would do but that they must join a cavalcade of natives. Andrew and I got rather tired of their slow pace, and started off at a canter, but neither of the others would desert their new friends. Presently when we stopped on a hill and looked back, we saw the two waving their whips and urging on the mules of the travellers, as though they were driving a herd of buffaloes. The mules, startled I suppose by their cries, set off at a canter, the terrified owners calling out, "Door, door !" "Stop, stop !" were the cries that reached us where we stood. But to stop, was now much easier said than done. The more they shouted the more frightened the animals became. Suddenly the foremost stumbled, and making a clean somersault, came down on its back. The others of course tripped over it, and the five mules and their half-killed owners were lying pell-mell on the ground one on top of the other—men, donkeys, baggage and saddles.

The two gentlemen who before had been laughing till they



were breathless at the sight of the unwilling stampede, now became serious, and when we reached them, were busy assisting the fallen to get away from the feet of their mules. Fortunately only one of them was really hurt, and the doctor stayed behind to patch him up a little.

We never heard the real truth of the story. Mr. Bertram of course said it was Dr. Johnstone, and Dr. Johnstone as naturally accused Mr. Bertram. But what we do know is, that one of them, out of mischief, had begun to flip up the tails of the mules, a proceeding which the owners, mounted on huge bales of goods and piles of mattresses and quilts, could not see. And when the animals had been teased into the right pitch of friskiness, the two had started off at a gallop; the mules followed and getting excited could not be stopped; with, as the result, the exciting finish we had witnessed.

The poor people were very good-natured over it. And when they saw our efforts to repack their bundles, and reload the mules, they only threw the whole blame on the latter. But I confess that when out of earshot, we all laughed heartily. Indeed throughout the rest of the day's journey, explosions of laughter on Dr. Johnstone's part showed the retrospective nature of his thoughts.

Killis lay before us at the foot of a range of white-looking hills; but between us and the town large gardens of carefully-planted olives extended for several miles. The olive flourishes in this country, growing luxuriantly as far as Zeitoun (which means "olive"). Barley and tobacco are much cultivated, and we were struck by the unusual trimness of the fields,

They are separated from each other by banks of earth and a deep ditch.

When we were a mile from the town, we were met by a guard of honour of fifty mounted men waiting for us, including all the notables of Killis. Andrew and the interpreter rode forward, and the usual compliments took place. They then formed two lines and we trotted on with my husband in the centre, the three gentlemen and myself a little behind. We four were highly amused at the expression of Andrew's face—that of intense boredom mingled with resignation. He hates any fuss of the kind; and indeed when you are dusty and tired, and only longing for rest and quiet, receptions like this though meant as a compliment, are the reverse of pleasure. Another guard, a foot one this time, met us outside the town, accompanied by a crowd of boys and men. So when we entered we were quite an imposing procession. All the housetops were lined with veiled and unveiled women and the streets crowded with onlookers.

I remarked that as I passed, there was always an extra stir and pushing for a place to have a good view. An English lady had never been seen there before. On these and such-like occasions, I would ride straight on, trying to look as if I were not aware that everyone was staring at me and making remarks—complimentary or otherwise. It is very difficult to seem to look unconscious and to be natural on this sort of occasion, but I soon got accustomed to it, and latterly felt equally indifferent as to whether I was alone in a desert or had a hundred eyes fixed upon me.

We were taken to the house of an Armenian and shown into a room fitted up in Turkish style with some beautiful carpets and long divans. The Turkish caimacan arrived to welcome us, and apologised for not having come to meet us; but he is so fat that he can only walk with difficulty, and of course cannot mount a horse. We all sat in a row at the top of the room, with about thirty of the principal inhabitants on couches round us. Narghilis, cigarettes, coffee and sweetmeats were handed round, and questions asked and answered on both sides. We discovered that Said Pasha is not popular here, but that Midhat was the hero of the hour—the people evidently longing for some of the reforms that he was trying to introduce in his own district. We asked permission to walk through the town after we thought time enough had been spent in inspecting us. And so headed by an Armenian and a Turk, we sallied out, and found every street lined with people, for all work had been stopped and the day made a general holiday in our honour.\*

The bazaars are small and the principal manufacture that of making guns; every second shop is a gunmaker's

---

\* We next day discovered the cause of the honour that was paid to us by the officials, and of the curiosity which the people evinced. For no mounted guards are sent to meet simple travellers, nor receptions held on their arrival. Through some expression in our firman, Andrew was taken for the actual Vali-Pasha or Governor of Cyprus. Indeed the consul's wife (at Aintab) first opened my eyes by expressing her surprise at his looks—all their governors were so much older.

and the others seem to be blacksmiths'. There are several mosques but nothing of interest to see in any of them.

Out of compliment to our host we visited the Armenian church, a new building large and ostentatious but unmistakably hideous, and I fear the people who were with us, were a little hurt at the coldness of our admiration. I was struck here and still more forcibly later, by the size and solidity as well as the number, of the Armenian churches. But nothing can equal them in ugliness; for the Christians of the East have no better taste than the Turks; whilst, with the latter, the love of gaudy colours, gives a sort of barbaric richness to their decorations which is much more pleasing than the hopelessly hideous plainness of the christian edifices. The Armenians, it is well known, never waste a para in useless ornament. In their churches they get every fraction of their money's worth in substantiality and size.

Though I have travelled a good deal, I have never seen such an utter want of taste in style of architecture as that employed in the christian villages of Northern Syria and Asia Minor. The houses always give me a chilled unpleasant feeling. I really think I would sooner say my prayers in a Buddhist temple than in an Armenian church. The heathen at least will offer ungrudgingly the best he has to his god; but the Armenian pauses to think how he can worship the Almighty with at once the greatest outward show, and utmost saving to his own pocket. And besides

the question of frugality, architecture seems to have entirely ceased to be an "art" amongst them.

On our return, we found that our host's wife had prepared quite a feast for us. She was such a pretty creature, but alas! in the last stage of decline; the lustrous eyes, the crimsoned cheeks and the pale shade round her mouth were unmistakable. Dr. Johnstone indeed told us later, that he feared the poor young thing had only a few months to live.

This was our first native entertainment, and the *coup d'œil* as we entered the dining-room, was just like one of those toy feasts of a number of meats and fruit painted on wooden plates, set out by children. The centre of the room was filled up with an enormous circular brass tray, placed over a pedestal two feet in height; and cushions were placed on the floor to sit on. The tray was loaded with small plates about thirty in number, each containing a meat, a sweet, or a vegetable, garnished in a wonderful variety of ways. Arab bread and spoons were given to each person; but neither knives nor forks. Everyone ate out of the dishes and helped himself with his own spoon. Our pretty hostess kept piling my plate with meat, yaourt, pastry and salad, and I was expected to eat a mouthful of each alternately. We all entered into the fun of it, and ate away with our fingers as cleverly as our entertainers. Everything was admirably cooked, and though very rich nothing was greasy.

When we retired, we found that our beds were placed

on the floor of the reception-room ; mattresses piled one on the top of the other in true Turkish fashion, and gorgeous quilts given to us instead of blankets. By ten o'clock the last good-night was said, and I felt for the first time this day that we were at *peace*. Yet I could not help feeling grateful. Everything that was kind had been done for us. The dinner had been prepared regardless of trouble. Indeed if all the Armenians were as polite and hospitable as these kind people of Killis, I would have nothing to say against them ; but unfortunately our experience of them later, was not so pleasant.

We were up next morning at five A.M. Rather an awkward little incident happened just before leaving. I had laid out a napoleon and some medjidies on a divan in the room where I slept, to give to the servants. I left it to ask my husband if he thought the sum sufficient, and on my return the money was gone, and two servants were in the act of leaving the room. I asked the interpreter to find out if they had taken it away ; and he with excessive stupidity went and told their master, who was very distressed about the matter. My husband offered to reward the other servants, but he would not hear of it and ordered them all away. So we had to leave our offering on the window-sill. It was a little lesson to me to be more careful.

We started for Aintab at six o'clock, by a very pretty road winding along the hillside through thickets of Judas trees and Christ-thorn. The latter has a small pink blossom

like May, only each little flower grows separately and not in clusters like the English hawthorn. Laburnums grow in the hedges, and the olives cast a pleasant shade over the road. Soon however the verdure ceased, and we turned in a northerly direction, going over stony ground traversed by many streams.

At ten A.M. we halted in a little valley by a narrow stream called Ballouk Sou ("fish river"), with myriads of fish swimming about, watercress growing thickly along the edges, and grass-covered banks. We sat down amongst the wild thyme and daisies and enjoyed our breakfast. A Turk and his servant arrived whilst we were picnicing; and before we began to eat, politely sent us a native cheese and some sweet stuff made of sesame seed. We did not like to refuse, and later had to exercise considerable ingenuity in disposing of the present without hurting his feelings; for none of us could make up our minds to attempt it. We offered him a box of sardines in return. The Turks are very hospitable; the poorest labourer never] eats in your presence, without offering you a share of his food.

We were sorry to leave this little spot, but our new friend warned us we had a long journey before us, and had better be starting. The next five hours were dreary ones indeed; over uncultivated hummocks of gray stone and white chalk. Occasionally we came on traces of an old Roman causeway, and one valley had many curiously shaped artificial mounds spread over its surface. The vineyards which surround Aintab commence some five miles from the town. The soil is peculiarly

white, and the gray shade over everything gives a singularly desolate appearance to the neighbourhood. We were parched with thirst, and in spite of our dread of the "button," drank greedily at the first well we came to. Another escort was waiting for us here, but not such an imposing one as the last. This was, as far as it went, a relief ; for the long ride over an uninteresting country had fatigued us greatly.

I was disappointed with Aintab. There is a fine river but there are few trees ; and the lack of verdure makes it a very melancholy-looking spot. The surrounding vineyards were only commencing to bud and we saw the white soil in all its ugliness, unrelieved by a green leaf. Some of the hills have old castles on them, and there is rather a fine ruin above the town itself ; but no one could give us the least information about it. Before entering the place you pass by the American missionary establishment ; a huge whitewashed pile, more like a model prison than anything else, not a tree or a garden near it, and surrounded by a stone wall.

We put up at the house of the Persian consul who was expecting our arrival, having been telegraphed to by Mr. Henderson. We entered into a spacious building by a large paved courtyard, and were taken up to the best room. This was decorated with the funniest mixture of Eastern and Western civilisation. The Persian arabesques painted on the walls were quaint and pretty, but above were niches covered with glass in which were stuck bunches of artificial flowers—"de Paris," as we were told afterwards. The gilded chairs and red velvet couches were horribly uncomfortable ; but, in



these parts, anyone who has the least pretensions to knowledge of the world invariably has his best rooms furnished with these French chairs. There was even a gold clock under a shade, that had never told the time since it left the manufacturer's hands. The height and proportions of the room were very fine.

The consul is a small delicate man, and was so enveloped in furs we could hardly make out his individuality. His wife came in with him, dressed in the same kind of fur coat. I believe she is an Armenian, for she wore a fez on her head. About five o'clock all the coffee-drinking and polite speeches were over, and we sallied out to see the town.

The crowd here was much worse than at Killis, and without the help of the zaptiehs we could have made no progress. Their way of making room for us was rather novel. They would pick up a stone and throw it at the crowd, and then they would dart at the opening and cast the people aside with their sticks. It was all done good-humouredly and no one seemed to mind the stones and blows showered on them.

We had pretty peeps occasionally of the river below us; white-robed women were promenading the banks, men were standing half in the water washing their faces and feet before the evening prayer. Little boys were running and shouting and playing like other children all the world over. The old castle looked solemnly down on it all, and the silent river flowed steadily on.

Aintab seems just as ruinous, just as untidy as all Turkish towns. The shops are mere booths open entirely in front,

and seemed very poorly supplied. We had the greatest difficulty even in procuring some of the native wine. It seems there are two kinds ; but both are light and very crude. The first we tasted is like burgundy in colour and has a slightly acid taste, though it is a sweet wine—weak raspberry vinegar is the only thing I remember resembling it. The other quality was sweeter and richer, but we preferred the first. My husband fancied the better sort tasted like Australian wine. We bought wine, eggs, bread and dried figs for the next day's journey. The bread is made in long flabby strips, easily rolled up and carried in your saddle-bags. We had intended to lay in a store of things at Aintab ; but could find nothing to buy. There seems no native handiwork, and the European articles are of the commonest description.

We met here for the first time a tahtaravan—a kind of sedan-chair set upon four poles, the ends of which are fastened, by means of harness made for the purpose, to the sides of two mules, one before and one behind. Turkish ladies of the upper classes are carried about in this instead of riding on horseback.

We returned to the consul's in time for dinner. It was served at a table in our honour. We had the luxury of knives and forks ; but our hosts ate with their fingers. A dish of stewed mushrooms was the only remarkable *plat*. They are gathered in the early spring or autumn and preserved in oil. The caimacan called on my husband after dinner. He is the only Osmanli I have met who seemed free of care ; his hearty laugh was as cheery and frank as my husband's.

The Turks are a peculiarly grave nation. They seldom joke or laugh merrily, and to live always in their society would be very depressing.

We were treated here, as at Killis with the greatest respect, and were given the best chamber. Mattresses covered with gold-embroidered silks were taken out of presses in the wall, and laid on the floor; satin quilts were placed on the top, and about a dozen pillows piled up at one end. I never saw such a collection of beautiful silks and embroideries, and could not refrain from expressing my admiration. Those given to the rest of our party were all of silk and satin; but without the embroidery. We were told that some of the quilts had belonged from generations back to the consul's family. One grows to like the Turkish fashion of sleeping on the floor, and we could now sleep as soundly on it as on a spring mattress.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THROUGH PULLANICK TO OSMANIEH.

An indefinite route—Proselytism and its results—Extinction of brigandage—Mountain scenery—Scarcity of game—The Katur Hissar—A beautiful solitude—Sachtzu-Geuzu—Some ancient carving—A kind host—A red-trouser village—Companions for the night—Regrets on leaving—The passes described—The avi-fauna—Kurd shepherds—The pillow spring—Oloujak—A fine breed of dogs—A rough cavalcade—The lion-killer—Destruction of forests—Infant tortoises—A lovely stream—Pullanick—The Devrishe Bel—Scented groves—The village—A brief nap—Unconscious progress—Osmanieh at last.

WE had said good-bye over-night to our host and hostess, and so were able to make an early start on the eighteenth. We intended to travel on till dusk ; for no one could give us any definite idea of our route. The zaptieh declared he knew the road, as he had crossed the mountain on a previous occasion. On leaving the town we passed through a graveyard full of holes dangerous to traverse in the dark.

As we passed the mission-station, one of our party observed that probably the missionaries would be hurt, on hearing that English travellers—and one of them a lady—had stayed in the town without paying them a visit.

The truth is, we had purposely abstained from doing anything of the kind. I had read letters from Aintab in the papers, which thoroughly disgusted me by their narrow-mindedness and repetition of exploded stories, old as the hills, of the persecution of the Christian by the Turk. I had heard, too, about Aintab both in Beyrout and Aleppo. There is no love lost between the foreign consuls and the missionaries. The few converts made by the latter, are wretches who only take to Christianity, when their own people will have nothing more to do with them.

As for the persecutions, I had made most careful inquiries at Aleppo, and every consul told the same tale—that they, who lived on the spot, were only able to verify the minutest portion of the stories which flourished in our newspapers. These are generally exaggerated, when they are not complete fabrications. The missionaries do not intentionally mislead, but are themselves misled by over-zeal, to state things easily refuted. I have lived for two years amongst the Turks, and have travelled in the parts of their country which are most remote from European influences, and have been written of, as hotbeds of fanaticism;\* and cannot help stating my honest conviction that the Christians throughout Asia Minor are a great deal stronger than the Turks, and that *they* are the tyrannical race.

It is perhaps not a lady's part to raise an argument. I shall therefore content myself by stating exactly what I saw

---

\* Adana and Koniah.

in this respect; and those who read my book to the end can then draw their own deductions. As far as Aintab is concerned, we were lodged in a Mahomedan house with the greatest hospitality, and from the Moslem population in the streets never heard a rude or angry word. And later, in the remote parts of the country where a European has never been seen, we travelled without a guard, and met nothing but kindness and civility.

Possibly the missionaries at Aintab have experienced different treatment. But how do they go about? and what do they do? Why, in frockcoats and chimneypot hats, preaching, nay forcing upon the people—in their own land, remember—dogmas and customs which from their childhood they have been taught to regard as simply abominable. Is not this enough to arouse, now and then, the indignation of an ignorant peasantry! What would the people, what would the rector of an English village do, if a Turk with his fez and baggy trousers were to come and sit cross-legged with his Koran, and tell them that they would go to a place unmentionable unless they believed his dogmas? If he were not stoned, he would at least be chucked into the nearest horsepond, and the magistrates would order him on for creating a disturbance.

I hate the injustice of it all. We, in England, are apt to forget that there are two sides to the question; and that whilst the Moslem has no opportunity of making his grievances known, our missionaries can flood the papers with stories the truth of which cannot be traced.

But I must not let my grievance run away with me. Our road took us, in a north-westerly direction, towards the mountains, over ground like that of the previous day, undulating hills with chalky soil, where nothing but vines grew. The peasants were busy digging up the earth round the roots, pruning and putting tar over the cut parts. For about fifteen miles we rode through the vineyards, the giant Giaour-Dagh towering in front of us. We passed several small villages, and splashed through many streams; for the country is remarkably well watered, by little rivulets, which as they come down the hillside, must tend greatly to fertilise what otherwise would be a most dreary region.

About midday we reached a very stiff bit, and found ourselves, at last, getting into the mountains, where the broken rocks and scattered crags and boulders would have formed admirable cover for brigands.

But the passes are quite safe now; even the most lonely spots are unguarded. Yet, ten years ago, these same mountains were considered impassable on account of the robbers who inhabited the Giaour-Dagh; even an armed escort was hardly sufficient protection. Four Pashas with a strong force were sent from Stamboul, and after several years' warfare, captured the leading chiefs. They destroyed their villages and sent the suspected mountaineers to settle on the plains.

The scenery became very fine as we proceeded. Range after range of mountains opened around us; prickly oak and firs formed thick copses on either side. We crossed over

the crest of a hill called the Tcherkess-Dagh, with beautiful ravines and little dells filled with bushes of jessamine and daphne, and occasionally a piece of ground sown with wheat, but not one living soul near it. Our zaptieh assured us that the well-wooded hills on either side swarmed with game—boars, partridges, and hares. We only saw the latter and not many of them. At length we reached a plateau encompassed by an amphitheatre of wooded heights on which stood an old ruin, the Katur Hissar ("castle of the mule"), from which a grand view of mountains and ravines can be obtained.

We let our horses graze on some green corn, the only food to be had for them, and ourselves started off to examine the ruin. One side only stands erect; the rest is a mass of débris and fine hewn stones with peculiar grooves along the edge. Very little cement had been used, each stone being cut so as to fit into the one below it. The labour must have been immense, and doubtless some curious history attaches to the ruin. The situation is very lovely; the mixture of northern trees with the fragrant shrubs of the south was most beautiful. We waded up to our waists through the asphodel and gladiolus and a blue flower that is very common everywhere, but on the plains I have never seen it exceed a few inches in height, whilst here it reached a couple of feet. The snowdrop shrub filled the air with a honey-scented perfume that rivalled the cyclamen in sweetness. It was just the ideal spot to pitch a camp, and to live a week or two in peace; for nature



here is beautiful beyond words, and we could hardly tear ourselves away.

Our path to the valley, where we were going to spend the night, led us through park-like scenery, fine firs and huge arbutus-trees with their red stems and white berries towering above us. The prickly oak, the plane, the birch, or a tree like it, bordered the narrow path, and mosses and ferns covered the ground. Mr. Bertram's horse tripped over a large tortoise, so heavy that he could hardly lift it. We saw many as we proceeded, sometimes twenty of them migrating together, the only living thing in the vast solitude round us.

A descent of an hour and a half brought us into an extensive valley, as green as the plain of Antioch, with small mounds raised all over it. Following a well-shaded path by a rushing stream bordered with periwinkle and wild roses, we came in sight of a tiny village called Sachtzu-Geuzu, nestling below the fir-crowned hills. We made for one house more imposing than the others, which stood apart, being surrounded by a loop-holed wall enclosing a paddock through which ran the stream. The house itself is built over the water, which flows through an arched tunnel beneath it.

In the wall were fixed three remarkable slabs. They were large and of a dark-coloured stone, and had four figures carved on them with the pointed headdress and long curled hair common to Assyrian sculpture. On one are represented two warriors in a two-wheeled chariot with bows and arrows and spear. The other stones though separated in half, form one design. A lion stands in the centre with

a man in front of it driving a spear into its head, whilst a third is hammering a nail into its side. The expression of agony on the lion's face is marvellously done. But the whole is most carefully worked ; the minutest ring in the chain-armour of the figures is quite distinct. The slabs were brought here by the son of the house from one of the mounds we had noticed in the valley. He called the place Yabba Hou-a-gu (I spell it as pronounced), and assured us that there are many others still in the mound.

Our host, a Turk, conducted us up a stone staircase to the second storey, into a room so full of smoke that we preferred sitting in the wide verandah. We asked for corn, for our poor horses were quite done up. We had been eleven hours in the saddle, and they had eaten nothing but the few mouthfuls of green barley. The old Turk said he had none ; but seeing our patent distress, good-naturedly brought us a sack of a kind of rice in the husk, of which he said that they made their bread. He offered some to the horses, but only two of them would eat it, and the others had to be satisfied with grass. Our host possessed two greyhounds which he said killed many hares. Each of them was covered with a rug, as even in this temperate climate they feel the cold.

The women of the village wear a curious costume ; the high coif of the Turcomans with huge silver coins hanging over each ear, and bright scarlet trousers under their blue gowns. Red and blue are the prevailing colours everywhere ; but some villages reverse the order and wear blue trousers and red gowns, the women belonging to the same village

never differ. Thus we would divide them, as we went along into red- or blue-trouser villages, and I see on looking over my diary that the red predominated. We had a capital supper of chickens fried in butter, and rice pilaff with Arab bread ; we ate with our fingers as wooden spoons were all the people had. The zaptiehs finished what we left.

Andrew and I were offered the public room to sleep in ; but as all travellers rested there, and the Effendi was in the habit of using it daily, we preferred a neighbouring one ; which in spite of having unplastered walls, and neither doors nor windows, was not so objectionable as the more imposing place. We laid our blankets on a wooden divan, and had a blazing fire lighted in the fireplace, which burned all night. Some boards made a temporary door, and we were tolerably comfortable ; for a wood fire is always cheerful and makes the poorest room look home-like. The greyhounds slept all night on the floor beside me. They seemed to appreciate the fire as much as we did, and I had not the heart to turn them out.

Our poor horses were extremely weak next day, but became stronger after we started. The air felt wonderfully light and fresh. The sun had scarcely appeared above the horizon, and the grass was bathed with dew. The Turcoman peasants were milking their cows and sending them out to feed. The larks sang loudly and the swallows skimmed through the air. As I looked back at the little village where we had been so hospitably sheltered, and gazed at the

peaceful scene, I wondered if I should ever see it again. I loved the simple people ; and wondered why the Amanus range is not oftener visited. Its lovely scenery is well worth exploring.

I will try to explain faithfully the road we now took. There are supposed to be only two passes over the mountains from Asia Minor into Northern Syria. That of Marash which is the best known ; and one called the Bagtché Pass. I don't think we went near Bagtché ; for I most carefully asked and noted the name of every village we saw, near or distant. I shall call our pass therefore the "Lion Pass" the translation of the native name Ashlan-boghaz. It leads to Pullanick, a village marked on none of the maps, but well known to the peasants on both sides of the mountain.

The valley we traversed after leaving Sachtzu-Geuzu (or "birdseye") is called Keferdis, and the fifteen small hamlets built on the base of the hills surrounding it, all go by the same name. The pasturage is very rich. Small thickets of brambles and thorns grow over it, and the perfume of the violets was very strong in the early morning air. We saw some strange birds unknown to any of us ; especially one, about the size of a blackbird, with a bright yellow-coloured body and head, and having jet-black wings and tail.\* The birds were wonderfully tame, hopping and flying about quite close to us. Anemones and daisies strewed the ground ; and hawks, owls and hoopoes sat on every branch.

---

\* My husband thought it was a golden oriole.

We passed several temporary villages inhabited by Kurd shepherds. The walls were made of rough wattle which hardly saved the inmates from observation, but the roofs were well thatched with straw. On arriving on the banks of a small river, called the Tcher Sou, we found about eighty of these people on their way to Adana for the coming harvest; a wild savage lot they looked yet they saluted us politely.

We rode on towards a yew-tree, many centuries old, which stands as a landmark on the plain, for no other tree is in sight of it. The ascent from this, over grass-covered ridges, into rocky ground, and through a narrow defile to a hollow of the freshest verdure, was an absolute solitude. We halted at a small pond named Yastick Bunar (the "pillow spring"). It was full of fish weighing over two pounds, and hundreds of tortoises kept crawling over the bottom and rising occasionally to the surface for air. The narrow streamlets that traverse the little valley were also full of fish. We noticed the remains of a village with a melancholy graveyard beside it, but there was not a human being near to tell the name or history of the place.

After breakfast we crossed the valley towards a very high mountain called the Adjah-Dagh. To our right towards some distant mountains, our zaptieh told us, lay Marash, five hours' distance from where we were. We rode to a village called Oloujak, nestling below a wooded precipice with a large torrent rushing between the rocks in front of it. I have never seen finer dogs than here, they resemble

a mastiff in face, but have long rough yellow hair, and some are as large as a St. Bernard. They rushed out savagely as we passed, but did not attempt to attack us.

From this place the ascent commences at once, and for a quarter of a mile is almost precipitous. The height reached, the road wound along the crests of a succession of wooded ravines. At times the surrounding hills opened out, and gave us glorious views of the main range, extending to what we fancied must be the Antioch plain.

We here met a caravan of about four hundred mules; not a very pleasant experience, as the path was too narrow to allow both to pass together. They not only delayed us, but at one time I was almost swept off my saddle by a bale of goods pushing against my feet as the loaded mule passed. The muleteers were surly fellows who did not use the slightest effort to make way for us. I had already noticed these men as apparently belonging to a peculiar and I should add, an unpolished tribe.

From here we could see the whole range from the Beilan Pass to Marash rearing its summits in one lofty chaotic mass, and extending on all sides as far as the eye could reach. On the highest point we came to a pile of stones grouped round some cedar-trees. This marks the spot where the last lion was destroyed; and every passer-by adds a stone to the pile in memory of the brave man who killed all the lions that formerly infested the country.

The descent was by the side of a ravine with a roaring torrent below, which we could hear but not see because of

the dense foliage. The higher slopes were covered with pines and fir-trees; but in a few years there will be nothing left but a few blackened stumps. Even now, vast spaces are cleared, and acres of fallen trunks lie scattered on the ground, never even to be used as fuel. All the finest trees have been fired at their base, and allowed to fall by their own weight, and then cut up into "tcheragh"—the name given by the natives to the wood used as torches; candles and oil being unknown luxuries in the poorer villages. We had seen in Cyprus so much wanton waste—whole forests destroyed, mountains laid bare, and plains dried up from want of moisture—that the wholesale destruction in this spot did not perhaps strike us so forcibly as it otherwise might have done. But I cannot refrain from once more expressing my disgust with those who allow such wanton waste; who, utterly indifferent to the future welfare of the country, do not try and prevent the annihilation first of the woods, and, later, as a necessary consequence of the whole water-supply.

Tortoises were again numerous. As they slowly crawled across our path, the horses would put their noses down and smell the strange-looking animals. Andrew dismounted and gave me several small ones, not much bigger than pigeons' eggs, to carry; but alas! they were so covered with ticks that I tumbled them on to the first soft bed of moss I passed.

A clear rivulet crosses and re-crosses the road, which the zaptieh declared to be the source of the torrent heard below. As it ran along, it was fed by many others, and

before we lost sight of it amongst the rocks and brushwood, had become quite a formidable stream. We dismounted to enjoy the scenery ; for this descent, we all agreed in thinking, was the most beautiful part of our journey to this point. The scent of the violets was almost overpowering ; the ground was covered with them. The lady-fern grew in each nook and crevice, whilst hyacinths, Bethlehem stars, anemones and many other flowers turned the ground into a garden. The torrent, ever clear as crystal, would sometimes fall in cascades over great gray and red boulders, or wind gently round a little island formed by the roots of a spreading tree, which had gradually stopped the earth and seeds in their downward course. Then would come deep pools shaded by the ash and plane, the water placid as a mirror. The scenery was ever changing, ever varied ; and I almost envied the inhabitants of the lonely little cottages perched high up on the side of the ravine, the feast of beauty they had ever before them. And what little value they set on it !

On leaving the pass we rode halfway through a valley, and turning sharply to the right passed through a cemetery bordering on an olive grove, and arrived at Pullanick—a clean-looking little village with a mosque at one end. It is situated at the base of two mountains, in a kind of wedge. Had we not asked for the village, we would have passed on without noticing it. The caimacan received us in the konak, and on my husband showing him the firman, became very attentive ; and when we discovered that he



was a relation of the caimacan of Kyrenia, there was of course a bond of friendship created at once.

Our horses were quite done up, but after some delay he succeeded in finding others, to enable us to go on to Osmanieh the same night. We spent nearly half-an-hour wandering about the little town through the double row of houses built on each side of a wide street, with avenues of plane-trees, and narrow streams of water. Vines were trained over rough trellis-work, under which the inhabitants were seated enjoying their narghilis and coffee. Had it not been for the varied costumes, I could have fancied myself in Germany, so prim and neat was everything.

On leaving Pullanick we joined the road we had diverged from, and crossed by a ford the same beautiful stream which had delighted us by its variety all morning. It was only a mild torrent as it foamed down the Lion Pass, but now it had become a wide river with smooths and shallows, and willow-fringed banks. The owners of our horses called it the Gardereserce Sou, or "the river flowing between mountains." We had to ford it in several places, the wooden bridges thrown across looked too unsafe to attempt on horseback.

We had another mountain to traverse before reaching the plain of Osmanieh, the pass across which is known as the Devrishe Bel. The sun had already set, and the moon lit up the wild scene, as we began the ascent along the crags of a succession of broken heights, all beautifully wooded, with deep valleys on each side. The rugged rocks,

the black outlines of the trees, the varied gullies and chasms, made us long for sunlight to judge of the beauty of it all. The nightingales never ceased singing, and we often paused to listen to their music as it rose soft and clear from the surrounding shade. The briskly pungent odour around us indicated that we were riding through pine-woods; but changed as we descended towards the plain to the sweet scent of the myrtle thickets.

At the bottom we had again to ford our river, now whirling past in darkening eddies; the tufts of cream-coloured foam showing the velocity of its course. We crossed in safety, and in two hours arrived at Devrishli Keuy. The moon had sunk behind a bank of cloud, and I could only distinguish a few thatched houses surrounded by reeds, with a plain beyond bounded by mountains on either side. We stopped at a house that was a mere cowshed. Thoroughly exhausted I lay down on some wooden planks near two of these animals (the cows) and in a few seconds was fast asleep. The gentlemen hurriedly swallowed some raw eggs with milk, and in ten minutes, my husband roused me and lifted me into the saddle. He urged me to try and keep up, saying that in a couple of hours we would arrive at the end of our day's journey.

I really don't know how I got to Osmanieh. I think I slept most of the way; but now and then I would wake up with a start, as the sharp howl of the wolves came unpleasantly near. This would be answered by the wild plaintive wail of the jackals, and sounded ine-pressibly

---

erie in the midst of the silence and gloom. We were all so tired, that we rode on in single file, one mechanically following the other, and not one of us uttering a sound. The plain, in the indistinct light around us seemed like a marsh. We saw streaks of silvery water occasionally, and all the way the road was bordered by reeds. The flickering lights of Osmanieh at last came in sight, and revived our waning courage. We thought no longer of either wolf or jackal.

Never shall I forget the feeling of thankfulness with which I rode into the khan, and rolled, rather than jumped off my horse. The khanji was civil, and though roused from his slumbers got us everything we wanted. It was 1.30 A.M. as I lay down to sleep ; and we had been in the saddle, with the exception of an hour's rest, ever since 6 A.M. of the previous morning. I had never before felt so thoroughly worn out in my life.

## CHAPTER VII.

### FROM OSMANIEH TO MISSIS.

Our previous route considered—Mr. Bertram and his mount—Osmanieh in daylight—A Turcoman encampment—A formidable fortress—The Circassians; their incivility; their exodus; their appearance; conversation with one of them on Turks and Russians; their treachery; unscrupulousness of the Russian—Our companions in trouble; lucky escape from a mad camel—The mighty Pyramus—Jami-Keuy—Villagers armed for the foray—The Silurus—Mountain castles—Unpleasant neighbours; wolves and jackals—The doctor's somersaults—Missis in the dark—The justice-seat our bed.

THOROUGHLY worn out as I had been by my sixteen hours in the saddle, I yet felt "fit" the next morning to think out, as I had wished to do, the exact route by which we had crossed the Amanus mountains. I could now divide it into three distinct passes; coming as we did from Aintab to Osmanieh. First there was the Katur-bel or mule pass, over that part of the mountain-range called the Tcherkess-Dagh; then there was the Ashlan pass over the Adgja-Dagh; and finally, the Devrishli-bel across the hills between Pullanick and Osmanieh. It seems to me that the Amanus

range is divided into three, with valleys and plains between each pass. We are accustomed to bad roads ; and I call the one we came over across the mountains a very fair one ; although the descent of the Ashlan pass was so stony, that only horses accustomed to such climbing could proceed with safety.

We were delayed some time getting horses. My husband sent the interpreter to the caimacan, as it was too early for us to make an official visit. After perusing the firman, he sent out zaptiehs to collect all the animals they could find ; and shortly after they arrived with a curious assortment. The horses, with two exceptions, were broken-kneed. I chose one of the exceptions, and the doctor took the other ; my husband is so big he would only trust himself on a sturdy mule. He generally took a mule when he could find a good one, and by ways known only to himself used to succeed in making it go faster than any of our horses. Mr. Bertram chose a *small donkey*, declaring that he had suffered so much from the other varieties of animals he had ridden on this journey, that he was determined to give a trial to a new kind.

We walked through the town before starting. It consists of a number of scattered houses covering a large space of ground, so that at a distance it looks a large place. The buildings are all white-washed and have a neat appearance. Poplars and willows grow round each enclosure, and the ground in the near neighbourhood seemed well cultivated. I believe the inhabitants are chiefly mountaineers from the

Giaour-Dagh, who were forced to settle here, when the villages suspected of harbouring brigands were destroyed.

We left at 9 A.M. and I soon found that my little gray pony was the best I had ridden since I had left Cyprus. It was perhaps well that it was so, for had it been a rough animal I don't think I could have attempted the journey that day ; for I had not half recovered the fatigue of the previous ride. Our destination this evening was Missis, with a halt at a Circassian village called the Jami-Keuy. We rode along the banks of a wide but shallow river for about an hour and a half, and arrived in front of a Turcoman village on the opposite side. The beehive-shaped tents were very curious. They are circular, with a small hole for an entrance ; and being covered with felt, stretched over a framework of canes, are the warmest in winter, and yet the coolest in summer of any tent I know.

This encampment was situated at the foot of a conical hill, which is crowned by a large castle, built entirely of black lava. The gloomy fortress is a curious contrast to the bright little village below, with its quaintly-dressed inhabitants, and cattle grazing on the river banks, or standing in the cool water, whisking the flies from their panting sides. It is known as Toprak-Kalessi ("Earth Castle") and is said to be an Armenian fortress of the Middle Ages. It commands the entrance into the valley, as well as the passes over the other side towards the Giaour-Dagh. The outer walls and battlements seem from below very perfect. A second line of wall is built on a lower level than the inner one,

thus making it of more than ordinary strength. Plants and brushwood cover the hill round the fortress. This would have caused a long delay had we attempted the ascent, so unwillingly enough we rode on.

We left the marshy plain of Osmanieh behind us, and the Amanus mountains sank into low rounded hills. Reeds and canes gave place to fine pasturage. We were in truth surprised at the exceeding richness of the soil; crops of barley and wheat were planted at short distances, but most of the ground lay uncultivated. We saw but one small village in the distance, and met no one but an occasional Circassian horseman. His evil face would glower sullenly at us as we passed, and no return would ever be made to the zaptieh's greeting. On arriving at a ford across the same river that flows by Toprak-Kalessi, we met about fifty of them, seated on the ground, with their starved-looking horses feeding close by. I asked them how many hours it was to Jami-Keuy, but they stared, frowned, and offered no reply.

Though it is over ten years now since their exodus from their own country, the Circassians still keep themselves a separate people; and in all their ways and manners are different from the Turks, who despise and dislike them. Their dress is peculiar—tight European overalls worn under a kind of frockcoat, of gray or other cloth and made rather full round the skirt. Bits of cloth are sewn across the breast, resembling pandean pipes, and these are meant to hold cartridges. They wear a round fur hat winter and summer.

They are fully armed ; generally with a Henry-Martini rifle, besides a couple of pistols, and various lethal-looking knives slung round their waists.

They are to a man, thieves and cattle-lifters ; greatly dreaded in the quieter districts, as if resisted, they always resort to violence, committing murder without compunction. The men are slight and tall, and have a cruel Tartar look about their faces. Few of them have either a beard or moustache. This probably accounts for their youthful appearance, for we often remarked how few old men there seemed to be amongst them. They are said to be very dirty in their habits, and certainly do not fulfil the duties of good Mussulmans in this respect.

They are, however viewed, dangerous customers and we were particular to avoid any dispute with them. They are good horsemen and that is the best I can say for them. Andrew indeed was pleased to see the care they took of their bridles and curious circular stirrups. Circassian saddles have often been described. They are much smaller than ours, just fitting to the rider, and never cause sore backs. I had occasion to have my saddle mended in one of the shops at our next halting-place and whilst waiting for it, had some conversation with the Circassian saddler which I may perhaps as well relate here.

I asked him why he had left his own country. Because he had been persecuted by the Russians : this was his reply. When the Circassians could not pay their taxes, it seems their sheep and their horses were taken from them.



and if that was not enough, their wives and daughters went too, to become servants in the rich men's houses, and would never be heard of, or seen again.

I asked him which he would prefer : his child to be the servant of a Russian, or a slave in a Turkish harem. He declared emphatically that all their women would prefer the latter ; for with the Turks they were more kindly treated, and when their masters were tired of them, they were never turned out to die of hunger or starve in the cold, as would be the case with the Russians. He spoke bitterly ; and in conclusion affirmed that the Russians had caused them to die by hunger and violence, and that now the Turks were completing their annihilation by forcing them to live in a pestilential climate which was daily weakening their numbers, and had killed off all their women and children.

There may be much truth in what he said ; but it must be remembered that in respect to the harshness of the Turks towards them, they have brought the troubles upon themselves. They treated the Turks who had sheltered and fed them, with the basest ingratitude, and behaved in such a turbulent manner that now everyone's hand is against them. Often and often a poor Turkish peasant has lodged and fed a Circassian for a night, only to find next morning that the man has ridden away with everything valuable his host possessed. I should add that they profess Mahomedanism, but are not strict about their religious observances. However, one of the hardships they complained of in connection with their former masters, was an

ordinance which the governor of the district sent out, declaring that unless five thousand pounds were collected and sent in within a month, they would all have to become Christians or be expatriated. Several of the people in this village testified to the truth of this, and my own experience of the Russians makes me think it very probable. For a Muscovite has no law but his own passions ; no rule of life but the fulfilment of his ambition. He is not bound by the *convenances* which are imposed on ordinary civilised people ; he tramples under foot every sentiment of affection and generosity ; every scruple of decency and honour. Gratitude and truth have no meaning for him. His palace is the centre from which he plans the circumvention of his enemies and the increase of his own ambitious projects.

But I am once more letting enthusiasm for my theme run away with my pen. I must return to the river bank, especially as I must relate an adventure, which again happened to our two companions.

We were all suffering much from thirst, for the cattle had made the river so muddy it was impossible to drink the water, and no more was to be found till we reached the nearest village. Andrew and I were riding on in front looking out anxiously for the tall minaret belonging to Jami-Keuy ("village of the mosque") when, suddenly, we heard shouts behind us, and turning round saw Mr. Bertram and Dr. Johnstone riding for their lives ; the former on his small donkey pursued by a huge camel, and though working madly both legs and arms, could not get a better pace

out of his diminutive steed. Dr. Johnstone was a little in front, but gallantly keeping by his friend. The camel kept running alongside of them, making vicious snaps at Mr. Bertram's head, which he endeavoured to parry with a small stick.

We could hear the roars of the beast from where we stood. My husband drew out his revolver, ready to fire the moment he could do so without injuring either of his friends ; but just at that moment help came from an unexpected quarter. A second camel came galloping up and commenced to fight its companion. Our two heroes seized the opportunity to hurry on as fast as they could ; and the last we saw of the enemy, showed them still engaged in apparently mortal combat, biting fiercely at each other's necks.

Andrew and I had noticed the camels as we passed, but they did not seem disturbed by our presence ; and I cannot help thinking that our two friends must have commenced playing the same pranks on them as they did on the merchants at Killis. At any rate something had angered them, for one first flew at Dr. Johnstone's horse and then turned his attentions to Mr. Bertram's head. An angry camel is an unpleasant and dangerous enemy ; for it bites most severely and gets very savage. We had been warned always to avoid them if ever we noticed froth round the mouth.

We rode on without further adventures on the plain, noticing in the distance several mounds with the remains of Saracenic fortresses crowning them. They were all built of the same black lava as that of Toprak-Kalessi.

At two o'clock we reached the village, and had our first view of the mighty Pyramus, which here flows swift and silent. Its muddy waters are about two hundred yards wide, but this width is nearly trebled at Missis. The inhabitants of this village are Circassians, and there was something incongruous in seeing them sitting in their little shops, armed to the teeth—my friend the saddler above referred to amongst the number—and booted and spurred as if ready at a moment's notice for the war-path. The village is divided by a long wide street containing the khan, the mosque and the bazaar; behind are several hundred small houses, each enclosed by a wattle fence, and having a kind of platform mounted on high poles about thirty feet from the ground, where the inhabitants sleep in summer to escape the malaria of the plain. The village goes by two names, Tcherkess-Keuy, so called after the people who inhabit it; and Jami-Keuy, from the mosque which possesses a minaret of unusual height. The khanji told us that the Circassians had been exempted from paying any taxes during the first two years of their settlement, on condition that they should build this mosque. The proposal was accepted and the minaret is a conspicuous object for many miles around.

The khan is merely a stable with a raised wooden framework at one end, occupied when we entered it by some soldiers playing draughts, who were so intently watching the chances of the game, that they never noticed our arrival. I found an empty room in the khanji's house, and whilst the horses were resting seized the opportunity of getting a short sleep. I was

always so tired that I had become able to sleep at any time, and would fall into a sound slumber the moment I laid my head on the ground.

Half-an-hour before starting I roused up to see the village. I saw a silurus, for the first time, hanging up in a shop. It is a huge fish weighing about twenty-eight pounds, with a large head. The flesh resembles beef more than fish, and has a coarse taste. There are many of them in the Pyramus and the peasants catch them with nets. We noticed here a peculiarity I had not before remarked about the Circassians—nearly every one of them had red hair, and their scanty beards and high cheek-bones in no wise improved their appearance. Their wives wore the Turcoman costume, and I fancy were native women, for, as I have said, we were told all their own women had died off.

We did not leave the village till late in the afternoon, as the distance to Missis was only three hours, and along a good road. We crossed the Pyramus by a dilapidated stone bridge, and passing through another village, inhabited also by immigrants from the Caucasus, continued along the banks of the river under the shadow of the lower spurs of the Amanus, which gradually increase in height till they reach the volcanic declivities of the Nour-Dagh beyond Missis. Close to the bridge a small fortress is most picturesquely perched on the rocks along the river. It was probably built there to defend the entrance of the plain which it completely commands. Two other castles were visible on higher spurs. The one on the right is called

Toomlu Kalaat, and the other, which is nearer to Missis is named Ilan Kalessi, or the Snake Castle. These probably were built by some Armenian kings to check the incessant incursions of the fierce inhabitants of the mountains. Another ruin, the Kourt or Wolf Castle—stands to the south-east ; but too far away for us to distinguish it.

The plain was quite deserted, having neither shepherds nor flocks. This surprised us, for we had never seen finer grass or clover. It was just like a vast neglected garden, studded with little wildernesses of roses, honeysuckle, clematis and jessamine. It must be the unhealthiness and that alone, which can cause this desolation, for the soil is rich beyond compare—fine black mould, without a stone.

The road bends with the windings of the river, sometimes going close along its banks, but at others rising high over cliffs of chalk which seem to overhang the water. At intervals long low plaintive wails would break the deep silence of hill and plain, and would be answered, like an echo, from the bushes beside us ; always approaching nearer and clearer, till the country resounded with the ceaseless cry of the hungry jackals. Our situation was anything but pleasant, and we all hurried on as fast as the tired horses could go. But Dr. Johnstone's had completely given in, and perhaps it was as well that it was so ; for it at all events afforded us some diversion.

The tired animal came down repeatedly with him, and once rolled over, flattening all the remaining tins of preserved meat

in his saddle-bags. Our friend had to ride without stirrups, and, as the poor beast fell, would dexterously spring over its head and thus avoid being hurt. We were all keeping a good look out for him, and immediately we noticed the horse begin to stagger, would call out with one voice "Jump!" so that once or twice, our doctor went through his acrobatic performance without there being any real necessity for it; whereat he naturally waxed wroth and declared we had done it on purpose.

It was quite dark when we reached Missis. The lights from the houses seemed to cover the face of the hill, so we hoped to find good quarters for the night.

As we rode through a cemetery on the east bank, we disturbed about a hundred dogs, which came snarling and yelping around us. The noise they made brought out a few natives from some wretched-looking houses, who pointed the way to the bridge. We crossed under a large carved gateway, over a bridge of nine arches; but the three centre ones had been blown up in 1832 by the Turkish army when returning from Syria, after their defeat at Beilan by the Egyptians under Ibrahim Pasha. Some logs of wood have been placed across the gap and over these we passed.

We had great trouble in persuading a man to show us the way to the khan, and found on arriving there, that the place was quite uninhabitable; thereupon Andrew and the interpreter went off to rouse up the caimacan. They returned in half-an-hour with some zaptiehs, and told us

---

the konak\* had been placed at our disposal. We had not far to walk, and in a very short time all the precious folios and MS. lying about were bundled out of the way, and I was sleeping soundly on the divan, from which next morning the awful cadi himself would dispense justice, or the Turkish substitute for it.

---

\* Court-house.



## CHAPTER VIII.

### MISSIS AND ADANA.

The swallows—Site of Missis—Adana in the distance—Startling encounter with Circassians—The Circassian character—My husband as a snake-killer—Entrance to Adana—Break-up of our party and new arrangements—Theodore dismissed—Difficulties about horses—The bridge of Adana—A river-side inn—Value of Captain Cooper's letters—Mr. Tattarachi—The Effendi—A rare favour ; we may see the mosque—The mosque described—View from the minaret—A Turkish tomb—The hospital—Empty bazaars—A convert and his works.

WE were awakened at daybreak by the chirping of the swallows as they flew in and out. I counted thirty-two nests plastered to the wooden rafters, and under each the Turks had suspended a square piece of calico, so as to keep the floor below tidy ; an instance of their kindness to animals. Sooner than destroy the nests, they had taken this trouble.

The old name of Missis was Mopsuestia. The ancient site continued for a considerable way over the hill ; but the present village consists only of a few houses scattered about the débris of old walls, piles of stones and the remains of pillars and capitals. Everything is broken and destroyed.

although occasionally an ancient sarcophagus or a marble slab will be dug up ; indeed, as we wandered through the ruined streets, we came on three men who were digging up the lid of one which they had found about twenty feet below the present level of the ground. It was of gray granite but had no sculpture or inscription on it.

It was 9 A.M. before our fresh horses were secured, and after saying good-bye and thanking the caimacan for allowing us to lodge in the "hall of justice," we started for Adana. Passing the Pyramus, or as it is modernly called the Jaihan, we rode over the plain in the direction of a high range of mountains whose summits were lost in the clouds. This was part of the Bulghar-Dagh which separates Cilicia from Cappadocia.

We had not gone far before we saw a fringe of trees chiefly oak and ash, indicating the site of Adana. We were surprised, for we had been told it would take at least five hours to reach it from Missis—as a matter of fact it took us only four, although the road was so full of holes that we never dared exceed a walking pace. The roughness of the way led to a meeting, not altogether agreeable, with the truculent Circassian.

We had passed numerous large herds of camels, but no caravans and only few wayfarers, until in about the worst part of the road we came upon a cavalcade of Circassians. The ground was ploughed up into large lumps, and it was very difficult for horses to pass except along the narrow foot-path. My husband and Dr. Johnstone had gone on in front ; Mr. Bertram myself and the interpreter were walking slowly

behind, when we met the cavalcade. I naturally expected them to make way for a lady and rode steadily on keeping to the path ; but Mr. Bertram not liking their looks passed to the front, and thus his horse and that of the leader of the band came directly face to face.

The Circassian's mount was a tall bony animal, twice the size of either of ours. The man pushed straight at Mr. Bertram who spurred on his own horse ; but the greater weight of the other forced his to fall back on his haunches and to push mine into the ploughed-up ground ; where it only kept its feet by a violent struggle. The savage jeered at us in the most insulting manner. Mr. Bertram's horse reared up, and I fancy and may add hope, struck the man with his fore-feet ; for he cried out with pain. I cried out in Turkish : "Circassian savages, when the English come you will all be sent back to your own country in chains (chengel)." Upon this they all gathered round us in a threatening way, and of course Theodore set spurs to his horse and galloped off. Fortunately our fearlessness had its effect ; for though they used no end of bad words and threatening gestures, they passed slowly on, leaving us in possession of the pathway. I declare that even if they had shot at me, nothing would have induced me to have got out of the way for them.

The truth is that in spite of all his bravado, the Circassian is a coward. They *never* attack unless from behind a rock or unless they are in superior numbers. In speaking afterwards at Adana of this episode everyone marvelled that they had not attempted to shoot us ; the English consul indeed

told us he had heard of a Circassian cutting off a peasant's nose because the unfortunate man had not moved his donkey quickly enough off the road. There is no doubt about it, they are a most brutal people, and we may be certain, the Russians would not have allowed them to leave their country if they could have made anything out of them. In 1860, twenty thousand Circassians were landed at Mersina, not so turbulent or such thieves as the later batches, but of them only about five thousand now remain. When we were at Tripoli, we saw six hundred encamped on the shore waiting to be sent to Asia Minor ; such thoroughly bad characters that the governor refused to keep them any longer in his district.

I fancy some of those who met us were arrivals from Syria, for they had a good deal of baggage with them.

We had no more adventures on our way to Adana, with the small exception of my husband killing a snake he espied curled up on a tuft of grass. In a moment he was off his horse attacking it with his hunting-crop. We used to laugh at his quickness in seeing a serpent and at his determination not to let a chance of destroying one escape him. This one was of a gray colour and measured five feet in length.

Passing over a low hill we found ourselves close to Adana. A quivering haze caused by the reflection from the river and the great heat of the sun, hung over the town, making it seem like a mirage. The situation is beautiful ; the minarets and red-tiled roofs rise above a small forest of trees, and the background of snow-covered mountains makes it seem, after the baked plain, a very haven of refreshing coolness.

As usual the entrance was through a cemetery ; in this case a perfect quagmire of black mud that we could not have passed on foot. We rode through this as far as the bridge across the Seihun (Sarus) crowded with peasants, Kurds, Circassians, camels, mules, carts and horses, flocks of sheep, and herds of cattle. I despaired of getting through until Andrew pushed steadily on and cleared a way for me. We went to the house of Mr. Raab, the English dragoman, and he took us to a coffee-house kept by two brothers named Pereides, who agreed to allow no other customers to make use of their establishment while we were in it. The lodging was very rough, but it was all we could get. Andrew and I had a tolerably good room ; but Dr. Johnstone had to put up on the billiard-table, and Mr. Bertram on a divan.

We spent the afternoon in making needful arrangements for our journey into the interior of Asia Minor. I should mention that the remainder of it Andrew and I were to attempt alone. The two gentlemen were to leave us here. Mr. Bertram declared he could no longer stand the fatigue of such travelling as we had undergone, without the aid of bottled beer and champagne. And as we could not manage to carry these necessary luxuries through the Cilician Gates, we had to part. The doctor on the other hand was afraid of overstaying his leave ; and all who know anything of military discipline will guess the result of *that*.

We had also to see about a new interpreter ; for Theodore had proved himself perfectly incapable. When at a loss for a word he used to excuse himself by saying I had ordered

him to leave his dictionaries behind—two huge volumes that would have required a special donkey for their portorage. He was as ill-tempered and sulky as he was useless ; so when he declared that the hard riding had injured his back and he could go no farther, we were delighted to hurry his departure. Mr. Davis' had written to me from Alexandria about a man called Nahli Sabbagh who had travelled with him through part of the country we were going over. My husband telegraphed to Mr. Tattarachi, the English consul at Mersina, to send Nahli to us, as Mr. Raab said he was at the time without any employment.

We next set about finding horses, and called on the Persian consul to ask his assistance, as nearly all the muleteers come from Persia. The prices asked were very exorbitant, more than double what we had been told to give. All kinds of excuses were made—scarcity of horses, price of corn, horses at grass,\* bad season. It ended in our engaging five animals, and agreeing to pay one and a half medjidies (five shillings and threepence) per day apiece. We were shown the horses, and selected the five strongest, agreeing to take them on for the whole journey if they went well as far as Kaisariyeh. These two important matters settled and our old interpreter paid off, we felt at liberty to amuse ourselves.

---

\* Throughout Asia Minor there is a difficulty about finding horses during the months of April and May, as the natives then send their animals to eat the young corn, or grass when it can be found, and so give them a month's rest.

We first went to examine the bridge we had come over in the morning, about the number of arches in which travellers differ. We therefore counted them carefully one by one from both sides and found that there are twenty-one of them. They are of different sizes and have been repaired by both Saracens and Armenians, so that the whole affair has been much altered. The bridge was built in the time of Adrian, but falling into a state of decay, the Emperor Justinian employed the same means as the engineer did on the Sangaris in Bithynia ; the course of the river was turned aside, the piers rebuilt, then the river was turned back to its former channel. Towers formerly stood at each entrance with gateways that guarded the passage ; but both have now disappeared. A kind of kiosque is built over the largest pier in the centre of the bridge, formerly the favourite resort of Mahmoud Pasha when he was governor of Adana. It is now turned into a small café, and was filled with Turks smoking narghilis.

We rested in a house by the riverside and where we got some excellent lemonade. The water rolled swiftly past our feet, impetuous, but silent. It is of a muddy whitish colour but considered very wholesome. The sand had drifted and formed an island just below the bridge, and small floating flour-mills lined the banks. Yerli women would come down to rinse out their saucepans or wash their clothes, and Kurds or Turcomans lay lazily about. My husband and I sat alone amongst them all ; but a Turk is always a gentleman, and after a glance of surprise as we entered the "kave," no one

took the least notice of us, or by smiles or staring made it in the least disagreeable for me. I cannot speak too highly of the courtesy and politeness of the Osmanli; the more I live amongst them, the more I am struck with it.

Next morning (April 22nd) Mr. Tattarachi and Nahli arrived. The latter agreed to accompany us. He did not know a word of English; but spoke French fluently, which was all we required. The former brought us a number of letters which Captain Cooper had handed to his care before he left Adana, addressed to the authorities of the different towns, begging them to facilitate our journey. And I may say here that we had often reason to thank him for his thoughtfulness. These letters with the addition of our firman, were invaluable in procuring us horses, guides and lodging. Mr. Tattarachi also did all he could to help us. He is a Greek and like all his countrymen a keen politician. He hates the Turks most heartily, and if anyone wishes to hear about misrule he is the one to apply to. He told us our arrival had been expected for some time, and that the heads of each district had been told of our intention to travel through the country. He added that all our movements would be watched; but I fancy he only exaggerated a few expressions the Vali may have dropped in speaking of us.

Hadji Akiff Effendi is the present acting Vali, for Zia Pasha is too ill to attend to public affairs. Hadji Akiff is a friend of Sir Arnold Kemball's, having gone through the campaign round Kars with him. He was very friendly, and



gave us permission to see the great mosque. A most gracious concession : for Mr. Davis, the latest traveller in these parts, was not allowed to visit it, and in his book had to give an account of it by proxy.

This mosque is called the Olou Jami. It was founded by a descendant of El Rhamadan Oglou, the Khorassan chief, who in the fifteenth century conquered most of Cilicia. However I believe it was originally an old Christian church, but rebuilt in 1763 by Ramazan Yadeh, one of the Dere Beys of Cilicia ; who also built and endowed the hospital at Adana. An old tower is raised over the roof covered in a peculiar way with pointed tiles. The handsome minaret stands opposite at the other end of the mosque. It is remarkable in being built in layers of black and white marble. It is octagonal in shape, an imitation of the Persian style of architecture. The apex is covered with storks' nests, never disturbed on any consideration.

In the centre of the building is a court paved with black and white marble and surrounded by an arcade with pointed arches. Inside this arcade again is a handsome carved wooden pulpit, the floor being covered with old Killim carpets, whose shaded colours contrast tastefully with the white marble around them. On the right-hand side as you enter, is the actual mosque. The inner walls are inlaid to a height of six feet with beautiful encaustic tiles of a blue-green colour, and most elaborate design. Some are much older than the rest, but all are very rare and curious. Marble pillars support the centre of the building, and the floor is of the same

material ; at least I understood so, but it was hid from view by priceless carpets, some more than a century old.

We ascended to the top of the minaret and had a fine view of the town and surrounding country. A belt of green and the gray-coloured river encircle the former ; whilst the plain is bounded by the distant Taurus, the towering Kizil-Dagh, the volcanic Nour-Dagh, and the faint outline of the Amanus. We saw distinctly the three great rivers of Cilicia ; the Pyramus, the Sarus and the Cydnus (or Tersus). Each house in the town has a wooden platform attached to it, on which the whole family repose during the summer weather. When these erections are seen, one may be sure malaria is rife ; for this seems to be the only means the people employ to protect themselves from its influence. On leaving the mosque we passed a separate building with three small tombs covered with tiles, containing the mortal remains of the three sons of the founder. His wife's body is buried in another enclosure surrounded by lattice-work ; a necessary precaution, for amongst the strict Mahomedans a man may not look on the tomb of a woman in death, any more than he might have looked at her face during life.

From the mosque we went to the hospital. It is built over the remains of an old castle a quarter of a mile in circumference ; traces of its massive walls can still be seen protruding from the modern architecture. We entered a long narrow room containing sixteen beds, with two smaller rooms adjoining. Contagious cases are kept entirely separate. The rooms were cool and airy and decidedly clean, but the stone

floor and the earthenware chatties and tin mugs that stood by each little bed, had a poor look to English eyes. The heavy yorghans, or quilted coverlets, also looked out of place over a restless fever-patient. But if not exactly a cheerful place it must yet be a great boon to the poor. Every bed was filled.

We returned through the bazaars. The only things of native manufacture for sale were sets of harness worked with beads and silk ; and articles made of black or red earth worked into narghili bowls. We had been told that Adana was famous for its carpets and silk-work ; but I could get none. I fancy the best time to buy these kind of things, is when the peasants arrive for the harvesting ; for then they are willing to sell all they can spare so as to take back with them English goods, and coffee and other small household necessities.

We had a visit in the evening from a converted Armenian Protestant, a Mr. Kaisachan. He arrived in the orthodox black costume and a soiled white tie, and was accompanied by a Mr. Todd, an old 15th Hussar soldier, and the latter's niece, a nice-looking English girl. Mr. Todd told us he had lived in Edinburgh, where his brother kept a shop ; but had made the acquaintance of Mr. Kaisachan who had promised him fifty pounds a-year and a house free, if he would come out to Adana and teach in his school. In the same way, the convert had promised the niece that she would earn a handsome livelihood if she would come also. But so far the "pastor" had given them **nothing**, and though there were sixty pupils, none of them

paid the unfortunate man a para. Now his utmost ambition was to get enough money to pay his own and his niece's passage home again. Mr. Tattarachi promised to see about getting them if possible a free passage ; and we advised them to wait for it as patiently as they could. Mr. Kaisachan, report says, had collected a large sum of money in England to build a church ; but he was waiting till the days grew longer before starting operations !

This was to be our last evening together, for on the morrow our party would break up. There was therefore a certain amount of melancholy about it. We had had a merry if somewhat rough time of it together, and were very sorry to separate.

For two years Dr. Johnstone has lived with us in Kyremia, and his cheerful spirits and kindness of heart have made him a favourite with all with whom he comes in contact, while his zeal and skill in his profession have been of great value to all around us. His services have been given so ungrudgingly for the benefit of the poor that he is most highly thought of by those who know what good work he has done.

## CHAPTER IX.

### A DAY IN TARSUS.

A weak moment—A Cilician brougham—Public inquisition—A rough road—A busy official—How the roads are made—The eight Pashas—Competitive exams and the roads in Cyprus—A fertile country—The harbour of Ayas—Boar-hunting—Armenian responsibility for forest destruction—Migration of herds and families to the hills—Reception by the Dutch consul—A word on carpets—Good-bye in earnest to our old companions—The bazaars and trade of Tarsus—Tent-making of St. Paul—The Tarsus of to-day—Tarsus of yesterday ; a retrospect and a bit of history—St. Paul's gateway and tomb. The tomb of Sardanapalus--The result of the morning's weakness.

IT turned out after all, that we were not to lose our companions for another day ; for whilst we were at dinner overnight, our Persian muleteer arrived and begged us to drive to Tarsus in the morning. He gave as his reason that his horses still wanted shoeing, and would be stronger for the journey if we allowed them another day's rest. In a weak moment we consented, he promising faithfully to follow us, and report his arrival at Tarsus before sunset.

Next day at 9 A.M. a carriage appeared which in pursuance of the new arrangement, we had sent Nahli

the previous evening to engage. It was a sort of worn-out brougham, with doors that had to be held to keep them shut, and all the springs tied with ropes. The horses were a pair of chestnuts in good racing condition, for they certainly had not an ounce of spare flesh on them. Dr. Johnstone and Mr. Bertram were to follow with Nahli in a similar conveyance, Mr. Tattarachi electing to come with us.

A large crowd assembled to see the start, some of the onlookers putting their heads through the windows in rather a disagreeable way. The people looked sullen, with a somewhat threatening expression of face. I think they liked us less at Adana than anywhere else we had stayed ; and probably if there is any spirit of fanaticism left amongst the Turks, it would be found here.

We could not understand the delay in starting, till Mr. Tattarachi told us the driver was waiting for a backsheesh, which was the "custom." He handed him a medjidie which the man received in a very dissatisfied manner. However it had the desired effect, and off we went, bumping and rattling through the bazaars, bounding over the stones, and swaying from side to side in a most alarming way. Tarsus is said to be seven hours on horseback from Adana, being some twenty-five miles. We drove it easily in four.

Our first stoppage was just outside the town, where there is a toll to pay which is spent in keeping the road in repair. The little Protestant cemetery is near this spot. Had we had time I would have dearly liked to have gone and looked at it. But the driver would not wait.

We passed Hadji Akiff Effendi driving from his country house to the Serai, in a well-appointed close carriage with two mounted zaptiehs galloping in front. He seemed determined to waste no time, for he was so deeply engrossed with a pile of letters in front of him, that he did not notice us.

The road is raised a little above the plain and is perfectly straight and level. It is the work of several governors, having been commenced in 1868 by Haleel Pasha. His successor, Taki Ed-Deen Pasha stopped the work—he was a very bad governor in every respect ; ignorant, corrupt, and fanatical. The next one, Nasheeb Pasha, was equally corrupt, but continued the road-making during the short period of his rule. The next governor was but three weeks in office, and then came Mahmoud Nedim Pasha, commonly known as Russian Mahmoud, in contrast to our Inglez Said ; the former being well-known as the friend of Ignatieff, and more than suspected of advancing Russian interests at Stamboul. However, he was a good governor here, and is evidently a clever man. Indeed, one may be pretty certain he is a tool worth having, or Russian diplomatists would not have taken the trouble to engage him on their side. After his departure two governors intervened, and then and lastly came Zia Pasha.

It would seem therefore that Adana has had eight governors since 1868, all of them more or less corrupt, with the exception of Haleel (or Khalil) who, in truth, was so honest that when recalled, he had not money enough left to pay his passage back to Constantinople ! However between the eight of them, the road has been made and will compare

favourably with our best highways in England. I wish I might say the same about our Cyprus roads. Alas! the latter are made with so much of the young and new science that comes straight from Chatham, that they are only meant to look well on paper; and when one comes out, thinking to enjoy the pleasure of bowling along them, they are found to be terrible snares and utter delusions.\*

As we drove along, we were struck with the fine aspect of the country. The soil is a rich red loam, covered with splendid crops, mostly grain, and admirably cultivated. Our companion told us that Cilicia is one of the richest provinces in Asia Minor, and that they rarely have a bad season here. The most fertile portion lies between Adana and Ayas on the Gulf of Scanderoon, and as far south as Cape Kara-tash ("black stone"). The chief products are barley, wheat, cotton, sesame, vines (which grow round Adana), and occasionally sugarcane; from Ayas one can walk in a straight line for twelve miles through nothing but cornfields. Tobacco used formerly to be much cultivated; but owing to the heavy taxation the peasants have latterly ceased to plant it.

Captain Pusey of H.M.S. Bittern spoke very highly to us of the port of Ayas. He always anchored there, in stormy weather, for the harbour is landlocked and deep, and able to hold a large number of vessels. He also gave us

---

\* Mrs. Scott-Stevenson's strictures are confirmed by accounts just received from Cyprus of inundations, and bridges washed away through defective work, on the part, it is alleged, of the Royal Engineers.



glowing accounts of the sport to be had in the district—snipe, partridge, woodcock, and wild-boar. The last is very abundant, but boarhounds are almost a necessity ; and any-one coming from England to shoot, ought to bring a good Irish deerhound with him.\* The inhabitants willingly come as beaters, for the animals do great damage to their crops. They are of considerable size ; one that Captain Pusey killed weighing twenty-six stone. The Karamanian ones are said to be still larger ; but the finest of all are only to be found in the high Taurus mountains.

The Adana plain seemed very destitute of trees ; we saw a few olives, figs and mulberries, and now and then a solitary palm round the little homesteads in the fields. It scarcely seems credible that only twenty-five years ago, the forests of the Bulghar-Dagh could be seen from Adana, and that the east bank of the Sarus was covered with oak-woods. Now, camels and mules have to go for miles up the mountains, to seek for firewood to supply the town. I feel certain that if stringent orders are not sent to the Valis, to force those who cut down a tree to plant a new one in its place, that before many years are over the rainfall in this place will entirely cease, and the people suffer as much from drought, as to-day do the unfortunate inhabitants of the great Messarian plain of Cyprus.

Oh these poor Turks ! how ignorant they are. I am

---

\* My husband thinks a breed between a deerhound and a bulldog would be the best for the purpose.

truly sorry for them ; for with them, neglect mostly arises from ignorance and that dreadful fatalism which prevents any looking forward to the future. But with the Greeks and Armenians it is quite otherwise. Their shortsighted and avaricious policy will be their own ruin ; for they are the principal landowners, and for the sake of profiting in the present by a few extra feet of arable land, they have cut down all their trees ; and not only this but won't plant others, because they say the shade is bad for the ground ! Thus they hold on to every piastre to-day, with no thought of what the future will bring to their children and their country.

Halfway on the journey there is a large khan called Yenejah. Here we stopped for half an hour to rest the horses. We mounted up to a sort of platform overlooking the road and enjoyed the view, whilst the khanji brought up a lunch of olives, cheese and brown bread, followed by coffee and narghilis.

Immense herds of sheep and cattle were migrating up to the higher regions where they remain all summer. Each family had its own herd of cattle, followed by a camel or mule carrying the household goods. The men and boys looked after the flocks, and the women followed ; generally handicapped with a baby fastened on their backs, and dragging a new-born kid or lamb by either hand, with the bleating mothers running beside them, making desperate attempts to rescue their young ones. We counted over two thousand head of cattle in one herd. They move very slowly and feed as they go along, the farmers wisely leaving spare

patches of ground amongst their corn, which prevents the destruction of their crops.

The country was beautifully green. As a rule the harvest commences in May, but now on account of the late winter it was not expected to begin before June. We noticed several artificial mounds raised at regular intervals on the plain. Andrew fancied that formerly small guard-houses may have been erected on them, from which warning was given of the approach of pirates or other desperadoes.

It was half-past two o'clock when we reached Tarsus. On our way through the town we pulled up opposite the new Armenian church, which the Christian inhabitants are very proud of. It is said to be the finest modern building in the town. In digging the foundations a number of coins were discovered and also some antique jewellery, which was bought by a Greek gentleman living in Alexandria.

Mr. Tattarachi had arranged that we should stop at the house of Mr. Avnea, the Dutch consul. On our way there we passed numerous fluted columns, capitals with figures and flowers carved on them, and other remains of the ancient city, either half buried in the ground or built into the walls of modern houses. The streets were execrable even for a Turkish town, and we had to get out and walk to our destination. Mr. Avnea and his brothers received us very kindly, we were conducted to a large room completely covered with Killim carpets.

These celebrated carpets are generally called *Besât* in Syria, and can be bought of any size. The ground is

as a rule white, with geometrical patterns worked on it in a great variety of colours. The older ones are far the most beautiful, as the designs are smaller and the colours more delicate; the palest blues, pinks, greens, and yellows, shaded with black, form the patterns: They are most brilliant; nevertheless a good one is never gaudy. They last for fifty or a hundred years, and yet the best ones are so fine that many people use them as table-covers instead of carpets. There is only one kind that resembles them in make and texture, which comes from Persia; but I have only seen two of them as yet—one in Beyrout, and the other which belonged to a Turkish official who had come from Teheran.

Modern Killims are very ugly. The trade is much degenerated, and is now nearly entirely in the hands of the Armenians of Kaisariyeh. They have collected in the neighbourhood of their town the Turcoman workers, and taught them to work for the market without regard to delicacy of design or colour. They have even adulterated the old fast dyes; and often the cheaper kinds become all bleared should the smallest drop of water be spilt on them. Some of Mr. Avnea's were very fine, but I was sorry to see a few black sheep in his collection.

After we had complimented each other all round, and partaken of the inevitable mouthful of jam and cup of coffee, we asked permission to go out and see the town; for we hoped next morning to make an early start of it. We also said good-bye to our two friends; for they were going down

to Mersina to catch the French and Italian steamers ; one on his way to Cyprus, and the other to Smyrna. A break in a party always leaves a blank, and for the first few days we missed our companions very much ; the only consolation we had was, that we found it easier to travel with a smaller party, not having the same difficulties about transport, food and lodging.

The final good-byes said, Andrew and I with Nahli, started to see the bazaars. We were, as usual, disappointed. There is certainly nothing to buy in Tarsus. Manchester goods were sold everywhere ; also gall-nuts for dyeing, coloured leather for shoes, and stall after stall of saddles.

Saddlery is a great trade here but they are all for packs, and are very heavy and clumsy, and being stuffed with dried cane-leaves, invariably cause fearful sores on the ribs and spines of the unfortunate animals. The Circassians have tried to make the people buy their pack-saddles, which are lighter and fit more closely ; but the muleteers still adhere to the old fashion and will do so as long as they are permitted. There is only one way of teaching progress to these people—force ; but we have not come to that yet.

Next to the saddlemakers, tanners were the most numerous ; indeed the streets in many places were rendered impassable by the pools of dyed water in front of their shops. Tanning seems a most repulsive trade, and the ancient one, for which Tarsus was famous, a much cleaner, if not so remunerative a one. It seemed strange, indeed, to see the inhabitants in these days still working at tent-making, and

weaving the cloth known as "cilicium" made from goats' hair, which St. Paul must have worked at, when his father made him learn tent-making in this city more than eighteen hundred years ago ! These tents are still used by the natives. In the outskirts of the town, we noticed ruined walls roofed over with the black goat's-hair cloth ; and on the slopes of the hills in the neighbourhood there were many small encampments of shepherds, and the guardians of the crops so provided.

This tent-making recalled all we had heard and read of "proud Tersoos" and we walked to a small elevation, where we rested to enjoy a birdseye view of the town.

A great belt of woodland, surrounded by undulating hills, encircles it ; minarets, domes and spires raise themselves out of the luxuriant vegetation. Viewed from the spot we were on, Tarsus seemed as prosperous and rich as when it was the capital of the whole province and called "no mean city ;" for from this, the ruined walls, dirty streets and naked poverty are all hidden.

It is hard to imagine Tarsus as it was when Paul lived in it. Conybeare says : "The channel which floated the ships of Antony and Cleopatra is now filled up ; and wide unhealthy lagoons occupy the place of the ancient dock." The river Cydnus, instead of rushing, as in the time of Xenophon, a stream of two hundred feet broad through the city, now flows idly past it to the east. But its upper waters still flow as formerly, cold and clear from the heights of Taurus ; and when the snows melt, the waterfalls still break over the same rocks,

in fashion something like the Rhine at Schaffhausen. But now land has encroached on the sea, and the port of Tarsus is a thing of the past. This may be the reason why many people have hesitated to believe me, when I speak of Tarsus as an inland town.

Its history is very interesting, both from a classical and biblical point of view. It was the same centre of commerce in the eastern basin of the Mediterranean as Marseilles was in the western. It possessed one of the three great universities of the world; Strabo ranks it before Athens or Alexandria. The imperial family of Rome used to select tutors for their sons from here. Another peculiarity was the fact, that whilst all the youth of the then civilised world, used to resort to Athens and Alexandria, and these cities swarmed with foreigners, few strangers came to Tarsus; thus the natives laid up a store of knowledge at home, distributing it later in their travels, and more especially in Rome, where they became the chief instructors of the rising generation.

This fact perhaps accounts for St. Paul's reputation as a scholar. But the whole of Cilicia was not like Tarsus. The inhabitants in the surrounding plain and mountains were still "barbarians," and the city with its refinement stood alone in its beautiful plains in the midst of a rude population, who used a different language, and possessed no literature of its own.

The town was a point of union for all the learned and the rich of the East and the West; for Syrians, Cilicians, Isaurians, Cappadocians, the Greek merchant and the Roman

soldier ; and last though not least, the pilgrim of commerce, trading with every nation, yet blending with none—the Jew.

To these last, we all know, Paul belonged. At the time of his birth, the Jews were unmolested in Tarsus, and his father enjoyed all the rights of a Roman citizen. This fact, as is well known, stood Paul in good stead ; as the privileges of Roman citizenship exempted him from an ignominious death of lingering torture—to suffer martyrdom later by the sword, as is believed, outside the city walls of Rome near where the English burial-ground now stands. Decapitation by the axe was the usual mode of inflicting capital punishment on a Roman citizen ; but in A.D. 66, during the reign of Nero, death by the sword was more common.

Sardanapalus, king of Assyria, it is supposed, founded Tarsus, and the legend runs that he built it in the space of a single day. Xerxes and Alexander both stayed here ; the latter nearly died of a fever, caused it is said by bathing in the Cydnus. The site of the bath is now a waterfall about thirty feet deep. The verdure and rocks round the spot make it pretty, but the cascade itself is small, and the melting snows give it rather a muddy appearance at certain seasons of the year. The extreme coldness of the Cydnus is said to have caused the death of Frederick Barbarossa.

Mark Antony had his first interview with Cleopatra in Tarsus, when she appeared sailing down the river in a gilded galley with purple sails and oars of silver. Julius Cæsar spent some time in the town ; Hadrian rebuilt it ;



Augustus made it a free city. It is not known at what period it became a Roman colony ; but Pompey made Cilicia a Roman province. Justinian built fortifications round the city, and constructed a canal through it. Haroun-al-Raschid conquered it. His son El Mamoun, famous for his learning, died and was buried here A.D. 833 ; but the site of his tomb is now unknown : and finally it became subject to the Turks after the reign of Bayazid II.

The beauty of the scenery, the associations of the place with the name of St. Paul, and the historical interest attached to it, make Tarsus one of the most famous cities of Asia Minor, and must be my excuse for feebly attempting to give some notion of its records, which the learned reader will doubtless kindly view with leniency as the best I can offer.

After a short rest we walked to St. Paul's gateway, better known as the Mersina Gate, or the Kandji Kapou. It is a fine ruined arch of Byzantine work, and has been repaired at various times, though it stood intact in 1700. As the rock crumbles away pieces of sculptured stones and broken columns that have been built in with the repairs are exposed. A large statue of St. Paul formerly stood on the top, but it was destroyed by the Turks. Another statue of gigantic size was placed in a niche on the right-hand side ; carved wings cut on a stone, are all that remain of it. The mulberry-trees round this place grow to an unusual height, and form a delightful shade for the traveller who arrives by the dusty Mersina road.

On the slope of a low hill to the right are the barracks for the Turkish soldiers ; a long one-storied building. It has only been erected within a year, but all the window panes are broken, and already it seems falling into decay.

The Demir Kapou ("iron gate") at the south-east end of the town, has lately been pulled down by order of the present caimacan who wanted the stones to make a causeway outside the city. The inhabitants requested to be allowed to buy the stones, so as to save the gateway ; but were curtly told to mind their own business. In this way, one of the oldest and most interesting memorials has been destroyed through the ignorance and jealousy of the Turkish governor. St. Paul's tomb was said to be near it, and the fellaheen still go to pray in a cave in the rock close to the spot. There are no authentic remains of the apostle in Tarsus ; but the American vice-consul has a well in his house known as St. Paul's well ; a slab of black stone was discovered in a cavern below it with the word "Paulos" engraved on it.

We still had the supposed tomb of Sardanapalus to visit before dark, so hurried through the town till we reached a series of wild neglected gardens, with magnificent trees,—oak, plane, ash, poplar, willow, sycamore, almond, walnut, pistachio, pomegranate, quince, olive, mulberry, peach, apricot and pear—their branches tangled with vines and intertwined with clematis and honeysuckle. Flowers covered the ground ; streams natural and artificial flowed in every direction, banked in with ferns and mosses. In the midst of this wilderness of luxuriant foliage rose the great

mass of stone, the tomb of Sardanapalus ; the Dunek Tash ("overturned rock") of the Turks.

It is, in style and construction, evidently Asiatic, consisting of a vast parallelogram three hundred feet long, one hundred and forty broad, and twenty feet high, enclosed by a wall of artificial conglomerate composed of cement, clay, large and small stones and sand, forming a concrete equal in durability to the hardest rock. There is one aperture, now closed by a wooden door, for the interior is used as an Armenian cemetery. The rock is twenty-four feet thick at this opening. Inside are two separate masses of the concrete, one at each extremity, and if, as some suppose, this ruin ever was a temple, no doubt a statue stood on one of these elevations. The walls appear to have had a casing of marble on the inner side, as minute pieces of it can still be traced on the surface ; but if so, it has nearly all been carried off. Two barren fig-trees shelter the grass-grown graves ; fennel, hemlock and wild arums flourish in the damp earth ; whilst the gloomy aspect of the interior is a painful contrast to the sunlit radiance without.

We returned to Mr. Avnea's house tired and hungry, but full of keen interest over the afternoon's walk. His sister and sister-in-law were waiting to receive us, and could not believe me when I told them we were actually going to Kaisariyeh. To them it seemed a great deal farther off than London, and very much more inaccessible.

This put us in mind to make inquiries about our muleteer ; and we were much annoyed to find he had not arrived. We

had intended leaving by daybreak next morning and now all thought of that was out of the question ; so in spite of the lateness of the hour, our kind hosts sent round to their friends, telling them we wanted to buy horses, and that those who had any for sale, must bring them at dawn next morning.

## CHAPTER X.

### ON THE ROAD TO KAISARIYEH.

We buy "Paul"—Value set on horse-tails—Arrival of the missing muleteer—A sinister countenance—Its presage fulfilled—A caravan encampment—Pastoral fountains—Venerated olive-trees—A risky road—Messalouk-Khan—The Zeybecks; their customs and costume—Adorers of the moon—Sarichek—A full house—Our katurji (muleteer) again—Reminiscence of the Highlands—The Pylæ or gates of Cilicia—View from the pass—The mountain guard-house—We lose our escort—I attempt to comfort Nahli—Road-making and forced labour—Ibrahim's defences—The poplar as a feminine emblem—The yaila or country-house—A dying camel—Bozanti-Khan—Ugly customers—A brave defender offers; lion or jackal?—I risk another bath—Our katurji receives a lesson—Revengefulness of the Persians—Arrival at Kamouslu-Khan—Preparations for the night—Precautions for "Paul's" safety.

WE were awakened next morning (April 24th) by much tramping of feet and neighing of horses. Nahli soon after tapped at the door and told us the horses had arrived, begging us to see if any of them would suit us for the journey up country. We found them mostly showy little animals, with plenty of fire but no stamina, and not one of them was up to my husband's fifteen stone. Nahli explained that "the

Pasha" wanted a strong pony with short legs, and that "sultanade" and "fantaisie" were out of the question. After some delay, a boy arrived with a nice cobby-like horse, with plenty of bone and up to twenty stone. The thirty pounds asked for it was, after much haggling, reduced to sixteen.

Andrew at once christened him "Paul," and docked his mane and tail so that if he were stolen we should know him again: to the natives' surprise, for a horse without a long sweeping tail loses value in their eyes. Apropos of this, I remember Mr. Bertram telling me, that when travelling in Syria, he and his friends had cut about half-a-yard off their horses' tails, as their only use had been to splash both themselves and their riders with mud. On arriving at Beyrout the dragoman claimed twenty pounds damages. The consul was finally appealed to and the matter settled for five pounds.

Just as we had concluded the bargain, the Adana horses arrived; but they were neither the horses nor the muleteer we had chosen. One creature was dead lame, with a hock as large as his head; another had a sore back and swollen withers; whilst a third was so young it had no tusks, and a pack-saddle even made it flinch to the ground. This animal I should observe was supposed to be good enough for me; "the lady is young, and she is small," remarked the owner. The fourth was a great coarse beast that trotted like a camel. As for the man—he had a face and a voice like a cat, and we instinctively felt he would give us trouble;

or as my husband put it : "I know I shall have to thrash that man before we have done with him."

As we could hear of no horses in Tarsus, we were forced to make the best of these. Then began our troubles. We absolutely declined to have anything to do with the infant, so the muleteer refused to start unless we paid him eight liras\* in advance. We, on our side refused to advance more money than would buy corn for the horses on the road ; he refused to agree to these terms, and as soon as we put on our saddles, tore them off again ; and only kept his hands off when Andrew's whip was held threateningly over him. When at last we were all mounted and had said good-bye, the fellow declined to move ; so in the end my husband had to get off his horse, and take the refractory muleteer to the konak.

The caimacan listened to both stories, and sent a zaptieh back to Mr. Avnea's house to see that we started without further difficulty. But it was eleven A.M. before we made our third attempt, and then the man threw himself on the ground, screaming and pretending to cry, saying we were going to murder him. This exhausted Andrew's patience and he did then what we regretted not having done at first—he fastened the baggage-horse with a halter to Nahli's girths, and started off leaving the owner kicking on the ground in a fit of baffled rage.

Movement and change in a short time soothed our ruffled

---

\* The lira is worth eighteen shillings.

tempers, and we resolved to enjoy our ride across the Bulghar-Dagh. I rode Paul, my husband the camel, Nahli on the sore back, and the baggage on the lame one. The animals warmed to their work after they started, and at any rate kept up with us, which was more than we expected at first; for we hurried on, as we had a long day's work before us to reach Sarichek-Khan by night.

Recrossing the bridge over the muddy Cydnus, we turned to the left and made towards the mountains, passing on our right the large village of Courtmooza. Soon afterwards we came to a caravan encamped in a field. Impromptu tents had been put up, and a fire lit opposite each, with the bales carefully packed in the centre, and the camels feeding all round. The caravanjis were enjoying their midday meal and smoke. They told us they, too, were going to Kaisariyeh, and expected to get there in ten or twelve days. Captain Cooper had done the distance in seven days; and we hoped, by pushing on, to do it in less.

The road keeps ascending, following the course of a large stream, sometimes winding along its oleander-fringed banks, and at others leading off to a distance to avoid some too precipitous ravine. We had to cross it by fords in several places. The scenery grew more beautiful as we went on, the shrubs and trees more luxuriant, and the thickets were full of my favourite pink daphne. We passed many fountains; some very ancient, others modern, but all of the same design—a square block of masonry, with an



inverted arch on one side covering the stone spout. The name of the founder, in Turkish, was cut on a slab, and every religious person was bound to say a prayer for him. From many, however, the water had been turned off for irrigation purposes.

It took us about four hours and a half to reach the first khan, a mere shed with a stone wall along three sides of it. There are two other khans a little farther on. Evidently the place is thought a day's journey by caravans ; but it was only a little after four o'clock when we reached it, so we rode on without stopping. Above the last khan the road becomes almost perpendicular for about a hundred yards. We all had to dismount and walk up the ascent, pulling our horses after us. It led to a long plateau, sown with corn, having a few hoary olives, hundreds of years old I should think, dotted over it. The trees had bits of rags tied on every part ; the native superstition being that their long life is a sign that God has specially blessed them, and by fastening parts of their garments on them, they too hope to attract some of this prosperity to themselves.

A square-shaped castellated building on a hill to our right, our zaptieh told us was called the "Armenian Castle," but he knew nothing else about it. For the next three hours we rode over a very bad road ; flat rocks and polished stones over which the unfortunate horses slithered and slipped in the most alarming manner, the stones ringing like metal under their feet. Every moment I thought Paul must come down, but as I knew that if I once got off, I should have to walk the

whole way, I followed the zaptieh carefully and religiously. His horse was evidently accustomed to this kind of road and never faltered; but our poor lame one came down several times. We picked up a wayfarer going on foot to Kaisariyeh and offered him the baggage-horse to ride; an offer he gladly accepted. Others seemed to have found the road as bad as I did; for every thirty yards we would come on the half-eaten carcass or skeleton of a horse or camel, its proximity heralded by a flight of vultures rising heavily in the air, and flapping into some neighbouring tree until we had passed. Sometimes they were so gorged they could not move, and Andrew might have killed any quantity of them.

The scenery was very wild. Range upon range of mountains encircled us, their sides covered with the blue pitch-pine, called "ketran," their crests bare and rugged against the steel-like sky. We rode through shrubberies of dwarf oak and laurel till, reaching the end of the plateau, we saw in front of us the range through which the famous Golek Boghaz is cut. Patches of snow lay on the sides of the mountains, and now and then the Bulghar's snowy cap itself was visible, tinged crimson by the setting sun. I was disappointed with the forests. The fine firs were but sparsely scattered over the heights. The same annihilation of timber is creeping on here, and no one seems to have the energy, the humanity I might even call it, to reach out a hand, and save the country from taking its own life.

It was sunset when we arrived at Messalouk-Khan. It is kept by a Zeybeck. These men were formerly the principal

robbers of Anatolia ; but their bands have been broken up, and many of them have now taken to honest means of livelihood. There is no mistaking them, however, for they adhere to their own costume ; a short jacket reaching just below the armpits, from which to their hips they bind a long scarf. This is their principal article of attire, and holds their food, money, arms and ammunition. I have seen one man carry four pistols and five different-sized knives, as well as his tobacco and food, in his cummerbund. Their short trousers seemingly fastened below the hips and partly covered by the belt, give the waist an extraordinarily long appearance. The knees are bare ; the buttoned gaiters reaching only from the calf to the ankle.

This khan is famous for a spring of water which rushes in considerable volume from a rock. The khanji begged us to remain all night, but we pressed on, for as yet the horses showed few signs of fatigue. There was no road that could be called a road. We just went from stone to rock leaving it to the horses to choose the way. We passed an encampment of Tachtaghies. They are a peculiar race who live entirely by wood-cutting. They are very wild and savage, not even possessing the gift of hospitality common to all other Asiatic tribes. Nahli assured us they were adorers of the moon, and had no other religion. They never allow their women to marry except amongst themselves, and never admit strangers to join their encampment. Their houses resemble bell-tents in shape, but are built entirely of wood.

We here joined numerous caravans ; and had to proceed very

slowly as in the narrow road it was not possible to pass them. We followed the upward source of a stream and reached at last the khan of Sarichek. As a matter of fact there are several khans passing by one name. The place seemed a general rendezvous ; for thousands of camels, mules and horses lay resting on the ground, or munching their chopped straw (which is used instead of hay), their owners squatting round the fires, busy over the pilaff-pots. We went to the largest khan.

A rich Kaisariyeh merchant had to turn out of his quarters to make room for us ; this he, perhaps naturally, did with a very ill grace. A few fresh mats thrown on the floor, a couple of chatties of water and our room was ready. But I had to jump over some dozens of slumbering bodies before I could reach it, and my uncommon appearance created profound astonishment. A woman of any kind is almost never seen in these parts ; and the sight of an English lady made them dumb with surprise. Our zaptieh was quite proud of his importance ; and we saw him later the centre of an interesting crowd, telling them what Nahli called " plenty lies."

About midnight we were awakened by an awful altercation outside ; the zaptieh, the khanji, Nahli and another voice all talking together. On opening the door, there was no mistaking the voice. Our dreadful muleteer had arrived and was clamouring for his horses, declaring we would kill them and that we were at best but robbers and thieves. Andrew went out and a few words from him soon stopped the noise.

On his return I asked if the threatened beating had come off. But he laughingly replied that the man was such a cur that he did not want to use violence if he could help it ; and added that the zaptieh had locked the fellow up for the night in an empty building—which was one comfort.

We rose at daybreak. I stirred up the smouldering logs in the fireplace, and soon had a good blaze, very pleasant to dress by, as the morning air was chilly. The caravans were starting, so we did not leave our room till the verandah was clear of sleepers. The mountains rise precipitately all round the khan, and the stacks of wood, the little rough cows and black sheep, gave quite a Highland air to the scene, and made me think of home far away in Scotland. A delicious spring of water rushes out of the rock behind the khan, by which we finished our toilettes, whilst Nahli got breakfast ready. All the khanji could offer us was a pilaff of bourghoul with some warm milk. This the natives eat with onions and butter, but we cooked it like rice and milk.

The two roads from Adana and Tarsus meet at this place, so the khans are always full. The pass is supposed to commence here, and there is no other way across the mountains, because Ibrahim Pasha destroyed all the other roads, making them even impracticable for foot-passengers. This no doubt will account for the many thousands of camels we had seen the day before.

We left about seven A.M.; Andrew and I riding slowly on, leaving Nahli to finish the dispute with the muleteer. He overtook us presently, and told us with a portentous countenance that we had not yet seen the last of the Persian. However we hurried on hoping he would not overtake us till nightfall. The road was worse, if possible, than that of yesterday. It had once been paved, but the stones had become turned in their beds and were set up edgeways, causing the horses to pause before each step, so as to put their feet between, and not on the sharp edges. They had at times to slip from one hole to another just large enough for the leg to enter: a fall would have been fatal. The most curious thing was that it seemed to grow worse and worse as we got on. The enchanting scenery however made us forget our troubles, and I soon dismounted, preferring to walk the five miles through the pass; for we were now actually going through the Cilician Gates, the very pass through which the armies of Cyrus and Alexander entered Cilicia. How little had I thought when I read of these mighty gates, that I should ever go through them myself!

The sides of this ravine narrow so much in places, that there is often barely room for the road and the river, full of rocks and deep pools, that runs beside it. The slopes and heights are covered with fine forests, with, here and there, little grassy glades bordered with juniper, roses and arbutus. The honeysuckle trails in fragrant branches into the stream below. Steep precipices over one thousand feet in height overhang the pass at intervals, covering it with a canopy of

beautiful evergreens and pines. Up high on our left, is the village of Shou Koorbak perched on the summit of a mountain of the same name. It stands five thousand feet above the level of the sea, and is the resort in the summer months of the people of Adana and Tarsus. The inhabitants are known as "mighty hunters," and we were told they shoot many stags every year.

It was curious as we went on to observe what a wonderful struggle the old Roman road has made against the constant traffic of so many hundred years. We crossed altogether four bridges before reaching the narrowest part of the pass; for the stream winds a good deal, and the rocks come so low down to its banks, they were obliged to carry on the road from side to side. On a towering crag above Shou Koorbak overhanging the narrowest part of the pass, is an old Genoese fort, known as Ibrahim's Castle. On the opposite side, an immense unbroken precipice descends sheer down to the cleft of the Pylæ Ciliciæ, streaked with gray, red and yellow. The sides here almost touch, and for one hundred and fifty yards the pass can hardly be more than twenty-four feet wide. The rock had evidently been cut through, for in many places one can easily trace the marks of the mason's chisel and hammer. On the left-hand side we noticed a roughly-hewn pillar and a tablet with an undecipherable Latin inscription. The river winds through the pass, and in the narrow cleft the old Roman road is quite obliterated, so we had to mount our horses in order *to wade* through the gates.

On looking back, the view was truly grand. The steep precipices forming the Pylæ rise eight hundred feet on either side. Beyond them towers the bold crag crowned by the castle, whose outer walls are still intact; for it is rather dismantled than ruined, the cannon still remaining where the Egyptian Pasha placed them. Surrounding it are the great projecting offshoots of the Bulghar-Dagh crowned with magnificent pine-woods; and beyond these, serrated ridges rise one above another, broken into awful chasms by the wear and tear of ages, leaving nothing beyond but the blue sky pierced by isolated pinnacles, upheaving the unsullied snow. We rode on, our hearts too full to speak. My mind at least, was filled with pictures of the Assyrian, the Egyptian, the Grecian and the Roman hosts which passed through this defile, and yet have left no sign behind. The pictures they might unfold of emperors, kings, princes, generals, sultans, khans, Pagans and Christians are perished in oblivion; the mountains alone remain, cold and unconcerned.

On the other side of the pass is the Golek-Khan, and a little farther the zaptieh guard-house. We stopped here to rest our horses. Mounting the rickety ladder leading to the upper part, we found eight zaptiehs under a chawush (or sergeant) who told us no one could enter the pass without their knowledge, and that this was supposed to contribute greatly to the safety of the route. Perhaps I should have said before, that our zaptieh had orders to come only to this point, and then to direct the sergeant to furnish us with another guide for the rest of the way. On this being



explained, the chawush flatly refused to comply without a written order from the camaican. This was of course very annoying. The road we wanted to go by is rather out of the beaten track ; there are neither villages nor guard-houses, and only solitary khans of the rudest description. Furthermore, we had been told that the mountain passes are infested with robbers, not to mention the stray and truculent Circassian often to be met with. And although the escort of a zaptieh is no actual protection, still it proves to the ignorant peasant that you are travelling with authority, and at the same time it makes the Government responsible for your safety.

The same thought struck my husband and myself simultaneously—the caimacan had purposely omitted giving the written order, so that, at any rate, he would not be responsible for anything that might happen to us. Poor Nahli was quite in despair ; and for the first time I suspected him of being rather a coward. He urged us to change our route, and go by the more frequented caravan road by Nigdeh and Misli. This we would not hear of ; for it is not only a great deal longer, but we intended returning by both these towns and naturally did not wish to go over the same ground twice.

There was, however, the difficulty of a guide still to be settled, as no one here could come with us in this capacity. After half-an-hour's deliberation, we determined to start and trust to chance for our safe arrival at Kaisariyeh. The chawush seemed very uneasy about our departure, especially

after my husband told him, impressively, that he would be held responsible for any harm that might befall us. Poor, Nahli was nearly in tears; so I thought the time was come for action on my part.

I told him, therefore, to look at me, how brave I was. The "Pasha" I said could kill twenty robbers, and that no one ever dared attack the English. He thereupon unfolded a long story about a Mr. Durnford who was robbed near Tarsus last year of all his money and baggage. (The robbers were caught and put in prison, but of course let out again as soon as Mr. Durnford had left the country.) I assured him that my Pasha would not leave it to the Government to punish our robbers, but would shoot them himself if they attacked us. Indeed, I knew very well my husband was quite prepared to shoot dead the first man who attempted to lay hands on us or our belongings.

On leaving the police-station, the valley gradually widened out with sloping banks of green turf on either side of the road. We had to wade through the river for upwards of two miles, the water never reaching above the fetlocks of the horses, but the stony bed made our progress very slow. Large gangs of labourers were at work on the slopes above, constructing a road, which if completed will open out all this country and bring the interior within easy access of the Cilician plain and coast. The labour is all forced—one hundred men from each village have to give twenty days in the year, or pay a substitute. To English ears this sounds arbitrary; but we heard no complaints. In our notion of

the fitness of things, it is wrong to do evil that good may come; still it might be advisable to stretch a point to make a good road when roads are so terribly wanted.

We passed numerous forts and entrenchments which were built by Ibrahim Pasha's engineers, extending right across the valley. As the mountain plateaux are inaccessible except from the Golek pass, it would be impossible for any army from the north to force the passage if properly held. My husband was much interested in the works and examined them carefully. He was much struck with the strength of the position, and the talent displayed by the engineer who planned the fortifications; the credit is due I believe to a German-Pole called Schultze. Though in a semi-ruined state, a very few repairs would make them as strong as ever. The new road is being carried right through a mass of masonry just above the river, known as Ibrahim's House, the stones of which are being used to macadamise it.

The valley is about two miles wide, its sides partially cultivated and the heights covered with cedars, firs and pitch-pines, the latter, in comparison to the other shades of green, standing out like patches of indigo against the snow-covered surface. Near this spot we noticed a change in flow of the water; instead of going up the stream, we seemed suddenly to be going down it. Andrew thought we had reached the watershed. The pass rises higher than the river, and we kept along the base of the hills passing through a cemetery with the oldest and finest yew-trees we had seen. The stones at each end of the graves were honeycombed through and

through with age ; and the poplar-trees carved on the tombstones of the women (it is a pretty Mahomedan idea that a woman should be tall and straight like the poplar) were almost defaced.

Nearly opposite, Nahli pointed out to us a yaila, or summer resort in the hot season of the richer inhabitants of Adana. All the towns on the plains have a place of the kind in the mountains. They are generally situated near an unfailing spring of water, and houses and gardens are built forming a large village, deserted during the winter months, but occupied at the commencement of every summer ; at which time large caravans loaded with a most miscellaneous freight may be seen wending their way up the mountain-side. In a few hours the deserted little village becomes a busy thriving place ; the laughter of the children and the lowing of the herds, scare away all the birds of prey and noxious animals that have previously taken possession of the houses. May is the month in which the first move takes place, and the return to the plains is in September. Many vineyards are planted round the yaila, and the grapes when the juice has been extracted are turned into "pekmez : " a sweetmeat like honey in consistency, eaten with bread, or made into a drink by the addition of a little lemon-juice and snow.

In the next valley we came across a pitiable sight—a dying camel. It had been left there to its fate by the owner two days previously, a little chopped straw only being placed beside it, but no water. Andrew got off his horse and filled his hat at the stream and offered it to the dying animal. It

drank greedily, but was too weak to rise. It kept its head stretched towards us, with a look of painful pleading in its soft eyes, till we were out of sight.

About a couple of miles farther and we arrived at Bozanti Khan, a large building with a mill attached to it, and having numerous outhouses. Formerly it was rather an important place, and had a telegraph station beside it. The Koniah post-road branches off from here, and all traces of civilisation, as far as our road is concerned, end at this spot.

We found the khan filled with Circassians, and the old Armenian khanji in great tribulation. He declared they had eaten all his bread and stolen all his corn, and he knew they would give him no remuneration. I did not pity him much, the Armenian as a rule is so greedy and grasping; but I felt for the unfortunates who should arrive after the Circassians had gone, for he would surely fleece them unmercifully to make up for his present impending loss.

These Circassians were horsedealers going inland in hopes of finding a market for their animals. Most of these we fancied had been stolen, for they were clipped and trimmed in unusual ways. They were in wretched condition; not a good one amongst them. The men looked thorough ruffians, and were armed to the teeth. They asked Nahli inquisitively how it was we had no zaptieh with us. In the coolest way he declared "our guard" was following us, and had stayed with the baggage as we rode faster. I asked him how he could tell such fibs, when he vowed he would tell a thousand lies to save his life. The appearance of the men made us a

little uneasy, and we hurried our departure so as to reach a khan by daylight.

In front of Bozanti we crossed a river called the Ak Sou ("white water"), a branch of the Sarus. We were told it was fordable a little farther down, and that still lower there was a bridge, but that it would take us an hour out of our way to reach it. We had the road pointed out to us, and started in spite of Nahli's fears. The road to Koniah keeps to the left; whilst ours was right opposite on the farther side of the river.

When looking for the ford we were overtaken by a mounted zaptieh leading a spare horse. He told us he had been in the last khan we slept at, and hearing of our trouble at the guard-house, had hurried after us to offer his services as guide. He added that he had been to Adana with his master and was returning to Kaisariyeh with his horse. The offer was very acceptable, and we promised him a handsome backsheesh if he took us safely to our destination. He amused us by volunteering the information that all the other zaptiehs were "jackals," they liked to rob at night; but that he was like the lion and not afraid to show himself in the daytime, and that with *him*, one need not be afraid of all the Circassians and Zeybecks in Anatolia.

These fine sentiments greatly revived Nahli; but Andrew and I felt rather distrustful of our new friend, and on further scrutiny did not at all fancy his looks. He was dressed more like a bashi-bazouk than a zaptieh, and wore an Arab scarf round his head tied on by a bit of rope, which did not add

to the beauty of his countenance. He showed his courage soon after by refusing to be the first to ford the river ; so Andrew dashed on in front and I followed. It is very wide, but the water only reached the girths in the deepest parts. However the current is remarkably swift, and as I looked down and saw nothing below me but the whirling water, I became suddenly so giddy that I thought I must fall off my horse. I shut my eyes at once, and stooped my head down to my knees in a position that greatly startled my husband when he looked back. In a moment he was beside me, and seizing the bridle, brought me safely over. Had I fallen, I must have been swept away, for the current was as swift as it was strong.

We rode up a high bank on the other side and ascended to the top of a plateau thickly covered with cypress and cedar trees ; but nothing else, neither grass nor bushes. We rode on for miles through the same description of scenery—an utter solitude, not a house, nor a shepherd to be seen, the only sound that broke the deep stillness was the plaintive moan of the cushat-dove. At length we arrived at a small khan built by a running stream ; an old man and a boy lived in it with half-a-dozen savage dogs to protect them from the wolves. They told us few travellers came this way, and yet we had noticed broad tracks on the ground as we came along. The man said the merchants were afraid of this route and chose the longer and safer one. (Our “lion” zaptieh here told us not to be afraid, *he* would protect us.) We gave the old shepherd a few piastres and rode on.

The solitude and silence at times were appalling, but compensated in part by occasional magnificent views of the Allah-Dagh. Later, we were told that this district swarms with partridges and wild-boar, but we saw no game of any kind. As the night was closing in, we found ourselves slowly descending, and reached a khan built by a small flour-mill. It was situated at the entrance of a valley with a river flowing through it. This they told us was the Vale of Korkoon, and the river a small branch of the Sarus. At the end of the valley, about four miles off, we saw another khan, and late as it was we determined to ride to it, as no corn was to be got for the horses where we were.

As we rode through the deepening twilight we suddenly heard cries and wails behind us, and recognised the voice of our torment—our katurji. I heard my husband muttering something, and Nahli exclaimed out loud “O mon Dieu!” but we continued on steadily, taking no notice. At length the muleteer came up and commenced the attack. He shrieked and gesticulated like a madman; insisting that we were to give him back his horses, and repeating the old story about our going to kill them. My husband tried to expostulate with him. It was in vain; so we left Nahli behind to settle with him, Andrew shortly telling the muleteer he would shoot him if he came near us again that night. In a few minutes, however, we heard Nahli utter a yell and saw him galloping after us. He protested that the man had threatened his life and tried to stab him with a large knife which he carried by his side. My husband



very shortly settled this matter. Springing from his horse, he ran up to the fellow, and with one blow sent him flying to the ground ; and then took the knife from him, and left him there foaming with rage and astonishment.

Nahli told us the Persians are most dangerous and revengeful. He said that when he returned to Adana his life would be in danger, for the man and his associates would lie in wait to kill him. He assured us everyone was afraid of them ; and this man unfortunately seemed to think Nahli the cause of all his fancied troubles.

It turned out that he thought, that, as there was a lady travelling, we would go very slowly, and take at least a fortnight to reach Kaisariyeh ; so that he would make a very good thing out of his bargain. His rage was caused by seeing us go straight on without the stoppages. It was no use that Nahli explained that the bargain was for six days, and that we would pay for the six days even if we travelled only one. He vowed that his having named six days as the time we would take for the journey was only said to please us ; that seeing the lady, he quite expected us to take a fortnight. Nahli assured us the shrieks we heard were, when translated, the most frightful anathemas poured down on our heads, our houses, our mothers, our children, our animals and on the day that we were born.

The wretch kept up a sort of miauling all the way to the khan, inexpressibly annoying, and we were at our wits' end what to do with him. I am sorry to say I urged my husband to give him a sound beating ; but he,

with perhaps greater sense, would not hear of it—that is, at present—for the reasons he had already given.

On arriving at Kamouslu-Khan—our quarters for the night—we found two small houses built amongst great boulders and rocks which some earthquake must have hurled down from the heights above. The ground was cultivated in the neighbourhood, and the river rushed rapidly past over a rocky bed. One of the houses consisted of a large room with a fireplace at one end, the lower part divided off by a wooden partition; we had it all swept out and cedar branches strewn on the floor, over which we placed our waterproof sheets and blankets, and arranged the saddles for seats or pillows.

These preparations were made by the light of blazing pine-wood torches called “tcheragh.” These are made of wood taken from a tree which has had incisions made near the root. To this the turpentine flows, and it is then cut off the felled tree, and made into torches. Such things as oil-lamps or candles have never been seen in this wild district. About half a mile up the mountain there was a small Yuruk encampment where milk and yaourt were to be got. The khanji and Nahli went up to it, whilst a boy attended to our fire and put a great metal jug of water to heat beside it.

We brought Paul into the house, and established him at the lower end of the room. Nahli had told us he had heard the muleteer threaten to cut the horse's throat in the night. This was probably only bluster; but still Andrew

thought it well to be on the safe side. Our jackal or lion zaptieh (whichever he was) had all this time been making himself and his horses comfortable, not thinking in the least about us. We presently found him listening to the woes of the muleteer and eating huge hunches of bread and onions, with a basin of yaourt in front of him.

## CHAPTER XI.

### STILL DUE NORTH.

Really "roughing it"—Allah-Dagh—A drizzly start—An abandoned mine—Signs of civilisation—Ferêk—A Turk to the rescue—The "strangers'-room" in a Moslem home—Native v. English diet—"Paul" in clover—Enegil—A notable column—A hamlet 'midst the crags—Musical carts—Treachery of our guides ; a narrow escape—First view of Mount Argæus—Approach to Kara-Hissar—A torrent of hail—Welcome shelter.

THE experiment of having a horse in our bedroom did not answer particularly well. Paul kept me awake by constantly moving about, and putting his nose into all the saddle-bags and packages. I once found him tearing my ulster to bits in his endeavours to get his head out of the pocket, attracted by a piece of bread that had been left there. There was, however, something novel in the idea of his company at such a time, and I began to feel that, *at last*, we were leading the life of roughing and adventure I had often longed to experience.

We left the khan at half-past six A.M. after a scene with

the muleteer, which ended in Andrew firing off the six barrels of his revolver over his head. This had a good effect, and kept him out of earshot for the rest of the day. It rained most of the morning, but we put on our waterproofs and were quite snug and warm.

Allah-Dagh covered with snow rose majestically on our right. The lower hills were bare of verdure, and sparingly covered with stunted cedars. We were gradually drawing nearer the interior and leaving the woods and forests behind us. We followed the river-bank along a fair road, except where the earth had been washed away. In these places the horses had to walk along very gingerly, for a false step would have sent horse and rider into the stream below.

We stopped at a small khan for breakfast, but could only get some coffee which we swallowed on horseback and rode on through the drizzling rain. We crossed the river three times before one A.M., arriving at the road leading to Berektlu Maaden. This mine is not worked now; though formerly it was one of the largest silver mines in Anatolia. A small village stands close to the principal entrance. All the trees on these hills have been cut down, and the people suffer bitterly from the cold in the winter time.

Shortly afterwards we passed over a six-arched bridge which was thoroughly Turkish. A huge hole in the centre of it, left a space scarcely a foot wide for the horses to walk on. A ruined fort stands on a mound above it, remarkable from the smallness of the stones used in its construction. The mountains on the opposite side of the river were per-

forated with caves having circular and square entrances. A tumble-down khan called Kiadeebie or Kia-altee with a few poplars round it, which we next passed, broke in some measure the sterility of the scene. But it was very bleak; the air too grew much colder, and the snow lay in patches close to the water. Emlee-Dagh, an offshoot of the Allah-Dagh, rose in front completely covered with snow, and the icy blasts which at times would sweep down the gorge, drove the rain into our faces till I was nearly blinded.

The hills here are covered with a yellow lichen, which at first we thought was sulphur. The same yellow tint continued all the way to Kaisariyeh; indeed even parts of the noted Arjish-Dagh (or Argæus) are covered with it. The mountains as we went on were lower, and the country was still desolate in the extreme. We passed the village of Rayaderesee on our right, the first we had seen for two days. Half-an-hour later the river valley ended in two passes; one on the left leading to Nigdeh, and the other (which we followed) ascended a steep hill, from the top of which at times, I believe Arjish-Dagh may be seen.

On the plateau above, several villages were scattered. It felt almost a relief to be once more in the neighbourhood of houses and government authority; for the three days we had spent in the mountains, had given us a curious feeling of isolation. On comparing notes, it was funny to find that Andrew and I had been haunted with the same idea—what would have been the result if an accident or illness had befallen either of us, with no one but Nahli to depend on;

no food, no comforts, nor means of letting friends know our position.

From the plateau we reached a plain, and riding through corn-fields, came to a bed of poplar-trees, behind which was a large village called Ferêk, which we only reached at 7 P.M. The peasants were then coming back to their homes for the night followed by their herds, and seemed greatly surprised at our appearance. We sent on the jackal zaptieh to see if he could find rooms. He returned in half-an-hour saying there were none. We asked what he had done with his own horses, and he confessed he had found a stable for them. On hearing this, Nahli went off and soon arrived with one of the race who never fail in hospitality. A most benevolent-looking old Turk welcomed us really kindly, and begged us to come to his house.

The old gentleman was reputed the richest man in the village. He possessed two houses, one for his wives, and the other for the reception of his friends. To this latter, of course, he took us. On entering we passed through a cow-house filled with buffaloes; it was at least a pleasant assurance that plenty of milk would be forthcoming. We were conducted into the usual Turkish guest-room, built long and narrow, with a fireplace at one end. Strips of carpet covered the floor along the walls, and cushions were placed at each end near the fire. A coffee-boiler with a tray holding small porcelain cups without handles, called "fingan," and brass holders in the shape of an egg-cup (zarfs), filled a recess above the cushions. In another place stood the iron ladle in which the

coffee is roasted, and beside it, a hollowed-out piece of wood for the pounding of the berries. These things constitute the furniture of a "mussaffir-odassy" (strangers'-room) in a Turkish house. Coffee is a cheap way of entertaining your friends. Three berries fill one little fingan, and being freshly roasted and pounded it has always a good flavour. A fire of cow-fuel gave out a great heat, but was not cheerful to look at.

We had to go through the ceremony of coffee-drinking and answering questions before Nahli ventured to propose food. Our hospitable old host immediately disappeared and shortly returned with hot bread, eggs, and yaourt. He set his boy to milk the buffaloes, and with a box of sardines we made a capital dinner. It is noteworthy that we had not tasted meat since we left Tarsus. The tins of spiced beef in our bags had not been opened; indeed, in the end, all the preserved provisions we had brought with us were handed over to Nahli.

On the subject of diet in Eastern travelling, a word here may perhaps not be out of place. Our experience teaches me that it is better to avoid meat, or wine, or brandy. These things only make one feel feverish, drowsy—the latter most unpleasant. Nature is always the best guide. Bread, eggs, and milk may *seem* inadequate for existence under the fatigue we were undergoing; but they *proved* the best food for us. We had brandy with us on the baggage mule; but by degrees one bottle got broken, and then another, and my husband never drank a thimbleful of their contents—although it is always safer to have a little with one for use medicinally.



I can therefore understand people living without meat, but in this country vegetables too seemed a superfluity! This quite puzzled me, for the people were strong and healthy without vegetables except onions; and later, on the plains, even these were unknown. As for fruit, they had nothing but dried raisins. I used sometimes to suggest to the khanjis the propriety of having gardens, but they only smiled stupidly. They have quantities of manure lying in heaps round the khans, so they might with a little trouble have fine gardens, as the splendid fruit sold in the bazaars in every town prove. Nature is ready to do her duty, if man would only help.

Before settling ourselves for the night, we went to see how Paul was getting on. He was put in the cow-house, packed in between two buffaloes, and had made himself at home at once. After sniffing the noses of his two companions, and giving a squeal or two, he set to work and munched their chopped straw quite contentedly.

We left Ferêk at seven A.M. The muleteer and the zaptieh did not put in an appearance, so we started without them. We had to cross a small river, and ride over the plain to gain the road leading to Kara-Hissar, which we hoped to reach by midday. Nearly opposite to Ferêk, is the village of Enegil, built like nearly all the towns of this district, on the slopes of a rocky hill, and crowned by a towering rock or peak. The village is in a very tumble-down condition, and the inhabitants are poor and uncivilised. Near it is a solitary

pillar mounted on a square pedestal. It is composed of nine circular stones with a pyramidal one on the top. Round this, a rough frame of wood had been placed for the storks to build their nests on. We asked one of the peasants what was the history of the column ; he curtly told us we ought to know better than he did. However, he was more polite in pointing out the direction of Kara-Hissar behind some rugged hills, a long way in front of us.

We rode over uncultivated land, good for pasturage, but seemingly quite deserted. We passed through a small hamlet built amongst huge boulders that had evidently broken off and rolled down from the precipice above, something like those at Kamouslu-Khan. This preference for building under overhanging rocks, that seem to shake with every clap of thunder and threaten instant destruction to those below, is curious ; but the people never dream of danger, and can give no reasons for choosing these situations. We noticed several carts in this little hamlet, the first we had seen since Adana. They have only two wheels made out of one solid circular piece of wood attached firmly to the axletree, which revolves with the wheel ; an arrangement which, as may be supposed, produces the most hideous unearthly sounds as they go along. The people did not seem so poor here as at Enegil, although the village was so small it had no name. We asked the price of some turkeys that were running about ; and large fat ones were offered us for nine piastres (one shilling and sixpence) each. Kiepert places a village called Arably on his map on the road from Enegil ; but

on inquiring for it, the people did not seem to know anything about it.

Our jackal friend, accompanied by "our Torment," overtook us here, and their arrival led to an episode the potential results of which are rather fearful to look back upon.

The two seemed on very friendly terms. The zaptieh declared he knew the road perfectly, and if we would follow him, we would reach Kara-Hissar in three hours. We therefore took a rough track for about eight miles, our guide then leading off towards the right, the muleteer following. We passed up a narrow valley with numerous rock-cut tombs, where all trace of any road, even of footmarks, was entirely lost. We went on thus for two hours, getting into a wilder country at every step. My husband's suspicions were at length fully aroused, and dismounting he climbed to the top of a pinnacle from which he could get a good view of the country. He saw at once that instead of going towards Kaisariyeh, we were actually making straight for the Allah-Dagh and going back to Adana. He called out for Nahli, who agreed with him in thinking we had lost the road, and that the others must have had some motive in bringing us to this lonely place.

All this time, our two dubious friends kept calling impatiently to us to follow them, assuring us they knew the way, and invoking Heaven to witness that Kara-Hissar lay in front of us. Andrew said nothing, but simply seized the bridle of the baggage mule and calling to me to follow him, retraced his steps as fast as the rocky ground would permit.

The muleteer kept howling invectives after us, whilst the zaptieh very sulkily walked his horses as slowly as he could.

At length we happily met a herdsman ; and then ensued a race between Nahli and the Persian to reach him first. The pace was pretty equal, but our man with a vigorous shove thrust the Persian aside, and got in the first word—asking the direction of Kaisariyeh. The reply was : we had been going away from it and making straight for the mountains, that were not only reputed to be, but actually *were* full of robbers ; so much so that the people near them had deserted all their villages because the brigands stole their flocks and robbed their houses. He said the caves we passed were the haunt of thieves who often attacked the caravans.

Of course we never could prove anything ; and I will not positively affirm that it was an absolute plot on the part of our guides to decoy and destroy us. Yet both Andrew and I are firmly convinced there was some foul design in leading us astray ; and that if we had gone on, we should probably have been waylaid and murdered. Neither the muleteer nor our friend the jackal followed us in retracing our steps. As for the latter rascal, I may as well say, here, that we never saw him again. We made inquiries at Kaisariyeh ; but no one knew anything either about him or his expected arrival, or about any officer to whom, as he pretended, the spare horse belonged. The whole thing is wrapped in mystery ; his design in joining us and all else. It makes me think that perhaps our lives were in greater danger than at the time we imagined.

It took us four hours to find our road again, and another one to make a long winding descent into the immense plain from the centre of which the Arjish-Dagh (Mount Argæus) rises. The first view of the famous mountain was very striking. The great black mass rises boldly above the level surface of the plain and towers above the clouds in numerous pointed peaks, one great pinnacle rearing its snow-covered crest above all the others. Great masses of clouds floated around it; indigo-coloured clefts and gloomy ravines pierced its sides; a silvery streak at its base denoted the presence of a lake, whilst the variegated plain stretched on every side. Kiepert only marks one lake on his map, but we saw two distinct pieces of water, which however may in the depth of winter become one.

We turned sharply to the left along the base of a range of volcanic-looking hills, crowned by successions of round or pointed summits, and Kara-Hissar Develü lay before us, its gardens and orchards stretching out into the plain for many miles. From this distance, the tall poplars resembled minarets, and the white-blossomed pear-trees seemed rounded domes. This appearance was very deceptive, and made us think we saw the town, when only the orchards were in sight.

However the view did not occupy us long; for the rain began to descend in torrents and soon changed to hail; such a storm as those who have travelled in the East alone can realise. The hailstones were literally as large as pigeons' eggs. I could not face it at all. Though my face and head were protected by a waterproof hood, still at one time I

thought I should be stunned by the blows as they rattled on me. We had reached the commencement of the orchards by this time, but had still five miles to go before arriving at the town. We stood with our backs turned to the storm, and all the horses huddled close together till the violence a little abated. Our road had become a river ; which whirled past us in muddy eddies, turning the plain around into a vast lake.

At last the fury of the storm lessened and we splashed on. In spite of our ducking we could not fail to admire the beauty of the orchards. The trees had been sadly battered, the leaves torn and the blossoms scattered ; still the almond, the apricot, and the cherry trees were there, and the waving canes and twining tendrils of the vines, as they grew among the rose hedges, gave some conception of the loveliness of the scene in favourable weather. The orchards are more extensive than those round Tarsus, and have a more cultivated appearance ; though in luxuriance of foliage Tarsus eclipses all.

We passed below two pointed cones which had apparently the remains of castles on their summits ; a small village called Kâlé lies on the plateau between them. The remnants of the mouldering walls of the old castle of Kara-Hissar ("black castle") are visible above the town ; which latter we reached at last, drenched in appearance and feelings, and rattled through the streets to the khan, as the most likely place to provide corn for our poor horses.

## CHAPTER XII.

### KARA-HISSAR AND INJESU.

Kara-Hissar—Modern Deborahs—Brilliant costumes—A warning against brigands disregarded—Its truth verified—An exciting time—Attack and defeat—I act up to orders—Nahli's excuses—I take him in hand—Arrival at the guard-house—A roofless stable—A soldierly reception—We learn native habits in sitting and dining—A waif of the plains—Nahli's midnight music—Depressing scenery—Injesu—Our torment turns up again—Wholesome restraint—Solitude where once was life ; the great khan of Mustapha—The Karamanli sheep—A rat-weasel—Near view of Argæus—A charming morass—The "chitflick ;" first experience of Armenian incivility—Hadji birds again—Approach to the great city.

THE town of Kara-Hissar is situated on a steep acclivity. It consists of a large village with numerous streets of two-storied houses built of stone. The first thing that struck us on entering it, was the size of the women. I saw some at least six feet in height and broad in proportion ; quite elephantine in fact. I hardly believed they were women, until I saw their long hair ; more especially as they wear their loose baggy trousers over their clothes, so one has ample opportunity of seeing their herculean frames. Their looks made one think of Deborah and Jael, or the Amazons of old.

Two of them were busy making the cow-fuel ; stirring it with their feet, something after the manner of Scotch people washing their clothes. When it was well mixed with the chopped straw, they would lift it out and make round cakes of it, which were dabbed on the neighbouring walls to dry. The occupation, I should think, was very nasty, but very necessary ; for the hills around are utterly destitute of the smallest shrub, the fruit-trees of the orchards being the only wood within hundreds of miles.

They seem to possess a most brilliant dye here ; for the trousers and aprons of the women were of a beautiful scarlet colour that looked dazzling in the sun ; their jackets and the few skirts we saw, were of a deep blue, this being another of the red-trouserred places. I did not observe a brown or gray dress amongst the women the whole time I was in the town, and these brilliant colourings had a very striking effect. They all wear a fez, which is surmounted by a silver plate on the crown, and has a fringe of silver coins attached hanging over the forehead. They seemed rich, and to judge from their size, Kara-Hissar must be physically a thriving place.

In the long room of the khan into which we were ushered, travellers were sleeping on benches all round. They seemed to have come a long distance ; for they were so weary that our entrance did not arouse them. They had their own cotton-stuffed pillows and quilted yorghans, and so were quite independent both of hard beds, and better still, of fleas.



We sent Nahli to announce our arrival to the sous-caimacan (his chief lives at Injehsu). He arrived soon after with some of the notables. We told the khanji to give them coffee and narghilis, when they became quite talkative. The caimacan declared that in spite of all his endeavours robberies were frequent on the Kara-Hissar plain. In fact, all of them begged us to stay here for the night, and go on next day to Kaisariyeh. But we determined to make use of the three hours of daylight before us, and sleep at a guard-house about halfway to Injehsu.

Just opposite the khan is the mosque. It has a very curious entrance: two large lions stand on either side. The architecture seems to be of the same period as that of the old wall round the town, the remains of which are still visible in places.

On leaving Kara-Hissar, we kept under the shelter of the hills for some distance, and then struck boldly out across the plain in a north-easterly direction. The air was very cold with constant showers; the aspect of affairs indeed not in the least cheerful, when our thoughts were diverted by an adventure that was more exciting than pleasant.

We were riding on in dead silence, when suddenly Nahli exclaimed: "*Les voleurs, les voleurs, sauvez-vous!*" and set spurs to his steed, dragging the baggage horse after him. Andrew and I pulled up at once, and looking round saw two suspicious-looking men with guns in their hands apparently riding after us. They slackened their pace when they saw us stop, and then edged away a little towards the

north. We moved on also, and they kept in a line with us; until at last they dashed forward, as if going to ride us down.

I stood still; for I could see that a moment of peril had come in which I must act so as not to hamper my husband. I had given a solemn promise that in any such a difficulty, I would keep out of the way and leave him to act. He had pointed out that my participation would only embarrass him and that both our lives might depend on his instant thought and rapid movement. I fully recognised that if his action were paralysed by having to think of shielding me, the danger to both of us would be trebled.

And now such a moment had come. The robbers were riding us down, and I stood quiet as I have said. Andrew's action was decisive: without a moment's hesitation, he set off at a gallop as hard as his horse could go, *to meet them*, pistol in hand. They seemed to waver for a moment; then wheeling round, galloped off for their lives, one firing his gun as he went, the bullet going off in quite an opposite direction to what he intended. Andrew replied by sending a gentle reminder after him, which seemed to whistle unpleasantly near his head, for he ducked and galloped all the faster.

They were making for the mountains on the Kara-Hissar side of the plain, and it was clear, would have to cross the road close to the spot where I stood. I felt my cheeks tingling with excitement. Oh! how I longed to be

a man to join in the chase ; but as I have said, I had given a solemn promise to remain quiet. But as the men passed in front of me, I could not refrain from calling out "Korkâk" (coward). The first one only glared at me ; but the second raised his gun and fired. However, I heard no report and only saw a cloud of smoke. He called out something, but was riding too fast for me to hear what he said. Andrew tore after them ; but his horse was nearly done, and he had soon to give up the chase.

So far as we could make out, they were rough mountaineers. They wore loose woollen coats and had pistols and knives *ad libitum* stuck round their belts. Why they did not stop and show fight I cannot understand ; for the guard-house was at least six miles off, Nahli was nearly out of sight, and my husband and I alone on the plain. I think it was the suddenness of Andrew's charge that deterred them ; for he tore headlong at them, standing up in his stirrups, with his face fixed and his pistol levelled. I feel convinced that had we followed Nahli's example, we should certainly have been robbed and probably have been shot.

Andrew came back in a quarter of an hour, and we rode slowly on, overtaking Nahli near the guard-house. He was too frightened to be ashamed of his flight, and declared he thought we were following him ! It seems that the caimacan's warning of the danger of the road, had been much stronger than Nahli's translation of it ; but the latter had been too much afraid of my ridicule to repeat all he said—as several

times on the journey I had laughed at him for being a coward.

I think Nahli looks on me with a sort of respect mingled with awe. I am so dreadfully strong-minded and determined, and so insistent on getting what I want from the khanjis and villagers. I can ride such long distances, too, and give him such terrible lectures about being brave and courageous. At the same time, I am not very imposing to look at, and do so thoroughly enjoy all that is beautiful and interesting in our journey, and laugh "like a schoolgirl," as my husband says, when anything comical happens, that Nahli is fairly puzzled. He has only known one English lady before; and she dressed in trousers like her husband, and was as good a shot as he was, and did not care in the least about her personal appearance. So a mixture of temerity and ladyhood, which I suppose I represent, is quite incomprehensible to Nahli.

In the midst of his excuses we arrived at Yawash Deverendee, as the guard-house is called. It is a square loopholed building, built ten years ago to insure the safety of the route from brigands. It is situated at the north-west end of the plain; which is here bounded on one side by the Kara-Hissar mountains—black barren-looking peaks, having numerous villages at the base of the ravine—and on the east, by the two lakes and the Arjish-Dagh, now like a vast sugarloaf of snow. The caves and inaccessible rocks of both ranges, offering ready shelter for brigands, indicate how dangerous the road must have been before the Government took stringent measures to protect travellers.

We only found a chawush and a private in the guard-house. They lived in one room, the lower end of which was partitioned off for the horses. An iron stove stood in a corner diffusing a pleasant warmth, for the wind was piercingly cold. They informed us they kept their horses in the same room for the sake of the shelter, and also because the other part of the building was in ruins; and indeed when the mat that hung over the doorway was raised, we found ourselves in a huge roofless room, a pile of stones and broken beams showing where the roof had fallen in. No attempt had been made to repair it, and the zaptiehs were daily chopping up the valuable rafters for firewood. The outer walls were intact, and very solidly built. An unusually heavy snow-storm had broken down the flat roof.

We fastened our horses up in the ruined chamber, and covered them with all the rugs the chawush could spare to keep them warm. Our two hosts did their best to make us comfortable, sweeping the floor, and polishing up the only divan for my accommodation; coffee was put on the stove, cakes of bread brought out, and cheese and raisins set before us, whilst we added to the feast a bottle of milk and some fresh butter and eggs. We all eat together, Andrew and I sitting cross-legged on the divan, the others in the same way on the floor.

We had become quite adepts at sitting in this position, and used to bet as to which of us could hold out the longer without suffering from cramp. But this was not the only native custom we had achieved. We had learnt to eat with

our fingers, and out of one dish. It is really not such a nasty thing as it sounds. They never put their spoons in it for they don't use any. At each mouthful, a man tears off a small piece of his flat scone, twists it into a cornucopia, dips this into his soup or yaourt, and in an incredibly short space of time will finish the whole dish without having put a finger near the food.

But I should add that we could only indulge this primitive habit when we fed with the very poor. The more civilised would give us wooden or bone spoons, and then the process was decidedly nasty; for the spoon went straight from their mouths back into the dish. On such occasions I would shamelessly draw a line through the pilaff, and point out that the marked share was for us, and that they must keep to their side of the dish. The women would look on in amazement to see me, one of their sex, feeding with their lords! for they, poor things, would have to wait, and content themselves with the scraps. However, we only very rarely did eat with the natives; we contrived when we could to be served separately.

I had noticed all this time a heap of sacking lying at the back of the stove. When we had finished our repast, this began to move and a boy appeared; a terrible specimen of suffering humanity, worn to a mere skeleton, with shaven head covered with scratches and bruises, and literally nothing on but a cotton rag round his waist. He was an orphan whom the kind chawush had found perishing of cold on the plain a few nights before our arrival, and had taken compassion on. In the morning before we left, I gave the poor child

one of my blankets which he promised to have cut up into a coat.

On our arrival we had suggested to the sergeant that he ought to send in pursuit of the men we had been attacked by, giving him a minute description of their appearance. He gave a most solemn assurance that they should be tracked in the morning; but we never for a moment believed that he had the least intention of stirring a finger in the matter.

After a hurried cup of coffee we started away a little before six o'clock next morning, the 28th, in a northerly direction, skirting the lake. On the opposite shore, in a cleft on the slopes of Argæus, we saw a small village built entirely of black stones, which is called Sheik-Shâdân. The air was bitterly cold and the scenery very dreary. Possibly, too, our spirits were not quite up to the mark, for we had had but an indifferent night. I had lain down in my habit, ready for an early start, in a corner of the room which my husband had screened off for me with our water-proofs. Nahli and the zaptieh occupied the farther corner, and the former kept us awake for hours by the loudest snoring I had ever heard. When accused of it in the morning, he calmly declared it was the "chawush's horse." He certainly possesses the gift of a true Frenchman, in being always ready with a fib—and yet he has never been out of the East!

Be this as it may, the scene all around us was depressing enough. The lowering clouds completely blotted out the mountains on either side; and we saw all around us the

graves of those who perished during the famine of six years ago, when the people died in thousands on the plain, of cold and hunger, and pitying travellers would stop and bury them where they fell. In one place, a whole caravan seemed to have succumbed ; for there were at least twenty graves together, and the bleached bones of the camels and horses lay scattered around. Often a lonely little mound marked the tomb of a solitary traveller ; at other places, were three or four close together.

But fortunately as we drew towards the end of the plain, the sun broke out, illumining in a fantastic manner the piles of stones that lay about. Their beautiful colours, rich brown and delicate pinks, indigo blue and warm yellows, toned down by lichens and moss, were quite a sight. They looked indeed more like sea-washed pebbles, than rocks that for ages had been exposed to air and sun. The desolate country changed into vineyards and fertile gardens, indicating the near neighbourhood of Injehsu.

Two hours and a half from the guard-house—for we had ridden very slowly, our horses being thoroughly done up—brought us to the entrance of the town which is, in its way, most peculiar. You ride down a narrow road cut out of solid walls of rock on either side, which leads into a valley or basin, the sides of which are covered with large stone houses. These are built on acclivities so extremely steep, that nearly every house is visible peering over the one below it. A small stream flows through the valley ; whence the name, Inje Sou (sou, water).



We rode straight to the khan, and set the khanji at once to work in getting us hot water, and dishes to wash in. The khan is a fair one; and our room, in addition to the wooden divans all round it, had a boarded floor and good fireplace, also a covered balcony over the street. The town is large and scattered, but half in ruins; masses of fallen masonry and old walls filled up the spaces where houses once stood. Those that still stand have one curious feature in their construction—the entrance door. Whether the building be a house of three stories or a windowless hovel, the door is invariably built in the same manner; two upright square-cut stones placed on each side, with a third hollowed out slightly to resemble an arch, placed over the top. In comparison to the size of the houses, the doors were curiously low and primitive, and indeed seemed copied from some of the old tombs common throughout Asia Minor. In one or two instances the stones were of stupendous size.

The caimacan came to visit us when he heard of our arrival. We were talking to him, when suddenly, to our utter dismay, we heard the sounds of a voice we had fondly hoped to hear but once again. Our muleteer had come up, having started, so he said, from Kara-Hissar in the middle of the night. He was even a greater nuisance than usual, and collected a crowd of at least a hundred people below the windows to hear the story of his wrongs.

Nahli told the caimacan our story. It did not seem to surprise him in the least. He evidently knew well the

character of these people, and remarked that they often gave trouble. For his part he did his best to help us; for he suggested that he should detain the man, and that we might send back his horses and money with the zaptieh who was to accompany us. I was delighted with the suggestion, but my husband was too generous to accept it, as he argued that the man would more easily get a return load from Kaisariyeh than from here. However he consented that the caimacan should lock him up until we were some distance on the road; for we, least of all, wished to enter the town with the fellow at our heels, hurling invectives after us. This was done at once, much to my relief.

After two hours' rest, we left Injehsu by the only other entrance to the town; through the khan of Kara Mustapha Pasha which he built two hundred years ago. His family have now disappeared or died out, and the khan is in a ruinous condition. It is the second largest in Anatolia; the largest being that of Oloukoushla on the road between Nigdeh and Karaman. This one is said to have accommodated three hundred camels and three hundred horses. It is built round a court with an arcade along each side. Below are the stables and small rooms used as shops; above the arcade is a verandah with sleeping apartments opening on to it. A Turkish bath occupied one corner. But it is deserted now; a few goats were browsing on the rank herbage cropping up between the stones, and the skeleton of a camel lay dismembered by the dogs. We left by a lofty gateway

having two stone cannon carved on each side of it. This gate opens on to the plain, and when shut the town is quite isolated like a fortress.

There is no road for over a mile. We had to ride down the bed of a stream, along the north-east base of Mount Argæus.

The plain here was covered with scanty herbage, on which browsed large flocks of the Karamanli fat-tailed sheep; thus called because the finest breed is raised in Karamania. Their tails are peculiarly broad and heavy and composed wholly of fat. This is of so delicate a flavour that it takes the place of butter for culinary purposes, and is in many respects superior to the ordinary country-made article. There are two lobes in the tail, the bone passing between them and projecting like a smaller tail beyond. Sometimes they are so cumbrous that a little board is swung on behind for the tail to rest on—in the same way that melons are suspended in our hothouses. The flesh is very good, and we thought the mutton throughout Asia Minor superior to any we had tasted anywhere else.

A small animal the size of a rat or weasel swarms all over this plain. It has a head like the former animal, hair of a dingy yellow or gray colour and a short tail. We had never seen any beast of the kind before, and were much amused at its antics. They burrow in the earth, and subsist on grain. I believe they do great damage to the crops, for every autumn they lay in a supply of corn to last them all the year. Large heaps of empty ears are seen strewn on the

ground round their little abodes, for they cut the stalks and carry the ears to their holes, nibble off the grain and stow it away. Nahli called them "rats des steppes," but I don't know how he picked up the name. They were wonderfully tame and would stand up inquisitively on their hind-legs as we passed; but on the least attempt to capture them would dive into the ground.

We were much disappointed with the appearance of the great mountain. From a distance the varied peaks are very fine; but the sides are utterly destitute of a blade of grass to relieve the dull gray and brown of the volcanic rocks. The natives in their search for firewood, have dug up even the roots of the brushwood that once covered the mountain, and the rains yearly wash more and more of the soil away. It is most desolate. The only plant that they have left, is a thorny one called grandjohn from which a yellow dye is made. In England it is called the yellow-berry plant, and its scientific name is *Rhamnus infectorius*. We were told that stags are found on the heights. I doubt it; for I can't imagine what they find to live on. We saw an occasional covey of red-legged partridges, and started a few hares; but game of any kind seemed very scarce.

On passing a bend round a spur of the mountain, we reached a morass traversed by a rough stone causeway, and bordered by lovely meadow land carpeted with daisies and buttercups. Countless herds were grazing on it—oxen, cows, calves, horses, camels and buffaloes, turned out to recruit after the year's toil. The marsh itself was buzzing with life; butter-

flies, birds, and innumerable insects flitted about the iris-bound pools, covered with teal and wild-duck. It was a striking little oasis beneath the gloomy mountain towering above. The earth shook as we rode along and the vibration was most strongly felt. I believe it to be the commencement of the marsh called Salzik, which extends more or less all the way between Injehsu and Kaisariyeh, and is formed by the waters of two rivers, the Melas or Kara Sou and the Saremsak, at their junction on the way to join the river Kizil-Irmak (the ancient Halys). This marsh can be traversed all summer, but in winter is generally flooded.

In a couple of hours we arrived at the only resting-place between Injehsu and Kaisariyeh. It is called Chiftlick; and as its name indicates is a farmhouse, but with numerous outhouses. Quite a small colony of people live in it. Plenty of water is at hand, and there were strong evidences that the people are well off.

We here experienced, for the first time, that unfriendly feeling towards the English which, later, was shown so strongly in the Armenian capital. We had brought no food with us from Injehsu expecting to find it here; and Andrew hoped to change his horse at the farm, for it had completely given in, and he had been forced to go on foot for the last four miles.

Our zaptieh rode on and asked for a horse to hire. A surly-looking man replied there were none; and when we pointed to the hundreds on the plain, he only shrugged his

shoulders and repeated the same thing. We then asked for bread ; "Yok," was the answer ; then for water, "Yok," again. So we saw, at last, that all this meant ill-will and not inability. I pointed to the rosy children round us, and asked what they eat. He replied by looking at the ground and in an insolent manner answered "Toprak" (earth). I said angrily that in that case they were worse off than the beasts. "We are beasts," he replied.

We were very tired, too tired to dispute any longer ; so feeling inexpressibly disgusted, we turned out of the doorway, and passing by a putrid buffalo carcass, rode on. We soon arrived at another marsh having a stream of peat-coloured water running through it. This they told us was *kara sou* (black water) and unfit to drink ; but a shepherd conducted us to a delicious spring, and here we gladly got off to rest our horses. A few willows and poplars grew near filled with the nests of the *hadji* birds. They make a most curious noise with their bills, clacking them like a thousand castanets.

Our muleteer overtook us here, but did not gain much by his haste. For in spite of his remonstrances, my husband made him dismount and change horses with him ; otherwise he must have walked all the way. A mile from this the road suddenly turns to the right, as if going straight into the heart of the mountain. The soil too changes into a seeming mixture of lava and sand. Vineyards sprung up on every side with quaint little stone watch-houses ; and covered reservoirs

for water are built within short distances of each other ; for around here the springs cease to exist. The zaptieh told us that these vineyards are the haunt of robbers, and that rich merchants going to and coming from Kaisariyeh, are often waylaid and robbed amongst them.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### KAISARIYEH.

Situation of the city—The Arjish-Dagh—Horrors of the streets—And this is Kaisariyeh !—The bazaars—A choice in furs—Armenian houses—Our own quarters—Dr. Michaeliane ; a friend in need—Hostility of the natives hinted—Value of official goodwill—Our care to secure it—Deficiencies and difficulties of the authorities—Visit to Hady Pasha—His white donkey—The jewellery bazaar—A live Zeybeck—An Armenian home—Slimness no beauty—Native wines—Mr. and Mrs. Farnsworth ; a reminiscence of “ Queechy ”—The tomb of Honant—A specimen convert—The castle ; a town within a fortress—The city walls—Architectural dates—Lack of roads—The white donkey’s performances—Stories and traditions—Talass—Mr. Farnsworth’s girls’ school—Changing temperature—The araba, or native waggon—We charter one.

WE were now fast approaching the city I had so longed to see for myself. The scenery around reminded us much of Mount Etna ; but Etna without its chestnut and oak forests. It hardly seems possible that the great Arjish-Dagh could once have been covered with timber. We had seen no trees all day except half-a-dozen poplars. Ferns grew in the crevices of the stones, and we saw several varieties of flowers that were unknown to us ; but the bare ground and scattered



fruit-trees in the vineyards were very disappointing, after the glowing accounts I had read of the fertility and verdure of Mount Argæus.

Kaisariyeh is built on the plain, and bounded on the south-east by a low rounded hill on which are the remains of an ancient town. The mighty snow-capped Arjish-Dagh (Argæus) rises above it to the height of thirteen thousand feet, but there is a distance of at least four miles between the town and the base of the mountain. This rises up in a single peak, surrounded by numerous cones and craters, whilst its sloping sides are entirely covered with volcanic rocks. The general aspect is peculiarly bleak and barren; the rugged peaks and black-coloured stones giving it a wild and inhospitable appearance, The lower slopes rise from a broad and extended base, and on them are perched tiny villages, inhabited by Armenian and Greek-speaking Christians.

We entered the city through a cemetery which seems to surround it on all sides except the south. Tall black tomb-stones headed the graves, and little children played about amidst the dead, as children do in all lands. When they saw our cavalcade, they rushed towards us shouting: "Giaour, giaour!" and pelting us with mud and stones; but they were precocious enough to keep at a safe distance.

I was horrified to find Kaisariyeh, the rich, the prosperous, in just as ruined a state as the other towns we had passed through. We rode along narrow streets with bulging walls on each side, threatening at any moment to fall down and crush the passer-by. Many of them seemed rent from top

to bottom as if upheaved by some mighty earthquake, whilst piles of rubbish occasionally blocked up the way. Now and then, we came on fearful heaps of rottenness ; in one place no less than seven dogs in the last stage of decay lay festering by the roadside, as if poisoned wholesale ; whilst heaps of offal and filth were piled against each door waiting for the night-dogs to do the scavenger's work.

I thought I had never seen so filthy a town. The very drains were black as they oozed slowly past, and in all my experience of Turkish lands, I had never seen horrors like these.

And this was the highway whence travelled all the mighty caravans from the East to the West ! This was the birthplace of all the richest and most opulent merchants of Asiatic Turkey ! This was the town in which missionaries had dwelt since their societies first came to the East ! I cannot express my disappointment. I don't now remember exactly what I expected ; but I had read of a beautiful fertile country, with forests and hills and flowing rivers, and a town rich and prosperous in the midst of smiling gardens—and we had come to this : to the filthiest and most ruined city we had yet entered ! We could scarcely believe our eyes, and indeed inquired of the zaptieh if this were really the famed Kaisariyeh.

I was thankful to reach the covered bazaars, for they are at least tolerably clean. We found them large and lofty, and roofed with stone, though in places the roofs are repaired with wooden planks. The shops are of the same kind as in

every Turkish town. Small stalls open entirely in the front ; the owner sitting on the raised wooden platform in the midst of his merchandise, and patiently waiting the arrival of a customer.

The quantity of furs struck me at once. I saw many skins of what, Mr. Kitchener told me later, were sables. They are very beautiful, but don't resemble in the least the Russian sables sold in shops at home. They skin the animal in one piece, which measures from two to four feet in length including the tail. The fur is tipped with a rich dark-brown colour, and when you blow into it, is pale yellow beneath. They asked us four medjidies (fourteen shillings) for each skin. Wolves, jackals, foxes, otters, and beavers, seemed very abundant ; and there was a great variety of the humbler skin of the harmless necessary cat. Of these, one was of a peculiar dark mouse-colour, very uncommon and quite unlike any cat we knew of.

We rode through bazaars filled with saddlers and workers in leather and shops full of the usual description of Manchester and Birmingham cheap goods ; also many smaller ones with assorted wares, just the same as in Adana and Tarsus, and greatly inferior to Aleppo.

The governor sent an officer and a couple of zaptiehs to show us the way to Captain Cooper's old house, which the owner agreed to lend us during our stay in the town. It is situated in the Armenian quarter, and to reach it we had to ride through narrow streets filled with indescribable dirt. We passed again by ruined houses, crumbling walls, old cemeteries,

and at last reached a part of the town, which the substantial and unornamental houses proclaimed to belong to the wealthy and practical Christian part of the population. Each house resembled exteriorly a workhouse or model prison. Iron railings and wire lattice-work guarded the glass in every window, for this material is expensive in Kaisariyeh. Indeed the frugality of these people amused as much as it irritated one ; the pains and thought spent in economising even in such trifles, seemed an extraordinary waste both of labour and time.

Our house was well built with huge blocks of stone, and contained several lofty rooms ; but there was not an article of furniture in it and our landlord did not seem inclined to lend us any.

Whilst we were deliberating how to hire or borrow a few necessities, Nahli announced a visitor, Dr. Michaeliane, an Americanised Armenian. He spoke English tolerably well and was very civil and kind, sending out to a friend of his to borrow some bedding and cooking utensils for us. We were soon made tolerably comfortable, and our new friend promised to return in a couple of hours and show us the principal bāzaars.

The actual incidents of this expedition I shall defer giving in detail till the next chapter, in which I shall attempt to throw some light on the character of the people, which the transactions of this afternoon will admirably serve to illustrate. It must therefore now suffice to say that we had already been warned, both in Adana and Tarsus, that the Kaisariyeh

people were hard to deal with, and that our worst expectations in this respect were not disappointed.

The bazaars shut up at sunset ; and as no business could be done, we hurried home as it was getting dark and there are no lights in any of the streets. It would be anything but pleasant to lose one's way at midnight in an Eastern town ; for putting aside the fear of being robbed, or torn to pieces by the dogs, the wayfarer runs a tolerable chance of losing his way and disappearing into one of the abominable sinks of corruption and nastiness that fill up every spare place.

The following morning when I awoke, my first sensation was a reminiscence, disagreeable if fleeting, of our yesterday's experiences of the bazaars and of the city itself. At ten o'clock we sallied out to visit Hady Pasha, the lieutenant-governor. We always made a rule to call on the chief authorities : not only from a natural feeling of courtesy, to pay respect to the ruler of the country we were travelling in ; but also, because it is just as well to make friends with these people—for without their aid it is impossible to travel in Asia Minor. We should not have succeeded in accomplishing half our journey, and it would have taken us a much longer time to have done it, had it not been for the help always given us by those in power.

Though I feel very strongly about the terrible misgovernment of the rulers, their selfish indifference to the welfare of their country, and their utter want of honesty in the management of public affairs, still, personally, we have met with the

greatest kindness, courtesy, and hospitality. No effort on their part was ever wanting to supply our wants, or diminish our difficulties in travelling about. I feel, in this way, a sort of repugnance in saying anything against the governors ; as though it were almost a want of gratitude in me to do so. Yet the truth compels me to state that I do not believe we met one honest or capable leader in the whole country we passed through.

Individually we met many clever, polished, and honourable gentlemen ; but they all seemed to think that their own welfare was of more importance than that of the State ; and as a result they only live to fill their own pockets, and enjoy themselves whilst they may. Of course, it must be remembered, on their side, that they pass their lives on the edge, as it were, of a volcano. Their tenure of office is very uncertain, depending on the temper of the Sultan, or on the feelings, friendly or otherwise, of his advisers. As Nahli says : " They all rob, all eat," from the Padishah on the throne, down to him, the poor tax-gatherer of Tarsus.

The road to the serai (palace) took us past the Armenian Protestant church, a square-shaped building, very ugly and very solid, having all the windows carefully covered with wire-netting ; in this case, they said, to prevent the Turks from breaking them. We walked on through the bazaars and arrived at a large building with a parade ground in front of it, where a regiment of cavalry was exercising. The men were of fine physique, but the accoutrements of both them and their horses were dirty and dilapidated. The officers, I

am sorry to say, showed as much indifference in this respect as the men.

We were shown into Hady's private room, furnished à l'Européenne with chairs and tables. A rather startling object in such a place, was an engraving of an angel flying up to heaven. The Pasha explained afterwards that he had bought it at a sale in a missionary's house. Hady Pasha was once secretary of legation at Vienna and Berlin, and seems to have acquired during his residence in Europe a keen love of play; for he is a notorious gambler, and loses large sums daily. He is very fat with dull eyes, but speaks French fairly. He treated us very civilly, and had various sherbets brought in for our refreshment. Besides the usual zaptiehs given us as a guard, he put his white donkey at my disposal. This latter mark of attention is the essence of honour amongst the Turks; they think more of a good white donkey than they do of the showiest sultanading charger.

From the serai we went to the jewellers' bazaar. The workmen are all Christians and were so busy polishing up the ladies' jewellery for the Easter display, that they had nothing in stock to show us. They mix the silver with a great deal of alloy, and sell it at the rate of three piastres a gramme. I only succeeded in buying a few rings, with suitable names or mottoes engraved on the stones, for some of my favourites amongst Andrew's zaptiehs. As we were making our purchases, a Zeybeck in full costume passed through the bazaar. He was rather a curious sight; for not only was his belt filled with inlaid arms of every

description, but he wore about six bracelets above each elbow, whilst round his neck hung several sorts of chains. I had never seen such a display of silver jewellery before; and he seemed very proud of his appearance as he stalked haughtily through the crowd, which divided as he passed, and eyed him in no friendly manner.

The only ancient remains in Kaisariyeh are the tombs, the castle and the walls; but we noticed that numerous sarcophagi had been turned into drinking troughs for cattle in many of the streets. There are neither pillars, pedestals, nor capitals to be seen, and the entire absence of anything pertaining to Greek art is remarkable.

We finished up the afternoon by paying two visits.

The first was to an Armenian family in order to taste the Kaisariyeh wine. We were struck on entering the house by the quantity of stone used in the interior decorations; the cornices, stairs, balustrades were all of stone, but the fine simplicity of the architecture only served to throw into strong contrast the execrable taste of the furniture. All the shutters were closed in the room we were shown into, so as to prevent a ray of light taking the colour out of the hangings. The chairs and sofas were carefully covered with chintz wrappers, and the gilded Marseilles mirrors had yellow gauze folded round each frame. I need not say that the red velvet-covered furniture was French, and arranged symmetrically round the walls of the room. All the Armenian houses have a show place of this kind; whilst the inmates huddle together in a room below, where



they all sleep, eat, and make merry promiscuously. Their love of ostentation is amazingly tempered with frugality.

We had to wait some time for the arrival of our hostess, who was putting on her jewels to receive me. I saw her eyeing my sober ulster and small black hat with extreme surprise; and the silver bangles that covered my wrists were very poor compared to the gorgeous coins and imitation jewels that decked out hers. She had never seen an English lady before; and when I took off my coat, and she saw me in a tight-fitting habit she did not conceal her surprise at my slim figure, and naïvely asked "if all English ladies were as ugly?" We were much amused, more especially when she made her daughter stand out, and earnestly assured us that, even when the child was eight years old, she had not been so thin as the English lady.

After the inspection of poor me was over, the wine appeared. It is remarkably dry and of a pale amber colour, and has a very peculiar taste, more like bitters than actual wine. We had not tasted wine for so long a time that I rather liked it, but my husband thought it most unpleasant.

From the Armenian house we went to call on Mr. and Mrs. Farnsworth—Americans who have lived for twenty-five years in Kaisariyeh. I cannot explain why—but no sooner had I entered their house, than I kept thinking of "The Wide, Wide World" and "Queechy." I suspect it was the kind homely way in which we were received, the little drawing-room with the home-made ornaments, the windows full of flowerpots, the dried grasses over the pictures, and later

the delicious cakes and American compotes made by Mrs. Farnsworth herself. It all seemed like a page out of one of these books, and so different from the noisy dressed-up Americans one meets in Paris or Nice. I enjoyed the simplicity and the homeliness of it: it was a peep into a new life for me.

Mr. Farnsworth is greatly liked and much respected in Kaişariyeh: his schools are always full and admissions eagerly sought after. His labours during the famine of '74-'75 have never been forgotten, and his liberal spirit and Christian forbearance make him as much respected by the Turks as amongst his own people.

This welcome episode finished our round for the day. The following morning, it being a holy day and all the bazaars shut, we devoted to examining the old tombs.

All the tombs are of Persian or Arab architecture. They have generally a square or eight-sided base and an umbrella-like pyramid on the top. These pointed roofs are very airy and light, and most beautifully proportioned. The most celebrated is that of Honant or Honen, a Dervish saint, at the south-west end of the town and reached by passing through the grain market. It is built in an angle near the entrance of a large mosque which has a college attached to it, and it is surrounded by the tombs of many imans (priests). The mosque was built in the middle of the fourteenth century in memory of the saint, who founded an Order of Dervishes. He drew the plan himself on his return from Mecca.

It resembles no other building of the same kind in Asia Minor. It has many points in common with the architecture of Egypt or Arabia. Inside the entrance door is a large court with arches raised round it in a horseshoe shape, something in the Moorish style, and under this arcade are the iman tombs. A high wall, having many windows, shut in with plaster of Paris lattice-work, separates the court from the actual mosque, the inside of which we did not see; but this I believe was no loss, for all the decorations have been spent on the outside of the building and on Honant's tomb.

We ascended to the interior of the latter by a narrow staircase in a ruinous state. Passing through a doorway, we entered a circular chamber having three tombs in the centre. That of Honant is in marble and carved all over with an Arabic inscription. The others on each side of it have been placed there at a later date, and are formed by two pieces of an old marble column laid horizontally on the ground. The room was filled to the depth of several feet by papers with Turkish characters inscribed on them; for all the bits of MS., odd volumes and leaves of books, are deposited here, because of the Moslem dislike to destroying or trampling on any written paper lest the name of "Allah" should be on it.

The outside of this tomb is the most beautiful part of it. The foundation is made of marble, taken from the ancient city which stood half a mile nearer to the mountain than the present one. The elaborately intricate details of the sculp-

ture can hardly be described. I believe the style is Arabic. The basement is formed of corbels in a style that has no name in modern architecture. These are formed by a succession of polygons, whose projections make an infinite variety of little niches, which are decorated with geometrical designs intermixed with Arabic inscriptions. Involute and convolute carvings are worked all round it, and the whole design has a most rich, yet solid effect. The eight sides are formed by oval-shaped arcades, and the angles strengthened by columns supporting an entablature in the same style as the basement. The tomb is completed by a pyramid.

There are many other tombs in the town and on the adjoining plain, but none so beautiful as this one. It is a curious fact that most of these tombs have been raised in honour of different women, but no one could give us trustworthy information as to the motives. It says much for the architecture that in such a land of earthquakes, they have stood without a single stone being removed since the day, ages ago, when they were completed.

Having finished our inspection we started to see the old castle, and on the way met a curious apparition. A tall gaunt-looking man, dressed in an Inverness cape and wearing a chimney-pot hat that must have been in fashion before I was born, stopped my husband by tapping him on the arm and said with an unmistakable twang: "I guess, stranger, this is a pretty crowd, but not so big as London city." We were told subsequently that he was a half-mad Armenian doctor, who had gone to America a few years before, and

been converted. He came back a most enthusiastic member of the Young Men's Christian Association, bringing with him the cloak and hat above mentioned. He held nightly meetings amongst the Armenian young men, and was busying himself trying to attract Dr. Farnsworth's congregation to his own school and sowing dissension amongst the converts. Yankee civilisation had by no means improved him, and I could not help thinking what an edifying example he was to the Turks!

We entered the castle by an old bridge thrown across the moat, now dry and partly filled up, and passed under an archway into an entirely new quarter. The castle is of such large proportions, that the Turkish inhabitants have built sixty houses within the walls and erected a small mosque at one end. It is in fact the principal Moslem quarter of Kaisariyeh. We walked through narrow streets till we came to an almost perpendicular staircase, and by this mounted up to the walls, and from the top of a ruined tower had a birds-eye view of the whole building. It is oblong in shape and has a broad wall encircling it with eighteen square towers at irregular distances. The flat roofs of the houses below us were covered with grass and flowers, amidst which, not unoften, a goat might be spied contentedly browsing. They looked indeed like miniature fields suspended in mid-air; and the sight of women and children moving about in the streets beneath had a most curious effect. Storks have built their nests on the highest towers, and are left undisturbed from year to year. The place in its day must have been a

palace worthy of the Seljukian Sultans who repaired, and in many parts rebuilt, the original edifice raised by Justinian. The town, I should perhaps say, was first called Cæsarea (Kaisariyeh) by Tiberius in honour of Augustus—being previously known as Mazaca.

From the castle we went to look at what remains of the city walls. They have square towers at short distances, and are evidently of more recent date. We were struck with the fact, that the older the date of architecture, the better the workmanship. In this way, Honant's tomb is in a finer style, and has withstood better the wear and tear of time, than the castle walls; and these again, are superior in the same way to those of the city. There are few vestiges of the latter left, and in a few years not a trace even of these will be seen.\*

In the evening we were to dine with our good friends the American missionary and his wife; and in the afternoon he took us, according to promise, to Talass, which is the largest of the Christian villages on the slopes of the Arjish-Dagh—a place we had a great wish to see, because of the girls' Protestant school which Mr. Farnsworth has established in it. It is only four miles distant, just over the river Melas and then by a nice canter across the plains beyond; for, though it

---

\* Mr. Farnsworth kindly gave me the following dates. An Arabic inscription on the tomb of Honant proves it to have been erected in 635 of the Hegira (1238 of our year the Crusades). The castle wall dates from 799 of the Hegira or 1395 A.D. And from an inscription inscribed on one of the gates, we know that the wall round the town was built in 983 of the Hegira (1575 A.D.).

may seem almost incredible, there is no road between the two towns. It would not cost more than forty pounds in money and a fortnight in time to make a very good road. The ground is perfectly level ; and the sole expense would be to make a couple of Irish causeways over the stream that in winter time flows from the mountains. It is surely a scandalous thing that the second greatest town in the eastern part of the Turkish empire, should actually be without a road either to enter or leave it !

I rode the Pasha's white donkey ; but unfortunately found that its appearance was superior to its paces ; for I never sat on a rougher or more uncomfortable animal. I was not, however, entirely engrossed in its performances, for Mr. Farnsworth pointed out all the objects of interest on the way, and enlivened his information with many amusing anecdotes.

One of the first objects to which he called my attention was a large circular stone, to the right, with a hole in its centre. To this, the natives bring their children soon after they are born, and pass them through the hole in order that they may learn to speak early. Passing Ali-Dagh and its three sugarloaf peaks, I learned that the legend runs, that Ali, the cousin and brother-in-law of Mahomet, was riddling some earth over Argæus and one riddelful escaped from his hands and formed the Ali-Dagh. But the Armenian fable in connection with Argæus is still more quaint. Noah, it says, was sailing in the Ark towards Ararat, when falling foul of the cone, he cursed the mountain, and foretold its sterile and

bleak appearance in language which, Mr. Farnsworth said, was too forcible to bear translation.

Talass itself is a thriving little town ; the country residences of the merchants being sufficient evidence that their reputation for wealth and luxury has some foundation. The want of trees is a great drawback to my mind ; yet the view from the higher part across the plain and over the hills crowned with villages round the city, is very beautiful, and shows the latter place in the most pleasing aspect we had seen.

We went over Mr. Farnsworth's boarding-school, and were much amused with the girls. He very rightly keeps to their native customs as much as possible. Each girl brings her own mattress and quilt, and lays it on the floor at night, rolling it up in the morning just as she would do at home. The lady teacher told me she had great difficulty in teaching them cleanly habits, notably that of the daily use of comb and brush ; an assurance that Nahli's story of the Easter brushing, shortly to be given in its proper place, is no romance on the part of that imaginative individual. Indeed she affirmed that in their own homes they never touch their heads but once in six months !

Mr. Farnsworth intends these girls to become teachers later, and go to different towns and in them open schools of their own. They are taught no foreign languages, only instructed in reading and writing their own correctly, and above all things to learn the Scriptures thoroughly in the Armenian tongue.



Our ride back was delightful, the sun at times almost too powerful, making it difficult to realise the fact that these plains are at times excessively cold. Indeed, only so lately as the 13th of April, a man and a boy had been frozen to death on their road to Talass.

During dinner our kind hosts advised us to take an araba, or native waggon, to Koniah, as most of the journey is over the plains, and can easily be accomplished in one of them. The next morning we went to inspect the vehicles, and to make up our minds as to whether driving or riding would be preferable.

An araba is a four-wheeled cart, without springs, but made in such a manner that the movements are more serpentine than jolting. I often felt later, when driving in one of them, as if one end of the waggon was going in one direction and the other end in another ; this movement was more distinctly felt when passing over heavy ground. Canvas covers are stretched over ash wands, and make a capital protection from rain or sun. The waggon is drawn by two, and sometimes by three horses, and goes at the rate of about six miles an hour. The horses are remarkably hardy and will continue sometimes for sixteen hours without a rest. The drivers are all Tartars. A tribe of them came from Russia about forty years ago, because of the ill-treatment they suffered from the Russian authorities. They are under the command of a chief who lives in a village on the Pyramus near Missis. They profess the Mahomedan religion, but I have strong doubts as to the sincerity of their belief.

---

One man offered to drive us by way of Nem Shehr to Koniah. He said that from the former town we could get down to Nigdeh and Eregli, and thence across the great plain by Karabunar to the Turkish capital. We agreed to pay him five pounds for the journey and the bargain was struck. He promised to appear at our house by sunrise next day. In the meantime, as it was Holy Friday and the shops shut as before, we amused ourselves by walking about and re-examining the ruins we had seen on the previous day.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### ARMENIAN AND TURK.

The Armenians—Their control of commerce—Reputation for smartness—Want of good qualities—Our own experiences detailed ; confirmed by Nahli's—Mr. Farnsworth on them—A very black legend—Appearance of the men and women—Early marriages and their results—An unsavoury *coiffure*—The nomadic tribes ; Turcomans ; Yuruks ; Kurds ; Affschars—A word for the Turk ; difficulties of authorities ; uncertain tenure of office and foreign interference—How "atrocities" are manufactured—Armenian influence with missionaries—Diverse notions of proselytism by the two races—Our interest in the country and result of our inquiry : sympathy with the Turk.

FROM what has been said in the previous chapter, the reader will have learned that our experiences of the inhabitants of Kaisariyeh, and especially of the bazaar population, were the reverse of a pleasant nature.

This city is supposed to be the principal commercial mart in the centre of Asia, and the inhabitants, who are mostly Armenians, are said to be remarkably shrewd in their business transactions. In fact nearly all the commerce of Asia Minor is in their hands, and they are found following their pursuits

in the remotest parts of the empire. One rarely hears of an Armenian as an agriculturist ; they are all traders, and the Greeks and the Turks seem to have an instinctive dislike to have any dealings with them. Their secretive disposition does not win them friends, and their parsimony and greed have gained them the silent contempt of the Mahomedan. Our own experiences of them, later, force me to add that their servility and meanness combined with their untruthfulness and utter lack of honesty and gratitude, caused us to avoid coming into contact with them on every possible occasion.

The Armenians may be an industrious thriving people,\* but God forbid we should have anything to do with them. If we do, they will be an everlasting thorn in our side. They have not a single characteristic attribute that we admire ; neither patriotism, nor pride in the ancient history of their country, nor yet ambition to see it once again an independent kingdom. They live only for making and hoarding money, and are at present torn by conflicting opinions as to which side in the coming conflict it will be more advantageous for them to take—the Russian or the English. Their natural inclinations point decidedly to the former ; for they not only dislike us now for protecting the Turks, but they fear for the future, on account of our greater probity and impartiality in dealing out justice.

My own experience justified every word I had heard

---

\* It is a well-known fact that no Jews live in Cæsarea ; they cannot compete with the natives.

about them ; though at first I had thought the account given of the inhabitants of Kaisariyeh must be exaggerated. But I am sorry to say I left the town ready, not only to endorse the evil said of them, but able to supplement it with many facts that had come to my own knowledge.

I had been very anxious to buy some Killim carpets in Kaisariyeh, as it is the principal centre of their manufacture ; all the wholesale merchants living in it. On the afternoon of our arrival we started, as I have mentioned, on a voyage of discovery, hoping to be able to make some large purchases. It would be a waste of time to relate our experiences in detail ; I need only say that the news of our intention had spread like wildfire, and everything at once went up in price about nine hundred per cent.

We went to one merchant after another, but saw no carpets I cared to buy ; the colours were gaudy—a hideous magenta seemed the favourite hue ; and the designs were large and coarse without any attempt at a border. A carpet nine feet long and six broad can be bought from the Turcoman makers for one pound ; we were asked twenty—the man coming down to seven pounds before we left, but I refused to give more than three.

It was the same story everywhere. They knew we were English, and the merchants determined to make a good profit out of us, or else not part with their wares. It was almost laughable at last ; the zaptiehs indeed would go into peals of laughter at the prices asked. This made the men only the more dogged, and they would gather up their things

and thrust them into a heap in a corner, and then sit down with their backs turned, to show they wanted to have nothing more to do with us. As we left their shops, their baffled rapacity would find vent in looks of vindictive hatred, and their eyes would follow us anxiously and greedily, to see how other merchants fared with us. It was really quite a curious study of misdirected sharpness ; yet I cannot help thinking there was a feeling of personal animosity, as well as commercial shrewdness in all this—for even when Nahli went out to buy some pastourma for his wife, he met with the same fate.

Kaisariyeh is famous for its pastourma. This is made in the autumn, and the town is anything but savoury at that time of the year. Meat is cut into narrow strips, preserved with garlic and other spices, and then dried in the sun. All the natives think very highly of it, but it tastes too strongly of garlic to be relished by English palates. Nahli wanted to buy some as the most acceptable present he could take home to his young wife ; but he was asked twenty-eight piastres an oke for it ; whereas he could have bought the same Kaisariyeh pastourma at Mersina for twelve. On inquiry why they asked him so much, he was coolly told that he was with “the English ” and must pay in consequence.

I do not think it was on account of our supposed riches, that they refused to sell except at their own price ; for throughout the East one is accustomed to being asked double what the things are worth, and a little patience and good temper will generally succeed in reducing these demands

to what is right and proper. But these people showed such bad feeling, so downright a determination not to sell us anything they thought we were anxious to purchase, that they actually preferred the loss of sale, to giving us an article under the price they chose to put on it.

I asked our friend Mr. Farnsworth his opinion of the Armenians. He paused some time before answering me, and then replied that he thought they have a great deal of Yankee spirit in them. He considered them sharp and overreaching, and he quite understood that an Englishman coming to Kaisariyeh should be utterly disgusted with them. He acknowledged also that they disliked the English, and would show us their worst side. He himself, he said, had got on well with them.

He finished his remarks by telling me a characteristic legend of the people, which should not be omitted. The devil it appears came to Kaisariyeh once and walked about the bazaar, delighted with the bustle and prosperity, and expressed himself highly gratified with his visit. Suddenly he put his hand to his head and found his fez had been stolen; on further search his purse was gone; and when he went to put on his shoes, he found that they, too, had disappeared. Thereupon he declared that the Armenians were too much even for him, and decamped by the first araba he could find.

In going about the town we found our escort of zaptiehs of much use in keeping back the crowds that followed us about.. Whenever we stopped at a shop, about fifty people

would congregate round, thrusting their noses into our faces. And an Armenian nose is no joke. It is quite as characteristic in its way as the Jewish, but is not so handsome in appearance, being both broad and flat.

The men, however, are a tall fine race, but the expression of their faces is unpleasant ; their crafty restless eyes cannot look you straight in the face. They wear long coats of the finest cloth lined and bordered with fur ; but the effeminate white stockings and elastic-side boots take away from the dignified appearance of their costume.

The Armenian ladies are decidedly handsome, fine, strong healthy-looking women, with black hair and eyes, and rosy cheeks ; not by any means refined or lovely, but decidedly what are called "fine women." Dr. Michaeliane told Andrew that they were often married at eleven years of age, and that such a thing as death happening when their children were born, is unknown amongst them.

He is a strong advocate of early marriages, and pointed as conclusive evidence in favour of his theory to the fresh and youthful appearance of the Kaisariyeh Armenians. Certainly early marriages did not seem to age them, for mothers with great sons of twenty looked as young as if still brides. They all wear a red fez on the head, which they never take off even in the house. It is becoming, for it is worn over their long black hair, which is left to fall in innumerable small plaits down the back, and fastened by strings of silver coins. Nahli's story concerning them, to which I have already referred, is that they never brush or comb their hair except at Easter-



time ; and that though it is daily smoothed with a soft brush and pomatum, the plaits are only combed out once in the year !

I tried to get some authentic information about the different tribes in Anatolia. The Greeks, the Armenians, and the Turks we know all about ; but the Kurds, Turcomans, and Yuruks I had never heard of before, except as casually mentioned by some newspaper correspondent.

I had often heard the word *Yerli* mentioned, and on inquiring found that it is the general name for a peasant of Anatolia. It is not given to the nomadic tribes, but to those who always stay in the same place and cultivate the ground.

The Turcomans on the other hand never cultivate the ground. They are to be found generally on the plains, and live entirely on the produce of their flocks. They are supposed to be descended from the Tartar tribes who came into the country before the conversion of their people to Islamism. They do not migrate up to the mountains like most of the other tribes. They are hardy and industrious, and the women are often very handsome. Their high headdress makes them look taller than they really are, and their figures seem seldom to fall away into the shapeless mass of fat which disfigures the Armenian women. As a rule they do not veil or cover their faces. I have already described their tents, which are quite peculiar to their own tribes. They have, as a rule, a fixed winter residence, and only move from their village when the summer heat compels them.

The Yuruks come next in numbers, and resemble the

Turcomans in many points. They are nomadic and have no settled villages, but in summer start from the south and move onwards slowly with their herds towards the north and the higher ground, and return again to the south—though not necessarily to the same region. On this account they are often in trouble; for their herds get mixed and they find themselves on the land annexed by some other tribe, and perpetual quarrels ensue. They live in tents of black goats'-hair manufactured by their women, and greatly resembling in colour and shape those of the Bedouin. These tents are oblong, and divided into different compartments for women, men, and cattle. The Yuruks and Turcomans are very similar in appearance; as a rule, we only knew the difference by the shape of their tents. Those who live in the vicinity of large towns act as charcoal-burners, supplying the people with fuel.

The Kurds speak a different language, each tribe having, I believe, a dialect of its own in which are found many Persian words; Persian characters are also used in all their correspondence: however, they all understand Turkish. They have their own chiefs, and breed horses, and keep large flocks of cattle and sheep. They make butter and cheese of a superior quality, and in the winter-time weave carpets. The Kurd carpets are very strong but are seldom made of more than two colours—a deep reddish brown, or dark blue with sometimes a little white mixed in. They are a turbulent people, and in the north-east district give great trouble to the authorities. They hire themselves out as

labourers during the harvest-time, and thousands of them then travel down from Diarbekir to Adana. They require a very tight hand kept over them. They are descended from the ancient Cardusians and have inherited their war-like attributes. They are darker in complexion than the Turcomans, are good riders and marksmen, tall and wiry, and can, as well as their horses, endure great fatigue and exposure. They appear to be amongst the earliest Indo-European tribes that migrated to this part of the East.

There is another race, called the *Affschars*, often confounded with the Kurds, but descended from the old Armenian branch that embraced Mahomedanism, and settled in the eastern Taurus or round by *Kaisariyeh*. They are very troublesome and last year refused to pay their taxes, threatening to sack the town. They as a rule breed camels, sheep, and horses, and also weave carpets. Their name is said to come from a branch of the extinct dynasty of *Arshagunyan*. The customs, habits, and physical appearance of the race strikingly indicate that they are of Armenian origin, and all their own traditions point to the same fact.

And now having described the peculiarities of the Armenian, and the habits of the nomadic inhabitants of Asia Minor, I will say a word for the ruling race: the domineering, persecuting, rapacious, and truculent Turk—as he is popularly supposed to be.

I do not, for a moment, argue that the Moslem is a good

ruler ; indeed, I must, I fear, admit that he has not the qualities to enable him to be so. But the polity of the Government may in many instances, account for self-seeking ; whilst on the other hand, there are many influences that help to undermine his authority. When I come to describe our arrival at Nem Shehr on the day after we left Kaisariyeh, I shall purposely give at full length the disagreeable scene, for in it the local authority showed himself quite unequal to the task of maintaining order. And although I hope that there are not many governors quite so useless in a moment of difficulty as the caimacan of Nem Shehr ; yet it is I fear, but too true an illustration that the Turkish officials are wanting in the strength of will and steadiness of purpose necessary for keeping order amongst the mixed races under their control.

They not unoften lack decision and courage, and are unfortunately ignorant to boot. On the other hand, they are dreadfully bullied. They live in daily dread of petitions, misstatements of facts, consular interference, missionary espionage, and hundreds of small annoyances which must make their life a burden to them. These things are enough in themselves to account for their indifference to all else than collecting sufficient money to enable them comfortably to resign their appointments.

But so far from the Turks of Anatolia being fanatical or overbearing, I much fear it is our fellow-Christians who are so. They are all more or less agitators ; and are specially adepts in gaining their own ends by perversion

of the truth leading to that European outcry and European pressure, which frighten the governors of distant provinces into favouring their schemes. Whenever I hear of Moslem fanaticism and tyranny in Anatolia, I have only to think of what I actually witnessed myself, to know how easy it is for the unscrupulous to make mountains of molehills; and I fear I must add that for these exaggerations, the missionaries are not a little to blame.

Most of the atrocities one hears of are reported through the missionaries; and I cannot refrain from saying that these men, earnest and self-sacrificing as they are, are sometimes bigoted and narrow-minded. If we remember that every Christian in Turkey is fully aware of the influence in Europe of the dictum of the missionary, and will rush off to him at once with any tittle-tattle or imaginary grievance—we can see how easily birth can be given to some horrible story, if the missionary is not careful to ascertain the correctness or incorrectness of the statement before repeating it—and I fear this care is not always taken. And the story once stated is seldom refuted. It is not denied, for the simple reason that there is no one to deny it. It is old before it comes back to the ears of those most concerned, and they, with true Moslem fatalism, sit in silence under the charge. Indeed if they would challenge it, they have not the power. They cannot write to our papers; and thus many a story of horror has currency and belief simply for want of a denial on the part of its helpless victim.

With regard to proselytism I think that I may offer a

word also. I like Mr. Farnsworth so much, and think him and his son-in-law Mr. Fowle so truly earnest and devoted in their work, that I am diffident in writing my thoughts, lest they should suppose they might apply to them, which they certainly are not intended to do. I am diffident too, because I know I am too young and inexperienced to offer suggestions to grave men. Yet my own sense tells me, from what I saw, that the results of all the missionary money and missionary labours spent during the last forty years, are very small ; and that possibly the people would more readily see the errors of their own faith, if they were instructed in civilisation by shining examples in ours, rather than by the current process of forcing unpalatable dogmas upon them whether they will or not.

At all events, under the present system, sincere converts from Islamism are, from all we heard, unknown. And indeed I have little sympathy with proselytism. So long as a man is conscientiously good according to his own lights, and believes in God, I do not see why his faith should be disturbed. I at least have some respect for the Mahomedan who does not wish to change his religion ; whilst I look with more than a little suspicion on the Armenian, who is ready to acquiesce in becoming whatever may suit him best. There are many earnest Protestants amongst the Armenians no doubt ; but, at the same time, the bulk of them are quite alive to the fact that their children receive a superior education by attending the missionary schools, and also that young converts are eventually pushed

on in life, and situations found for them, independently of their families, through the aid of the missionary societies.

I dwell on this, because I think the fact that the missionaries are so utterly unsuccessful in converting the Moslems, renders them more willing to hear, believe, and transmit stories against them.

I have tried to seriously examine all these matters, because my husband has taught me to take the keenest interest in Anatolia. We are waiting, indeed, for the future with almost a personal interest, and have well weighed in our minds the advantages and disadvantages of many things in regard to English relations with the country in times to come.

I do not wish to be an advocate for the Turk beyond a certain point. But if, on the one hand, I have admitted his deficiencies as a ruler, justice, on the other, demands that I should point out that most of the stories told against him are false. His Government is a bad one, and I hope a doomed one; but admitting so much, there is not a little to be said in his behalf. I am come fresh from the country where the Armenian and his alleged oppressor are in daily contact; and what is the lesson the visit has taught? On the one side, I see the poor down-trodden Turk, abused and robbed by everyone, bearing his fate with such patient endurance, such uncomplaining fortitude and noble heroism. I see his country going from him day by day, and his race disappearing hourly off the land his forefathers conquered. On the other side, I see the grasping Armenian and wily

Greek steadily rising in wealth, trade and political influence ; and I cannot refrain on the face of it all, from feeling full of compassionate zeal for the dying man. I know that to help him is only prolonging his misery ; but God forbid he should ever be handed over to a new tyranny, more cruel, more merciless and more fanatically bigoted than the old—the tyranny of Holy Russia.

My sympathies have been more excited in favour of the Turks, in Kaisariyeh than anywhere else. The insolent bearing of the Christians, the petty espionage and perpetual talebearing that is going on, must make every honest heart beat with pity and indignation.



## CHAPTER XV.

### A DAY OF PERIL.

The araba and its driver—The muleteer again—How he had behaved in Kaisariyeh—His last demand and its reward—The last scene of all ; a strong man's anger—Nahli, too, is avenged—Disconcerted sympathisers—The morass and its causeway—Perils of a Turkish bridge—Karibtcha—Luncheon ; a doubtful well—Familiarity of the arabaji—His looks and costume—Kara-euk—A waggon-bed—Conical villages—The yellow khan—Pyramidal hills—Shoukuk ; an apt translation—We lose our way and are mistaken for Circassians—A blind guide—Our driver attempts a precipice—Wreck and mutilation—An unpleasant outlook—Nahli despatched for help—My husband follows—Alone with a dying man—Five hours of dread suspense—"Oh mither, when ye cradled me!"—Suspicious visitors—A welcome voice—Help at last.

IT was the 2nd of May when our interesting, if not in every respect agreeable, stay of five days in the famous Armenian city came to an end ; for our waggon arrived, as promised, punctually at daylight.

The Tartar driver had half-filled it with chopped straw (saman), partly for our comfort and partly as food for his horses on the plains. Over this we spread our blankets and wraps. The saddles were fastened on behind, and our large

bag put across the middle to separate us from Nahli and the driver. It looked very comfortable, and the horses were fresh, and seemed well cared for. The first word the arabaji uttered, on stopping at the door was "backsheesh." He spoke vile Turkish, but not quite so indistinctly as the Persian muleteer; though Nahli had some difficulty in understanding either of them.

But we were not to get away so pleasantly as we had hoped; for just as the last packages were being stowed away, our old friend and torment appeared round the corner.

But before describing the episode of his final disappearance from the scene, I should first say that during our stay in Kaisariyeh he had been following us about; and when he heard of our arrangement with the arabaji, had come to demand an explanation, asserting we had agreed to take his horses on to Koniah. Nahli had replied that we arranged to take the horses we had seen in Adana, but not those he had brought to Tarsus.

Besides, two of them were unfit for further work. The back of Nahli's horse was in such a horrible state that he had not dared to take the saddle off; and since we had left Tarsus the girths had not been unfastened; and yet on this poor wretch the owner now turned up! It seems a most cruel custom, but we noticed that the pack-saddles are never removed, and at night the muleteer used to fasten the huge sharp native stirrups in such a way, that it was impossible the horse should lie down and thus roll the saddle off. I cannot understand how the horses endure it;

indeed, none of these wretched animals would be allowed to move out of their stables in England, and most of them would be destroyed by order of the police.

Nahli had paid the man what we owed him, and then Andrew had shut the door on them both, leaving them to fight it out in the street. The argument continued for over an hour, for as soon as the man said a rude thing, Nahli said another; at last my husband had to order him to leave off talking, and told the man to go to the governor if he were not satisfied. We had paid him three medjidies over what we had agreed to give, but he claimed the full sum to Koniah. He pursued us all that day through the streets, trying to collect a crowd whenever we stopped. Our zaptiehs used to rush at him with their sticks, when he would disappear, but only to return again in half-an-hour!

When, now on the eve of our departure, we again saw his ill-omened face, we studiously ignored his presence, and paid no attention to his complaints. On this he seemed to gain courage, approached still nearer, and began the old sing-song we knew so well. The crowd round us were highly delighted and gave him every encouragement to proceed. Seeing we were just off, he began to call out still louder and more vociferously; there was no mistaking the insolence of his tone. At last he had worked himself up into such a pitch of rage, that we distinctly heard the words, "Haivan, keupek,"\* addressed in our direction.

---

\* Beast, dog.

This finished my husband. He has so serene a temper that it takes a very great deal to rouse him, and he has all an Englishman's horror of a row in the street; but the last straw that broke the camel's back had been laid on. He just made one stride towards the unfortunate muleteer: in an instant he was whirled from his saddle, my husband exclaiming: "You will have it, will you? Then, you *shall* have it!" And holding him by his collar in one hand, he gave him with the other, a sound thrashing with his whip.

I never saw a man thrashed before, and I hope I never shall again. My husband is well known amongst his brother-soldiers as a strong man, and the pent-up wrath of ten days was let loose in the blows he showered on the Persian's back. The poor wretch shrieked and wriggled, crying out "Aman, aman!" (mercy, mercy), and his yells must have been heard at the serai. At last Andrew let him go, and with a shove sent him flying down the street.

Nahli all this time had been having a little private revenge of his own. He had been greatly incensed with the muleteer's insults to himself, but was afraid of openly noticing them; so now he vented his ruffled feelings by flogging his enemy's horse; declaring he would break the horse's bones, in the same way that the "*bête maudite*" had broken his all the way from Tarsus. I saw him in a corner dancing round it, and every now and then striking it with his fists and calling it all the names he longed to address to its master. He only ceased on my remonstrating with

him ; but was careful to copy my husband by giving it a final kick and sending it galloping off.

In the meantime the Armenian crowd had fled in all directions. Some had jumped on to the doorsteps, others were clinging to the window-rails, and all seemed spell-bound with amazement. As my husband approached, contemptuously wiping his whip with his pocket-handkerchief, he suddenly rolled the latter into a ball and aimed it straight at the open mouth of a gaping Armenian who was standing near with his eyes nearly out of his head. In one second not a man was left, and we finished our packing in peace. This was the last of our Persian and the last incident that happened in Kaisariyeh ; for in ten minutes afterwards we had left the town a good way behind us.

Instead of skirting the base of the mountain by the road we came by, we drove straight towards the centre of the plain, passing through a dreary country with patches of ploughed ground ready for seed. It took us an hour and a half driving from Kaisariyeh to the commencement of the morass, which we crossed by a stone causeway worn away in many places. We were often obliged to descend from the araba and follow on foot. The croaking of the frogs filled the air with hoarse harmonies ; but there was no other sign of life over the melancholy scene. Yet the stagnant pools with lilies resting on their surface, and the pollard willows growing amongst the spear-like flags, had a charm of their own which was not without beauty.

We crossed four bridges before leaving the morass, the last having six arches, at the Shuruck Sou. This bridge is called the Boghaz Keupru ; the stones are exceeding rough, and in going over it, our traces broke and we were in imminent danger of backing over into the stream below—for there is no parapet to the bridge. My husband sprang out dragging me after him, and held the wheel from going round by main force. The arabajis are very clever in repairing any damage done to their carts, and in a quarter of an hour our driver had his traces (of raw hide) made stronger than ever. I amused myself whilst waiting, by sitting on the river-bank watching the turtle disporting themselves in the water, and tumbling off the ledges when they caught sight of me. I counted over a hundred lying close to the arches.

We drove through deep sand for several miles leaving Injehsu on our left. We had again to leave the araba here, for there was no appearance of any track and the driver seemed to be choosing his own way. We walked for a mile over land covered with southernwood, thyme and rosemary, every footstep making the air fragrant with the odours of the bruised herbs. A very steep hill led to a delightful little grassy plateau with a few stone houses scattered over it. The hamlet is called Karibtcha. It had taken exactly five-and-a-half hours to reach it.

We unharnessed the horses and prepared for lunch. Paul had been trotting all the time fastened with a rope to the back of the waggon, and seemed as glad as the other horses

to be let loose and enjoy a roll on the springy turf. The village belongs to some Turcomans, and the little houses are the same in shape as their tents, resembling stone beehives with small entrances. No woodwork of any kind was needed, and I don't see where it would have come from had it been required; we had not seen any trees except the marsh willows all day. At the bottom of the cliff there is a narrow valley with a spring of ice-cold water. We brought our luncheon down the hill, and had a picnic by the water; we were startled afterwards to find the basin into which the spring flowed full of leeches. They are very dangerous to horses, getting up the nose or under the tongue and causing much irritation.

Our driver joined us at luncheon coolly helping himself to what he fancied. Mr. Farnsworth had warned us that these people expect to share your food, and that it is better to humour them as they are then more obliging. However we got Nahli to explain that he might eat after, but not with us. My husband says this man exactly resembles the Ghoorkas he saw in Malta. To me, he looks like a Chinese with his flat face, high cheekbones and little eyes set obliquely in his head. He wears tight-fitting quilted trousers and a long frockcoat made out of black silk, a turban completing this curious costume.

Our road in the afternoon continued over several hills and plateaux, and finally by a longer descent than usual we found ourselves on a sweep of level ground bordered by low hills. There were no signs of either herds or cultivation,

and we did not see a human being till we arrived at seven P.M. at Kara-euk ("black load"), a small hamlet containing about a dozen houses, most of them cut out of the solid rock. The strangers'-room was too dirty to be thought of as a sleeping-place, so we unpacked the waggon, closed all the curtains and slept inside it very comfortably. Paul was tied to the wheel next to me, and I could not resist laughing outright in the night, when I felt his soft nose pushing my side, looking for my pocket—for he knew I generally had something nice there for him.

This village is not marked on Kiepert's map; but I discovered that we had passed Bashteck some way on our left and Baldinar on our right; so we had a fair idea of the road we had taken. Nem Shehr was the town we were making for, but we had determined to make a little detour in order to see Urgub on our way.

We said good-bye to the inhabitants at daybreak. They had been quiet and civil. They seemed very poor, for the backsheesh we gave the "headman" was very gratefully received.

We drove on through the same uncultivated country as on the previous day, without trees or water. About half an hour from the village we came to a picturesque ruin, either a tomb or a church. It was built over several large and small arches, and had a smaller building of the same description near it. Farther on we passed a large village on our right called Bochsach, and shortly afterwards arrived at the



banks of the Shuruck Sou, which we had crossed yesterday, and drove along for several miles, the land in the neighbourhood beginning to show more signs of cultivation. There were several small villages in the distance; and the hills seemed nearer and more undulating. They are all of the same formation along this road—conical-shaped, with a wall of rock encircling them either midway or near the summit. These black rocks show very distinctly against the light-coloured soil of the hills.

We passed a village of more pretending appearance than most of them called Soviar, and then came in sight of the Sari-Khan ("yellow khan"), which is a large *red* building surrounded by numerous outhouses and situated in a valley. The direct road to Nem Shehr goes past the khan, but ours to Urgub lay to the left. We noticed here for the first time the remarkable conical hills and peaks which make Urgub so famous. They resemble small pyramids, and stand about in groups of from three to fifty, filling up the ravines and valleys.

Here our arabaji entirely lost his way. We could not see a trace of a road; however he declared that Urgub was only four hours distant and he would take us there safely. We drove up and down several steep inclines, dragging the waggon over the beds of numerous streams, pushing or hauling it up the opposite bank. At last we arrived on a level plateau covered with vineyards, where a few labourers were at work. The heat and glare from the white sandstone nearly blinded me; but we toiled on, following the waggon

on foot. A small village was in sight called Shoukuk, which Nahli translated "Monter et descendre ;" a most appropriate name—for the whole country is nothing but a succession of narrow ups and downs.

We called to a haymaker in the fields to show us the way, but it took considerable persuasion to make him come to us. He asked if we were "Georgians" and evidently mistook the arabaji for a Circassian. The heat seemed to increase and I felt as if I could walk no farther ; but my husband was afraid to allow me to get into the waggon, for the ground was so rough that at every pull it seemed ready to go over. On arriving at the edge of a precipice, leading down into a ravine, beyond which was the bed of a river, our guide halted, and pointing to the distant water, said Urgub lay on the other side. Before we could get a clearer explanation he turned and fled.

We saw no way of getting down the ravine-side, and all went in different directions looking for a less steep place than where we had left the waggon. Andrew and I were about five hundred yards off, when suddenly we saw the driver actually preparing to make the descent. He endeavoured to go down by driving sideways along the bank. To us, who were standing on the opposite side, it looked as if the waggon were going on two wheels, and it seemed marvellous how the horses did not fall over.

We remained rooted to the spot, afraid almost to breathe. In two minutes all was over. The horses lost their footing and gave one plunge, breaking the pole and splinter-bars, and

dashing headlong down the precipice ; the waggon bounded right into the air and turning a complete somersault fell crashing into the hollow below, roof downwards—the hind wheels in the air, the other two sent spinning several yards off. We heard the arabaji give one shriek. “Allah !” he cried, and in a second lay huddled up a bleeding senseless mass.

Nahli stood on the heights above, holding Paul, whom he was leading at the time, and gesticulating like a madman. Andrew shouted to him to stop the horses, which were flying along the valley kicking furiously at the broken harness and woodwork which dangled behind them, and quite senseless with terror. He and I meanwhile rushed to where the poor arabaji lay ; and my husband turned him gently over, half dragging and half carrying him to the shadow of a projecting rock. We could not make out if he were dead or not. His face was covered with blood and cut in many places. Andrew thought he felt his heart feebly beating, and when we rubbed his face fresh blood would flow. This comforted us, for we remembered that dead men never bleed. We had no water and the river was at least four miles distant.

Nahli at last approached, and seeing our difficulty produced a small flask of raki (a spirit flavoured with gum mastic), which he carried for his private consumption. Andrew forced a few drops of this through the man’s teeth. He gave a deep groan and tried to turn, pointing to his left side. We saw he could not move and we all looked at one another in despair.

To catch the horses was the first thing to be attempted ; and

this Andrew succeeded in doing. After half-an-hour's hard work, he had them tied securely to the stump of a tree. Then we set to work to gather up our belongings. The extent of ground which the débris strewed was extraordinary. Everything had been burst open, and straps and ropes broken, and all our purchases lay scattered about. Nahli was quite useless; he seemed to lose his head altogether, declaring we would be robbed and murdered. My husband persuaded him at last to rouse up and try to get us horses in the little village we had seen above. The poor fellow started away in a very unhappy frame of mind.

The araba was completely shattered. It was utterly useless, we could see, to hope to drive any longer even if the driver recovered. We hoped if Nahli brought us something to ride on, that we could get to Nem Shehr by nightfall and find a new araba there. For two hours we waited expecting his return; and though Andrew kept constantly ascending to the highest points overlooking the country, we could see no sign of him. At last he determined to go himself; for if something were not done, we might have to remain in the ravine for days. He made an awning over my head with some of our wraps, and gave me his Ashanti pistol. He explained how I should use it if I were attacked, and mounting one of the waggon-horses rode off.

I was left all alone with the dying man, who lay a few yards from me with eyes shut, the dead silence only broken now and then by a low moan issuing from his lips. The stillness and the ever-increasing heat were awful. The sun

blazed down into the ravine where I sat, the white rocks reflected back the heat, and the puffs of air felt like blasts from a fiery furnace. Every hour the heat seemed to increase, and the utter silence became more insupportable.

I was parched with thirst, but felt too exhausted to move. I really thought I was going to die, and all sorts of strange ideas came into my head. Mary Hamilton's song kept ringing in my ears and repeating itself over and over :

Oh ! mither, mither, when ye cradled me,  
Little did ye think  
O' the lands that I would travel  
An' o' the death that I would dee.

I remember I was roused up once, by seeing a man on horseback peering down on me from the rock above. I raised the pistol and held it straight out ; but I think to save my life, I would have been afraid to really fire it ; and indeed I had forgotten which part Andrew had shown me to pull if I wanted to use it. The man fortunately moved off as suddenly as he had come, and whether Circassian or Kurd, I was too dazed to make out.

The hours seemed to drag wearily along when the sound of footsteps again roused me. I hoped this time that it was my husband, but feared it was the horseman returning with his friends to plunder us. Instead, I saw a string of baggage mules with two Turks in attendance. They stopped on seeing the débris below, and one descended halfway down the hillside. However something seemed to strike him ; for in spite of my signs and broken Turkish imploring him to

come, he just looked at us, and muttering something, rode out of sight as fast as he could. It was like the story in the bible of the injured man and the wayfarers who passed on without stopping to succour him. In truth this little incident was only one among the frequently recurring replicas of bible pictures that came before us in our travels.

After five hours' waiting I heard Andrew's voice calling out: "Wifey, wifey, here I am!" I burst into tears of thankfulness. Never in all my life did I feel so rejoiced to see my husband's cheery face.

He had found Nahli sitting on a stone exhausted, half-way to the village; and when they arrived there, they found it deserted. At last an old hag and some little children were found in a cottage; who on receiving a backsheesh told Nahli that the people had thought us Circassians, and when the shepherds had warned them of our approach, had carried off all their animals and herds and were hiding in the caves. Nahli assured her we were English, and gave a boy a medjidie to show to the natives and assure them that they would receive plenty more if they would only come back and assist us. The boy returned after a long delay with an old man, who required another bribe to be certain of our good intentions; and at last consented to return to his friends and bring back three mules, and people to help the arabaji.

The sun had began to get lower, and the air cooler. Moreover the certainty of succour had revived our spirits, and we all helped to heap up the luggage on one of the village donkeys. I mounted one of them and my husband got on Paul ready

for a start. We first saw, however, that our poor driver was attended to. He had been lifted on to a donkey by two of the natives, and we sent him and his horses back to the village. He revived enough before starting to accept the present we put in his hand to make up for the damage done to his araba ; and we eased his mind by the promise to send a zaptieh from the nearest town, with an order to make the people help him in every way.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### URGUB AND NEM SHEHR.

Approach to Urgub—A troglodyte city—A friendly caimacan—Alabaster work—The prison ; treatment of a special malefactor—A Circassian zaptieh—The upper town—Curious retreats ; cells or tombs?—A sight worth seeing ; rocks of Urgub—Natural minarets—Entrance to Nem Shehr—Arrival in the dark—An inhospitable reception—Our Circassian proves his mettle—A row and its consequences—My husband to the rescue—The khanji paid out—A humbled people—The caimacan's lack of authority—Two more specimen converts and what I thought of them—Aspect of the town—The dead alive ; our arabaji reappears !—A tribute to pluck.

No further adventure crossed our path to Urgub ; although it was of course late when we reached the town. One thing struck us. On reaching the bed of the river, we had noticed the tracks of many cartwheels ; a clear indication that there must be some known and practicable way of entering the town from the side by which we approached it. Yet on questioning the natives, they would point to the direction from which we came, and declare that was the road. The caimacan himself could give us no other information. He said indeed that no araba had been to Urgub since his



appointment four years previously. The river-bed is wide, but only small rills of water make channels along it, and during the hot weather it sometimes dries up to such an extent that only a few pools remain in the deepest parts. Vineyards bordered each bank in which, as we rode along, men and women were busy pruning, and digging round the roots.

It is hard indeed to describe this town, for it is like none other I have ever seen or read about. Nature has never revelled in stranger or more fantastic freaks than when she formed the country round Urgub. We saw a steep precipitous rock before us, with irregular masses of stone standing out like ruined castles or fortresses. One end so strikingly resembling the ruined walls, that it was only on a near inspection we could make up our minds that the buttresses and towers were natural formations in the solid rock.

We thought at first the entire side of the hill in front of us was a vast necropolis, hollowed out with many hundred caves ; but here, likewise, a closer approach showed us that the entrances to the old tombs had been demolished, and over them stone houses had been built ; the natural cave being left below, so that, in fact, each building is partly a house, and partly a cave. Their strange appearance can hardly be imagined. Natural and artificial caverns remain in the summit of the rock, and these are inhabited by millions of pigeons. Their droppings are carefully collected, and serve to heat and enrich the ground, in a great measure explaining the wonderful fertility of the soil on the plateau above.

The town itself is built back in many places, and behind the rows of cave-houses lining the face of the rock, are wide squares, fountains, bazaars and streets. The steepness of all these is very great; no araba could reach the highest part. The shops are well supplied with goods of every kind common to the East. Quantities of fruit are dried here and sent to Kaisariyeh, to be forwarded to Europe. An air of prosperity and bustle seemed to possess the town, which one hardly expected to find in a troglodyte city.

We rodé straight to the konak where the caimacan holds his court, and related all our troubles to him. He reproved the villagers who had accompanied us for their tardiness in giving us help, and promised to send assistance to our driver at once. He did his best for us, and sent zaptiehs out to find us horses to take us on to Nem Shehr that night. It was nearly sunset and he advised us to remain in Urgub; but when we heard it was only three-and-a-half hours to our intended destination, and thus that our accident would only have caused a brief delay, we decided to go on.

Before starting we visited the alabaster shop; for carving and working in alabaster is a great trade in Urgub. The stone is quarried in Baktash, where there is a large cliff of it, and brought on mules here. The alabaster bowls, and small coffee-cups and holders are certainly pretty, but the prices asked us were quite absurd. We saw a pair of tall candlesticks for which the man wanted three pounds. I offered him thirty shillings, intending to go up to two pounds later; but unfortunately for his chance of sale I noticed his

nose, and there was no mistaking the sign of the Armenian, so we left the shop without purchasing anything. Mr. Farnsworth had given us a fair idea of the prices we ought to pay, but we were of course asked three times as much. The alabaster trade is nearly entirely in the hands of the Armenians, and English travellers will find it hard to get anything at reasonable or honest prices from them.

Our horses were saddled in the courtyard of the konak ; but before starting, Andrew asked to see the prisoners. They were confined in a room opening on to the courtyard, about twenty of them peering through the bars of the window at us. They seemed well fed and light-hearted in spite of the huge chains binding them from leg to waist. One man had an iron collar round his throat ; to this was attached a heavy chain which was passed through the window and padlocked to a staple in the wall outside—he had cut off the finger of a zaptieh who was arresting him on a charge of murder ; a rather favourite mode of mutilation amongst the natives of this country. In spite of his chains he was laughing and smoking a cigarette, and did not in the least mind his uncomfortable position. The chain was long enough for him to lie down ; but it prevented him from going out of sight of the window. The prisoners are never made to work and are generally fed by their friends ; though I believe the Government makes some allowance for the very poor.

A Circassian zaptieh, the first we had seen, was ordered to show us the way to Nem Shehr. He was the son of a

chief, and superior in physique, dress, and accoutrements to most of his nation, and, indeed, as the sequel will prove, showed himself a sufficiently doughty champion when need arose. He wore the small fur-bordered cap instead of the usual zaptieh fez and turban.

On leaving the konak, we rode through the town up a very steep road, cut deeply out of the soft sand and pumice-stone. The rocks above us were perforated with square or circular holes, entrances to innumerable tombs. We at last found ourselves on an extensive plateau, covered with orchards and surrounded by ravines having perpendicular sides lined with tier upon tier of caverns. Some of these caves, in the rocks around the town, have arches cut over their entrances in the horseshoe shape we had noticed in Kaisariyeh; a few have pilasters supporting a second arcade of arches above the lower ones. They seemed a curious mixture of the Arab and Egyptian style of architecture, not in the least resembling the Greek.

It is hard to reconcile this style of building with the rude drawings of subjects taken from the Old and New Testaments, which are painted on the interior walls of several of the caves, which the absorbent nature of the rock has saved from destruction. But although most of the subjects are sacred, others again are so quaint and bizarre that it is hard to tell what they are meant for. I was told, that the village of Keuremeh, about five hours from Urgub, has many of these paintings.

No one knows the exact history of these tombs, cells, or chapels, or whatever the traveller likes to call them—for

they have a resemblance to each. Mr. Farnsworth fancied they might be the abodes of hermits belonging to the early Greek church, for Urgub is situated in Cappadocia, which province was the head-centre of these early Christians. They may have been selected later as cells by the anchorites on account of their isolation, but they probably have an earlier origin; for they look to me more like tombs than dwellings—first, on account of their extraordinary numbers (there are thousands and thousands of them extant covering an infinity of ground), and secondly, because there is no visible means of approach to most of them, many being cut in galleries along the face of the rock from two to three hundred feet above the ground.

The valleys are filled with pyramidal-shaped cones which the Turks describe as minarets. Some of these are not more than a foot in height, others taper upwards to over three hundred feet. A few have double summits, and some have evidently been cut with the chisel and carved with four distinct sides; though I believe that, generally, the quaint pyramidal form is the result of the erosion of water on the surface of the soft stone.

The colouring of the rocks is indescribably beautiful—pale-green, saffron, pink, crimson, whilst the blue shades of evening cast softened shadows over all. It was like a scene from Fairyland, and altogether the most marvellous we had ever beheld. We rejoiced keenly that we had come to Urgub. I would not have missed seeing it for anything. For many a day, the memory of the mushroom-shaped rocks and

pyramidal cones lingered in my imagination. Indeed its fantastic beauty, the uncertainty of its history, the presence of unexplored recesses in the surrounding country, must make Urgub a point of extreme interest and research. And it has the desirable attribute of being almost unknown.

We rode on, forgetting in our astonishment, all the perils and fatigues we had endured since daybreak. We passed two villages like Urgub but smaller; one to the left called Ourta-Hissar, the other to the right called Oussa-Hissar. Both consisted of cave-like dwellings built below a castle-shaped rock perforated to the summit with black-looking entrances to caves or excavated tombs. These little villages were surrounded by fruit-trees of almost every description, many of them covered with bunches of mistletoe. The ground is admirably cultivated, and the country had an air of prosperity and brightness very pleasant after the dreary country round Kaisariyeh.

We passed over a small branch of the Kizil-Irmak before arriving at Nem Shehr. The narcissus-covered turf felt smooth like an English lawn under our feet. The wind soughed through the poplar-trees bordering the water, as the moon rose slowly, the soft air and calm light being inexpressibly soothing to one's broken nerves. The town of Nem Shehr is situated on the north-east side of a rounded hill which rises above its neighbours, making a landmark unmistakable for many miles. The road leading to it is in first-rate order, and our Circassian zaptieh cantered merrily along making his horse go through a series of evolutions to

display his prowess before us. We mistook a large village called Nar' ("pomegranate") celebrated for its caves and tombs, for Nem Shehr ; but it is actually a mile distant from the town.

Nem Shehr is divided into two quarters. We entered it by a bridge over the river and clattered through the badly-paved streets and under the dark bazaars, until as nine o'clock sounded, we reached the door of the khan. I sprang from my horse with a sigh of relief, feeling thankful that, for this day at least, our adventures were ended, and I could rest in peace. However it turned out that I had reckoned too soon on our troubles being over; for our introduction to Nem Shehr was to be a scene of Christian arrogance and Turkish imbecility, which so impressed us, that I have previously referred to it (page 219) as an apt illustration of the actual state of affairs between Armenian and Turk.

We found the khan locked up for the night. This is a rule throughout Asia Minor as a protection against robbers; for merchants often store valuable goods in these places for which the khanji is responsible.

The zaptieh hammered away at the door to rouse up the gatekeeper who is supposed to let belated travellers in. The delay was unusually long and this seemed to ruffle our friend's temper; for when we gained admittance he demanded to see the khanji, saying English officials had arrived, and required rooms, water, bread, and so on. Rooms or stables—"Yok!" was the answer given for everything asked. This was unusual in a Turk; but Nahli explained that Nem Shehr

belonged to the Kaisariyeh district and nearly all the inhabitants were Armenians. The Circassian would take no denial and ordered the immediate presence of the owner of the khan.

A room was pointed out to him as that in which the master was skulking. He tried to open the door by pushing his shoulders against the woodwork. He was resisted by about twenty Armenians who barred the way. Then began a curious scene. The Circassian set to, and fought them all. He hit, he scratched and kicked; he clutched at their noses, and tore their gowns; whilst they clung to him, pulling at his legs and his arms and fighting in the same manly fashion. Every door in the khan was opened, and heads were peering all round the balcony. The people began to cry out "Tcherkess, Tcherkess!" as though a whole tribe of these robbers were in the town.

We stood apart near our horses, my husband not wanting to have a quarrel with them, especially as the zaptieh seemed holding his ground. But presently the tide of war turned. His opponents were some twenty in number, and amongst them, he got pulled to the ground, when they set to work kicking him in the most cowardly and unmerciful manner. This was too much for Andrew. He called out at the top of his voice, "Door, door" (stop, stop), and when they took no notice, went to the assistance of the fallen man, letting out with his fists, after the manner of his preceptor, Mr. Jem Mace. I can only say to those who don't approve of the "noble art," that I wish they had been there to compare



the Armenian and the English style of self-defence. In a moment the blue, the green, the yellow gowns went flying in all directions ; black boots and white stockings disappearing in the deepening shadow, and a dead silence took the place of the preceding deafening uproar.

Then came the Circassian's hour. He had found the khanji in the depth of a stable hiding behind some chopped straw, and dragged him out and locked him up in a small foul room of whose whereabouts he seemed to have had some previous knowledge. There was only an iron grating over a hole for a window, and no securer prison could have been found. His next proceeding was to collect all the servants and make them find us a comfortable room. He caused lighted braziers to be brought in, and everything was ready for our reception in an incredibly short space of time. He would rush off every few minutes to visit his prisoner and jeer at him through the grating.

We had remained in the court seated on a stone bench, and it seemed as if a revolution had happened. A quarter of an hour before we had been treated with the greatest insolence, and refused shelter or the barest necessities ; now, the very same people were surrounding my husband bowing to the ground, and fawning on him in the most servile manner. He ordered Nahli to turn them all off, and to tell them he requested to be left alone. They kept coming with offers of bread and eatables, which Nahli accepted but insisted on paying for ; showing by this how we despised their flattery and would accept no favours at

their hands. One of the leaders who previously had been the most insolent, kept shouting "Ingliz bono, bono!" till Andrew told him to "Shut up."

Of course we would much have preferred that no disturbance had taken place, but the Circassian seemed to know better than we did, the nature of the people he was dealing with. It is certainly true that, had he not been determined and bullied them as he did, we should have been turned into the empty streets to have found a lodging in the dark.

We were enjoying our dinner when an officer and some zaptiehs arrived, announcing the approach of the caimacan who begged to see my husband. It was past ten o'clock, and we were much annoyed at the intrusion. However Andrew good-naturedly went out to meet him. He returned in half-an-hour laughing heartily, and declaring he had witnessed a most curious and amusing scene.

It seems that immediately on his imprisonment the khanji's friends had rushed off to the caimacan begging him to intercede for his release, cunningly telling him it was my husband who had locked the man up. They thus forced him to get out of his bed and come to the khan. Nahli however related the true circumstances, saying we had no part in the disturbance, except at the end, when my husband thought it his duty to protect the police as they were getting the worst of it.

The caimacan desired the zaptieh to release the khanji. This he flatly refused to do. He said he would not open

the door till he could drag his enemy before the *cadi* and see himself that he was properly punished. The *caimacan* argued and scolded for a long time ; but his words had not the slightest effect on the Circassian ; so at last he implored my husband to help him. Andrew easily persuaded the man to release his prisoner, and made him promise not to molest him for two days, as then Easter would be over, and he could have him brought before the court. This our Circassian reluctantly consented to.

It was strange to see how this one man actually defied the whole town, and set the Government at bay. The poor *caimacan* was nearly distracted ; the Armenians on one side clamouring for the release of their friend, and the *zaptieh* on the other threatening to shoot the first man who touched him ; and finally an Englishman having to come in and settle the dispute. The whole scene made, as I have said, a deep impression on our minds as illustrating the feebleness of Turkish rule in Anatolia.

The following morning we were roused by Nahli, coming in to say that a number of people were waiting outside with petitions for my husband to read, and complaints to make against the Government. Andrew desired Nahli to tell them they had come to the wrong person for such a purpose, and they went away. But whilst at breakfast, two greasy-looking individuals in European dress, pushed their way in, and insisted on shaking hands and sitting down in the most cool manner without any invitation.

These two seemed quite to take it for granted we would treat them as equals and welcome their arrival. One commenced in English : " Where you come from, mister ? Me Protestant and love the Lord Jesus like you do ; me converted and friend of missionary." The other was a half-caste African of most unprepossessing appearance—also a convert. We told them we would not think of detaining them as we were going out ; and when they were thus fain to take their departure, the one who had spoken first held out his hand for a " backsheesh."

I hate these unctuous oily hypocrites. These fellows had evidently been made a great fuss over, and were quite huffed at our coldness. I cannot understand why a man, when he becomes a convert, should take to wearing a black coat, bring in the Almighty's name at every syllable, and lead a life of idleness. Were I to meet an honest hardworking man, who had become a member of our religion, I would be the first to try and help him. But with such specimens as these I have not the slightest sympathy.

All the shops in Nem Shehr were shut on account of its being the Greek Easter. The streets are narrow and steep and had a deserted look ; but the open square where the grain is weighed was the scene of considerable bustle and animation. The eating-shops round it were crowded, and the fruit-stalls much patronised. I never saw finer apples than here. They have a curious way, too, of preserving grapes, which keeps them for a year almost as fresh as when first plucked. They hang them in bunches in dark rooms from

which the air is excluded as much as possible. The outside of the skins gets slightly withered, but the fruit is as juicy and fresh as if just off the vine.

There is very little worth seeing in Nem Shehr—no antiquities or points of interest. The mosque is fine, but we could only see the outside of it. It was built in 1763 by Ibrahim Damat Pasha as an attraction to the nomad tribes to settle in the town, on the model of that of Selim I. in Constantinople. The Greek church is a fine substantial building but does not possess a single noteworthy object. The people were busy at their devotions as we passed, and had a guard of Moslem zaptiehs in the entrance to preserve order!

On our return to the khan, the first person we met was our old arabaji. I could hardly believe my eyes that it was really he. Yet there was no mistaking the purple quilted pantaloons. His face was all bound up and seemed swollen to double the usual size, and he groaned dreadfully when my husband put his hand on his chest. We had feared he was dead by this time, indeed the thought of him had spoilt all my night's rest.

The hardiness and endurance of these men is something almost beyond belief. It seems that when he got to the village, the headman bound up his ribs in layers of cloth, and he managed to ride as far as the red khan we had passed. There he found a return araba whose owner had just lost one of his horses. So our driver arranged to take on this new araba, whilst his friend promised to stop and look after the

broken one. These Tartars are fond of money ; so in spite of his sufferings our friend was determined not to forfeit the good price we were paying him for the journey. Thus he succeeded in getting the original sum, and in keeping the present we had made him for the loss of his araba besides something in addition. For his first words of greeting were "Backsheesh ;" and really Andrew was so pleased with his pluck that he cheerfully made him a present of a new narghili.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### NIGDEH.

A rock-built village—A dangerous road—Experiences of Christian and Turkish hospitality—Malagob, a Christian village ; Achachar, a Turkish : The contrast—Cool feet and warm head—Crimean reminiscences—Guljeük, a village of idleness—Extraordinary kindness of the people—An atrocious road—Nigdeh—The lieutenant-governor—Greek welcome—The question of “tubbing”—Mr. Petrachi at home ; filial respect—The bazaars and streets—Fatmah’s tomb—The college—Circassian iconoclasm—Circassian women ; a disappointment—The castle—Nigdeh robbers—Native wine—Turkish curiosity—A Turkish “atrocious” got up for our behoof, and its result—The effendi between two fires—Farewell to our host.

As we had granted our damaged driver a couple of hours to rest, it was one P.M. before we started on our way to Nigdeh, leaving Nem Shehr by the west side, over a most abominable road. I got out and walked for about three miles, as I had not quite recovered from the shock of the previous day. However as we proceeded the road became beautifully smooth and level, without stone or rut, and the horses trotted merrily along.

We passed a curious village on our left called Gernerchin.

The houses are cut out of the solid rock and the inhabitants real cave-dwellers. We arrived at Enegi (marked on Kiepert's map) in two-and-a-half hours and rested a few minutes to give the horses water. It is a large village with stone houses grouped round a mosque. Provisions seemed scarce and we had some difficulty in finding bread, the little we got being hardly eatable. About an hour beyond the village is a guard-house, a mere cave with a hole in the roof for the smoke to escape. The snow lay in patches on the ground round it, but the sun was pleasant. Two zaptiehs look after the road ; but not very effectively, for the previous week eight Circassians had robbed a merchant between the guard and Enegi, and after taking all he possessed left him naked by the wayside.

Two more hours brought us to Malagob, a village of severe simplicity in appearance ; fine cut-stone houses, a large church, and not a tree or a bush near it, the surrounding country looking very desolate. A number of well-dressed natives gathered round us ; women wearing long fur-lined coats like the men, and covered with coins. Nahli asked for a drink ; the crowd took no notice of his request, but kept staring open-mouthed at us, diffusing a most unpleasant odour of garlic. The people here are said to be rich and frugal. There is no doubt about the latter quality ; for they declined to waste a para in dispensing superfluous hospitality to strangers, so we drove on to try the next village. Even our poor arabaji, who kept calling out at every jolt of the cart said he would not stop at Malagob, and as Nahli informed



us, kept blessing it and its inhabitants in a most untranslatable manner.

About half-past six P.M. we reached a Turkish village called Achachar ; a squalid miserable enough place, but Turkish and therefore kind and friendly. The inhabitants conducted the araba in front of the strangers'-room, where they lit a roaring fire ; an act of hospitality only to be fully appreciated by the knowledge that fuel with them is dearer than bread. They have nothing but dried weeds to supply their fires ; each house has a haystack of them outside, which has been collected at great trouble and loss of time by the owners. The snow lies here sometimes four feet deep, and it is painful to think they have no means of warming themselves but by these transient flames. They are too poor to afford cattle, so have not the ordinary fuel of the other villages.

It was strange to see they had a "guest-room" in spite of their poverty ; another proof, if it were needed, of the inherent hospitality of the Turk. However we left the room and the fire to Nahli and the arabaji, and remained in our cart. At sunset they brought us each a plate of bourghoul pilaff and metal basins of sheep's milk, and were most grateful when I gave them some tea in exchange. They quite understood the use of it. The women muffled up their heads in an unusual manner, and were much astonished to see me sitting without even a hat on. These good people reverse the Western adage for preserving health ; and think if their heads are kept warm it will suffice for the whole body ; for

they did not seem to mind bare feet, and limbs only covered with cotton trousers.

We were the first English people they had ever seen, and it was most curious to find how fresh was their memory of the Crimean war, of which they must have been told by their parents. There was no mistaking the genuineness of their welcome, it seemed as though they could not do enough for us.

We slept very comfortably in our araba, and with the curtains drawn there was no difficulty about making one's toilette.

We left Achachar at 6 A.M. and drove over the plain, once more along an excellent road, until we neared the Hassan-Dagh range, when a change to stones and ruts caused cries from the arabaji which were most painful to listen to. We saw several distant villages, most of them near the hills. Tirchan was on our right, and beyond it we came to Güljeuk where we stopped for breakfast.

This place is entirely a Turkish village, but showing more signs of prosperity than are usual amongst the Moslems. The people were all *en fête*. It seems they are idle at this time for the ensuing two months, as they have sown their corn and are waiting for the harvest. The women indeed weave scarlet waist-scarves, but the men do absolutely nothing. In spite of this they seem well off and have a healthy happy appearance. Streams of water run through the streets, the paradise of numerous ducks.

We stopped the araba where the water was widest, and explained to the villagers we wanted something to eat. In a few minutes men and women arrived with bowls of buffalo milk, boiled eggs, fried eggs, butter, bread and coffee; and so soon as the plate of food was put in the araba, would run away so as to prevent payment being offered. Some of them indeed would come and empty a handkerchief of eggs behind my back, and we soon had enough food to have lasted us a week. The arabaji's eyes glistened as he stowed away everything he could lay hands on. I was most anxious to pay them, but they refused to accept anything and said strangers were always welcome. The hospitality of the East is proverbial, and never have I seen it more exemplified than in Anatolia; nor even there, so absolutely as in this little village.

A short distance beyond Güljeuk the road divides; the one going east leads to Kara Hissar Develü, and the other straight to Nigdeh. The character of the country began to change, and we found ourselves driving over undulating ground covered with loose stones, as we gradually neared the boundary of the plain and approached the town. Trees, too, began to appear, and poplars fringed the beds of numerous rivulets. The road inclined sharply to the right and we came in sight of our destination.

Like most Anatolian towns, Nigdeh is crowned by a castle below which the houses are grouped. It is divided into two parts. The new portion is built on an eminence and separated from the old by a narrow valley; a division so complete that

they might be called two towns. It is surrounded by gardens, and bounded on the north by the double cone of Hassan-Dagh,\* and on the south-west by the snow-covered summits of Allah-Dagh. It is governed by a Mutessarif Pasha (Abdullah Effendi); on our sending our zaptieh to tell him of our approach with a request that rooms might be found for us, he sent out a guard of honour to escort us to the Konak.

We had driven and ridden over many bad roads, but never over any in such a state as that leading into Nigdeh. In one place the telegraph wire had been so neglected that the roof of the araba caught it and dragged it down. We left it lying on the road behind us, where doubtless it will be seen by the next traveller who follows our road.

Abdullah Effendi, who had only lately been appointed to this post, is a pale short man with a weary look already in his tired eyes. His quiet sad manner strikes you at once; and although he welcomed us most courteously, even coming down to the door to meet us, still one could see, as the conversation went on, that his thoughts were far away and he was only answering mechanically.

All the notables came in to see us as we sat on the divan sipping our coffee. Amongst them one of the richest men of the town, Mr. Niccola Petrachi. He begged us to come to

---

\* This mountain is an extinct volcano. The highest cone rises to a height of 8000 feet. It is quite isolated and has patches of snow on it all summer.

his house, for although a Greek he had adopted the Turkish fashion of a mussaffir-odassy.\* But Mr. Petrachi carries out this hospitable idea in his own style. He puts his entire house at the disposal of influential visitors ; whereas a real "strangers'-room" is a place for the reception of everyone, rich or poor, who may claim shelter, free of expense for one night, both for food and lodging.

We were taken to a large house, handsomely fitted up with wide divans covered with carpets and cushions. Presses lined the room filled with mattresses and yorghans nearly as magnificent as those of the Persian consul at Aintab. Nahli explained our usual primary wants, hot water and tubs ; thereupon two great copper caldrons were brought which I can't help thinking served at other times in the kitchen.

My husband's subsequent description of his endeavours to have a bath in one of these caldrons was so amusing that it deserves a place here ; and indeed I may, I think, just say a word on "tubbing" and ablutions generally of travellers in the East. He declared that when he first entered this novel bath it spun round and round with him like a top ; and that when he put his hand out to steady it, over it went on one side, the same thing happening on attempting to rectify it on the other. I believe he finally had to stand with one foot in and the other out. It seems extraordinary to think we never could get any proper article to wash in during our travels. The people look

---

\* Strangers'-room.

clean, their houses are clean. The bedding given us by people like Mr. Niccola Petrachi, was as new and fresh as if only just made; and yet such a thing as a basin or bath is unknown to them. We experienced all sorts of tubbing; from having a bath in a wooden bread-trough, to a plunge in a tank in a garden; or again, from a makeshift out of a copper saucepan, to a dip in a stream.

Our host is a very fine-looking man over six feet in height with a grand powerful head. He wore a coat richly bordered with sable fur. His two grown-up sons waited on him in the most filial manner. It was very graceful to see how carefully they served their old father, bringing him his slippers, handing him his rosewater and towel, attending to his narghili and standing close to his chair. They waited in the same way on us, the servants never passing the entrance of the room.

After lunch we sallied out to see the bazaars; but being Easter week, and the principal shops belonging to Christians they were all shut. The bazaars are lofty and roomy, and most of them are covered, making them cool, and very pleasant after the heat outside; for we found Nigdeh the hottest place we had been in; the air indeed almost stifling. There is a fine mosque in the bazaar with a double eagle over the door—strange to say, undefaced. The building was most probably originally a Christian edifice. Old friezes, fragments of columns, black and white pieces of marble, buttresses and fine arabesques, have been built in without regard to size or appropriateness and make the

outside a curious study. The entrance dates from the fifteenth century and is very fine, being a medley of Greek and Arab architecture. Many of the houses of Nigdeh have the remains of old structures built in with the more modern work.

Fatmah's tomb is the oldest relic of ancient art existing in the town. It is situated in a narrow valley which divides the two quarters, a large cemetery occupying the intervening space. The monument stands apart and is very similar in style of architecture (though not nearly so beautiful) to Honant's tomb in Kaisariyeh. The roof is eight-sided in the shape of a pyramid. There are three windows and, each has a coat-of-arms on it. A woman's head on the body of a bird over two of them; a lion on one side, faced by a questionable greyhound on the other. A double-headed eagle is carved on one of the stones below the roof. The decorations on the doorway are very intricate, it being covered with many scrolls and quaint designs. The interior has been destroyed and whitewashed over, but the blind arches have patterns, principally the chain design, round them. It is evidently still a place of veneration amongst the Moslems, for the wooden screen dividing the tombs is covered with pieces of rag tied on by faithful believers. There are several tombs, but no particular mark distinguishes one from the other. Fatmah Khatur was a daughter of Sultan Achmet I. She died near Nigdeh in 1610 on her way to Selefkeh where she was to have embarked on a pilgrimage to Mecca. Another similarly shaped tomb of poor workmanship stands close to this one.

The old Medresseh, or college, which we passed on our return, is far finer than the tomb. The doorway is very beautiful, the elaborate carvings having a most rich effect. Above the door is a portico with marble columns and Arab capitals supporting a small Moorish arcade. The interior consists of a square court with a fountain in the centre. A double row of arches is built round it. The lower ones are pointed like the Gothic but the higher ones are rounded. Niches are seen on both sides of the lower end of the building evidently for statues. A very large recess stands between these, which may have held a statue of gigantic proportions. This beautiful building is in a fair way to perish. It has been handed over to the Circassian emigrants as quarters until they shall choose to find settled residences and employment. Their time, now, seems spent in sleeping and smoking, and when awake, in hacking the beautiful arabesques to pieces. I saw two of them busy with their long knives in deliberately defacing an Arabic inscription. Great pieces of stones, some of them beautifully carved, which they had knocked down, were lying all over the place.

Their presence, keenly unwelcome in an artistic sense, gave me the opportunity to see their women, many of whom were sitting in the upper floor peering down upon us. They wear the white sheet of the Turk but do not hide their faces. They looked old, sallow and dirty, and I should think it would require a continued course of daily Turkish baths, good food and protection from the sun, to make them realise, even in the smallest degree, the European



idea of the beauty of Circassian women. They were tall and slight and carried themselves well which is about all I can say for their appearance.

The old castle which we next visited was, I believe, fortified by Ishak Pasha, a Dere Bey, in 1460. It is now in ruins; the only habitable part being turned into a store-house for the clothing of the zaptiehs.

I noticed as we walked through the street that in spite of the closeness of the air, the children had a very healthy look. Nearly all of them had their hair dyed red, as the mothers think that a more becoming colour than black or brown. The people have a bad character for thieving. In truth, the Nigdeh robbers are quite a proverb in the country, and the walls round the gardens are unusually high. The Christians make a good deal of wine in the neighbourhood. It is something like hock in taste but of a pink colour. None of the Anatolian wines are really good; they are as totally different from either the Lebanon or Cyprus wines as the French and the German are.

On our way home my husband noticed an old Turk with a number of medals, amongst them the Crimean one. Whilst he stopped to question him I waited at a short distance, for a crowd of people had collected to hear the conversation. Whilst standing by myself I noticed one man looking rather intently at me; but I am so accustomed to being stared at, that I do not mind it like I should in a European town. So I took no notice, and shortly afterwards walked on with Andrew, thinking nothing of it,

although as it turned out the incident was to be the prelude to no little commotion.

On reaching our room we heard loud and angry voices raised in dispute below. Presently Mr. Petrachi came hastily up, and said the Turks had been guilty of a gross breach of politeness and hospitality in using insulting language towards me, and that they, the Christians, could not allow it to pass unpunished.

We were much surprised, and told Nahli to find out, without any bustle, what it was all about. His report was that our host and his friends had made prisoner a Turk and locked him up in one of the rooms below, because they had heard him speaking in a most impertinent manner about me ; and that they now wanted my husband to make a complaint to the governor, and they would see that he was punished after we left. (Nahli, I should perhaps observe, is an Arab, and hates the Turks as much as he does the Greeks.) Mr. Petrachi supplemented this information by declaring that Nigdeh was a most fanatical place, in which daily acts of injustice were committed by the Turks on the Christians, and that this outburst only proved how bad the Mahomedans were. My husband observed that at any rate they did not seem much afraid of their oppressors, as they had locked up one of the richest and most respected of them in a Christian house !

We asked what the insult was, but could get no clear answer ; the people only repeated that it was too rude to be translated. We were much annoyed ; for if the insult

were intentional, my husband did not wish to condone it ; on the other hand, we did not care to be troubled with any of their private squabbles. People kept coming in and out, talking and gesticulating, and we were heartily sick of the whole scene and longing to be once more in our cosy araba, when a messenger arrived and announced that his excellency was coming to return my husband's visit ; and off all the people hurried down the stairs to meet him, so as to give him their version of the affair before he saw us, and to affirm, no doubt, that it was my husband who had had the man locked up.

Abdullah Effendi came to meet us with the harassed expression and the far-away look in his eyes that had struck me so painfully on first seeing him. He spoke like a perfect gentleman, saying he had come to welcome us to his town and was much distressed at the annoyance we had been subjected to. Andrew replied that we were quite ignorant about it, and begged to be told what it was all about ; suggesting that the offender should be brought in, so that we might get at the truth of the story. Mr. Petrachi and his friends opposed this, but the governor for once was firm.

In a few minutes the man was brought in, and I recognised him as the one I had noticed looking at me in the street. Abdullah questioned him himself. The supposed culprit answered quite composedly, that he had seen an English lady for the first time and stopped to look at her ; and then he had merely asked : " If she were the effendi's wife or his daughter ? " At this we burst out laughing ; for there is only a difference of six years between my husband and myself.

and I might just as well be taken for his mother as his daughter. Andrew at once said that this was no insult. He declared it pained him very much to learn so much notice had been taken of so small a matter, and begged that the man might be at once released; adding, out of courtesy to our host, that he was sure Mr. Petrachi and his friends had acted for the best: a speech ill-received by the complainants.

The Effendi seemed much relieved and bid the man go, advising him to be more careful in the future. He told us, in French, that his life here was a perpetual struggle; that these difficulties between Turk and Christian would arise daily, and that it was hardly possible to decide them without offending either or both parties. Andrew replied bluntly, that there was only one way; and that was to be firm and scrupulously just, and that when both sides found that neither gained any advantage, they would give up quarrelling.

I was much struck with this scene. It was doubtless got up to impress us, as a sample of the bigotry and fanaticism of the Turk; but of course it utterly failed.

Our kind host himself was evidently disappointed, at the time, at the turn affairs had taken. No doubt, he had been led to believe the truth of the charge by his friends. We were quite distressed to mark his annoyance. But it did not last. He soon seemed to forget it and was most kind, giving us of his best, and we parted very good friends. I intend to send him a box of Famagusta pomegranates (when ripe) to show him we have not forgotten his genial and hospitable reception of the English travellers.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### A NIGHT WITH THE TURCOMANS.

A choice of roads—Bor : another bad highway—Ancient and modern engineering—The village fair—Dress of the peasants—Silver-work—Prayer-carpets—Kiz-Hissar—Remains of ancient Tyana—Its aqueduct and sculpture—A deserted town—Well-guarded orchards—A missing causeway—How the roads are destroyed ; liberty beyond a joke—The Lycaonian plain—Emen Chiftlick—Dissolving views—Arrival at a Turcoman encampment—A trial of nomad life—Turcoman huts—We make ourselves at home—Want of good water—Feminine curiosity ; “ What is she good for ? ”—The strangers'-hut—Arrival of the flocks—Separation of ewes and lambs ; a curious scene—An idyllic life—The Teftek goat—Depredation by wolves—Cleanliness of the encampment—A Turcoman supper—Yuruk coffee—A night beneath the stars.

WE left Nigdeh the next morning at half-past five A.M. Our host's two sons waited on us to the last, and I must say did their best to do away with any unfavourable impression the incident of the previous evening might have left on our minds.

The air was fresh and clear, and every peak and ravine of the Allah and Bulghar Daghs stood out as distinctly as if only a few miles distant. The trees glistened with dew, and

the great green plain of Tyanitis stretched before us bounded only by the horizon.

We had arranged to go to Bor and Kiz-Hissar to-day, and continue as far on our way to Eregli as the daylight permitted. No one seemed certain which town we ought to go to first, Kilisse or Bor. Most thought the former, but my husband decided for Bor, and we were glad of the decision later, for though the towns are nearly in a line with each other, Bor is nearer the base of the Hassan-Dagh and you go down from it, across the plain, to Kiz or Kilisse-Hissar.

It took us two hours to reach the environs of Bor. The town is very picturesque and larger than it looks. Though seemingly on the plain, it is built on the side of a low rocky hill, the narrow streets being very steep in places. The domes and minarets rising above the trees, the verdure, the little river and cascades, the delightful tangle of vines and briars round it, made it one of the prettiest little spots we had seen.

The intolerable bumping of our araba showed we were going over stony ground, and we were forced to get out and walk. One town seems only worse than another in the matter of the roads entering it. No attempt is ever made to fill up the ruts, or to repair the old causeways; and the consequence is, that most of the towns are unapproachable except on foot. The araba creaked and groaned, and strained till we thought every plank was started; indeed nothing but our traces of raw hide could have stood the constant strain. I gathered handfuls of flowers as we followed the waggon, and butterflies

of every hue and colour fluttered round us. The little plashing rivulets as they wound about the old streets cooled the air and enlivened the scene.

We stopped by many an old marble column with pedestal of gigantic size. The hewn stones that lay beside them measured often twelve feet in length, four in breadth and two in depth. We have often wondered what machinery can have been used to lift these vast blocks. When I see (as I have often seen), the fine cut stones of the olden times, broken up and fitted into our puny buildings, I cannot refrain from comparing the noble and majestic work of the ancients, with the hideous little efforts of modern engineering. It is only the iconoclastic Turk that could have pulled down these grand structures, for they must have been strong enough to have defied the war of the elements during centuries of the future.

The town was filled with Circassians lying idly about at every sunny corner smoking cigarettes. They have the same bad character here as elsewhere, and Abdullah Effendi had insisted on giving us three zaptiehs instead of one as far as Eregli. We drove straight to the konak; a large tumble-down building, with a broad wooden staircase leading to the court-room. Here we found the caimacan, who told us, that as it was fair-day, we would see the village at its best. He sent six zaptiehs to clear a road for us, for we had been so mobbed that my husband had had literally to force a passage for me.

The bazaars were crowded with peasants. They wear the usual dress of the country, white trousers and a loose robe over

them ; but I noticed also that here they have a huge belt of massive silver over the coat ; the buckles so large that they resemble a breastplate, and often most richly chased, having a kind of enamel let into the design. The silversmiths of Bor are well known throughout the country, and I got several bangles and anklets here ; but the silver of those sold in the bazaars is not so good as that of those worn by the peasants, for theirs are generally heirlooms. Sixty paras (fourpence) the drachm is the price here for silver bangles, which are sold by weight.

The bazaars are poor, only one of them being covered. Prayer-carpets and English goods are the chief merchandise. The rugs are of inferior workmanship, and not so close or so heavy as the Smyrna ones ; but they are cheap, an ordinary sized hearthrug may be bought for ten shillings and sixpence. We took away a good many of them for presents to the Turks in Kyrenia. The Cypriotes look upon Anatolia as such a wonderful country, so full of riches and luxuries ! I knew that all my poor people would expect some little remembrance on my return. I had often the greatest trouble in selecting things for them ; for what suits a Greek will not do for a Turk, and *vice versâ*.

We were four hours altogether in Bor ; but one of them was spent in getting the waggon out of the town. We had had great difficulty in entering it, but it was ten times worse getting away again. In many places the horses had to be unharnessed and the araba carried over the ruts and rocks by about fifty willing hands. However once on the plain, it



was fair driving and we sped on gaily towards Kiz-Hissar which lies about two hours distant. It is plainly visible from Bor, looking like a long strip of woodland ; yet on nearing it, we saw it was built on a hill, and that there were many ruins amongst the willows and poplars.

This place was one of the chief towns in Cappadocia and was known as Tyana. The hill is built on what is said to be the mound of Semiramis, and Nimrod, the natives affirm, founded the city.

The first thing that struck us was the remains of the old aqueduct extending for several miles over the plain and conveying water to the summit of the hill. It is in a very ruined state now, but there still stand many arches which are wonderfully light and elegant. They are covered with the nests of the hadji bird. Massive foundations like those at Bor are seen in many parts of the town, and many marble columns still exist. A capital had lately been excavated which had the beautiful honeysuckle ornament carved gracefully round it ; a decoration very prevalent, also, on the capitals at Bor. It is, I believe, a peculiarly Greek style, borrowed originally, I have read, from the Assyrians. Yet my husband thought these foundations were Roman. One marble column stands erect. It is composed of seven separate pieces, and on one side of it are two smaller columns built into a wall. There are many of these broken columns built into the ruined houses all round this spot, showing that either a temple or a colonnade must have stood on it. A huge marble sarcophagus lies a few yards off, the lid broken in halves

beside it. It bears no sign of any carving or inscription. The ground is so built over with half-ruined houses, it is impossible to follow out the plan of any single building.

I fancy not more than half-a-dozen of these mud huts are inhabited and the few people remaining are inhospitable and uncouth. Bor has taken all the inhabitants away, and those left behind have a very bad name. The surrounding gardens and orchards are very extensive, but as a rule belong to the inhabitants of other villages. They are walled in, in a most unique fashion. The wall is built up to a height of six feet with mud and stone; a deep layer of mud is laid on the top of this, into which shoots of a prickly shrub are planted. This soon takes root and spreads out on each side to a great width, whilst part of it grows upwards to a height of over twenty feet, forming a hedge impervious to man or beast.

The causeway said to have been made by Semiramis, which traversed the whole of Cappadocia, and is part of the same that crosses the Kaisariyeh marsh, seems to have entirely disappeared at Tyana. We saw no trace even of the small square-cut stones used in its construction.

On leaving the town we found the road for a couple of miles nearly as impassable as at Bor, but it arose from a different cause. The peasants have dug trenches, often four feet deep, right across the road, with banks of mud on each side, as channels, to lead the water to irrigate their gardens on the opposite side. We spent more than an hour in breaking down these banks, and hauling the waggon over

them. In many places trenches had been cut in which water had not flowed for months, but there seemed no one with energy enough to force the peasants to fill them up again. How can the country prosper when the governors show such utter indifference to the means of facilitating traffic through their districts?

I really never did see such liberty enjoyed as in Asia Minor. In one sense it is truly a free country; every man seems to do just what he likes with the land. He may cut down trees, turn watercourses, destroy the roads, build shanties, and do in fact whatever he chooses. We in England boast of our liberty, but by comparison we live under a despotism. Fancy a man deliberately taking a spade and digging a deep ditch across the Queen's highway and leaving it open when it had served his purpose!

As I have said, we lost over an hour in getting across these places, but once on the plain again, we were able to trot on at a fair pace. We were now on the immense plateau known as the Lycaonian plain, which extends over the entire centre of Asia Minor; not, however, one great level, but divided into many areas by low uncultivated ridges of hills. We were now driving over the part between Nigdeh and Eregli, which is often called the plain of Tyanitis. It is covered with excellent and plentiful pasturage supporting innumerable flocks of sheep.

As far as the eye could reach, we saw neither tree nor bush, with the exception of one small oasis called Emen Chiftlick, about two hours from Kiz-Hissar. We had passed

several deserted khans on the way, but neither a house nor a human being was visible. The plain seemed utterly deserted. It was like the sea in its lonesomeness, and resembled the sea also in the deceiving character of its distances. The zaptiehs wanted to stop at the Chiftlick ; but on hearing there were Turcoman huts farther on, we resolved to go on, and started off again leaving the last trace of civilisation behind us.

We seemed to be driving over a perfectly level and vast expanse, and going straight on into the blue misty distance. There was nothing to guide us but the far-away outline of the Bulghar-Dagh, many a league to the south ; but as the sun began to sink, the air grew clearer, and away to the west, we saw the long and jagged chain of the Karaja-Dagh, the serrated peaks rising sharp against the sky, and we knew that between us and them lay Eregli.

A few miles farther on we came in sight of the encampment we were in search of.

Some thirty tents lay scattered about, each with little reed enclosures to protect the flocks at night. Other still smaller enclosures held the dairy utensils. The tents, or huts, for it is difficult to say which they ought to be called, were made of felt in the beehive shape which distinguishes the Turcomans from the Yuruks. These evidently belonged to a rich tribe and were remarkably well made. The felt on one side was fastened up, so as to admit the air, and the wooden lattice-work of the interior was plainly visible. The covering was fastened down with strong bands of

goats' hair woven into strips of various colours. Inside each hut we saw wool mattresses, cotton yorghans and Killim carpets neatly folded and laid in piles ready to be spread on the ground at night. The felt cover is called kedji, and is made by the people themselves at a certain time of the year. It is excellent for the purpose; impervious to wind or sun, warm in winter and cool in summer.

We stopped in front of a more imposing tent than the others, but found that "only the women" were at home. They did not receive us as hospitably as I expected, although later, on the return of their husbands they became more civil. We proceeded at once to unharness the horses and unpack the waggon, arranging the beds for the night. We sent a small boy for water. He brought us back some that tasted quite brackish. This plain is celebrated for its dairy produce, and yet the water throughout it is very bad. I always fancied that pure water was one of the principal requirements in working a dairy; and it struck me as strange that they should have located themselves upon a spot where the water was scarce and bad, and at least half-a-mile distant.

The Turcoman women seem a fine sturdy race, large boned and huge limbed, very industrious and clean, but quite uncivilised. They looked on me with utter contempt; and could not contain their astonishment at seeing the men of our party waiting assiduously on me, instead of me on them. They told Nahli they had never seen "such a useless thing" before, and asked him what was the good of me? I

suspect I would have had rather a rough time of it, if I had been left alone with these ladies.

Beside the principal tent there was a black Bedouin one, and this was reserved for the strangers who happened to pass. It was quickly taken possession of by our two zaptiehs, who immediately on picketing their horses threw themselves on the ground, and began to smoke vigorously, not making the slightest effort to see whether or not we were taken care of.

As sunset approached the scene began to change. The whole horizon seemed suddenly peopled with large flocks. These kept approaching in separate herds, each in charge of a man or boy who never allowed a sheep to stray. The lambs came in first. Flock after flock of little black-and-white creatures arrived, and remained waiting at a short distance from the camp.

At last, when all had come in from the distant pastures, a certain signal was made, and one set of sheep was allowed to go, and a corresponding number of lambs from the opposite side set loose. Each little one made straight for its own mother, which it had not seen since morning ; and it was quite touching to see the delight of both at again meeting. The lambs began at once to seek for refreshment, and tugged away lustily, their little tails wriggling from side to side in the most comical manner. The motherless ones would run about bleating, receiving many a push or a kick during their search ; indeed one of the women had to hold some sheep while the little ones fed. The wolves it

appeared had killed many of the parents, and the foster ones were not at all inclined to feed the little orphans. As soon as each had had sufficient, they were again separated and put in different enclosures, to meet again in the morning for a few minutes before being herded out. They treat lambs that have only just been born in the same manner, and never allow them to remain with their mothers. They fancy that in this way they get more milk from the sheep. The same thing was repeated with each flock, and such a mistake as mixing two herds seemed unknown.

It was one of the prettiest scenes I have ever beheld, and the wild surroundings added much to the strangeness and poetry of it all. The vast lone plain, the tents, the flocks, the people in their quaint dress, with their wild cries and unknown language, and the great setting sun casting a golden glory over all, made one feel as if really in a land of dreams. I enjoyed it all most thoroughly; though the strangeness of everything gave that touch of melancholy ever present in the feeling that one is thousands of miles from all one loves, and longs to see again.

The people of course saw no beauty, no poetry in the matter. Their only anxiety was that each little one should have enough and no more.

There were several Teftek or Angora goats with the others. They are more like sheep than goats both as regards shape and hair. The horns bend forward a little and then twist backwards, those of the males being longer than the females'. The hair or wool is light and of a beautiful

texture. The women went round the herd before shutting them up, and carefully gathered up any loose fragments clinging to their sides, as it is very precious, and realises a large price when sold to the Koniah merchants.

Wolves commit great havoc amongst the flocks, coming down often in packs of from twenty to fifty and killing or mangling many sheep in one night. The Turcomans have large and powerful dogs, but they, also, fall victims to the wolves when the latter are pressed by hunger.

We paid a visit to Hadji Yusef, the headman of the tribe. His tent was in nowise different from the others, but he possessed a larger flock of sheep and teftek. He told us that when the very hot weather came, they would move to the lower slopes of Hassan-Dagh. The encampment was wonderfully clean, nothing unpleasant to offend the eyes, the pens of the sheep being daily moved and the old places swept tidily up. They told us they were forced to be clean ; for their livelihood depended on the quality of their kaimak (cream), butter, milk and cheese, and these all required the strictest cleanliness in their manufacture. In the winter-time they make Killim carpets like those we had tried to buy at Kaisariyeh, but they had none for sale at this time.

As the twilight deepened our supper was brought to us, consisting of a metal pan of milk soup, in which was stewed a kind of grass that grows wild in many parts of the plain. I thought it very good and it made an excellent substitute for vegetables. We also had fresh cheese, cream, butter, and a red-hot plate filled with buttered scones. We



had as many mugs of milk as we wanted and the whole crowned by that drink of drinks, Yuruk coffee.\*

The making of this beverage is quite a ceremony amongst them. The best and bravest man is alone allowed the honour of roasting and pounding the berries ; and on this evening a friend from a neighbouring tent was sent for to do it. He washed his face and hands before commencing the work, and all the others sat round watching him. It would be considered quite a sin if a woman were to touch it ; a superstition that is rife amongst all the tribes.

As the moon rose the guests separated, the men having previously carefully washed their feet, hands and face, and then spread their little carpets on the ground, and knelt down to say their evening prayer with their faces towards Mecca. We returned to our waggon shortly afterwards, and I went to sleep with the stars looking down on me from their distant homes and the moon lighting up the peaceful scene ; only an occasional low from a cow, or the bleating of a sheep disturbing the stillness of the night.

---

\* Coffee is only so called when it is made extra strong, for the Yuruks drink immense quantities of it, and are supposed to be very successful in making it.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### EREGLI : A STATE OF SIEGE.

Amateur doctoring—An aspirant to arms—The marshes—Ibreez ; a lovely spot—Regrets—Wandering dervishes—Eregli—A storm—Early fruit—A state of siege ; the Circassians hold the town—Their outrages—Terror of the authorities—My husband's declaration and its effect—Poor Nahli's fears—Carpets—A moufflon's head—The Armenian Church—Petrifying springs—Petitions and their reception.

WE left the Turcoman encampment with much regret. The peacefulness of the life, so unlike the busy routine of our own, the utter quietude that reigned, the delicious climate, and a longing for repose, made us loath to move on. But Andrew was so afraid of overstepping his leave that we had to drive away and leave our regrets behind us.

I had almost omitted to say that before we left, a dying baby and a blind man were brought to us to cure. The little one I think was only suffering from starvation. The mother had died when it was a week old, and they had fed it ever since on undiluted goats' milk. I suggested that one of the other women should nurse it, but she turned angrily

away saying she had her own to look after. The man puzzled us as he did them ; for he had only lately become stone-blind, yet no one would have thought so, for his eyes were as bright and healthy-looking as our own.

As a rule these people are a healthy race, and, of course, have no kind of medical attendance. They have a few simple remedies of their own which they believe in implicitly. The great cure in bad cases, is the killing of a sheep, or cow if necessary, and enclosing the sick person in the warm carcass till life seems restored. They never eat meat unless a wolf mangles a sheep so badly, that it must be killed ; but live entirely on milk food and bread. Vegetables and fruit are unknown amongst them, and coffee their only luxury.

When we were on the point of starting, a fine-looking boy asked my husband if he would make him a zaptieh should he come over to Cyprus. He had heard in the towns he said, how good the English were to the people of the island. Andrew put to him the two questions he asks every man who applies to him for enlistment—first, if he was willing to serve the Queen? “Evet”\* was the answer ; then if he was ready to fight the Russians? “Evet, evet,” he called out enthusiastically. My husband then told him that if he came to Cyprus, he would have his choice of becoming either a soldier or a policeman. There are one or two natives of Asia Minor amongst our zaptiehs at Kyrenia, who, Andrew says, make splendid soldiers—docile, obedient,

---

\* Yes.

clean, learn their drill quickly and soon become first-rate shots.

We continued our journey in the same direction as yesterday, seeing only distant Turcoman encampments. The country was quite deserted, but the humming of the insects and the variety of lovely flowers made up for the loneliness of the scenery. The soil is poor and impregnated with saltpetre. I fancy little rain falls ; but the profusion of sweet herbs and aromatic plants—southernwood, mint, thyme—and an infinite variety of small wild-flowers must make the pasturage very sweet. The plain in places is covered with patches of salt, and during the winter is often like a great inland sea, for the marshes fill up, and the waters spread over the whole surface.

I believe that this accumulation of water is caused by the fact that all the rivers and mountain streams have no visible outlet, and so flow into the marsh, which in wet years makes the road from Nigdeh to Koniah impassable during the winter months. The malaria in summer from these half-dry marshes is very deadly. However we were surprised to find that many a place marked on our maps as a morass, was on the contrary fine pasturage and covered with flocks, with neither reeds nor rushes, nor even the coarse grass that indicates marshy ground.

As we drew to the end of the plain we passed on our left a small village called Obân, a little to the south-east of which lies Tirchan—a large village (marked by Kiepert) on the road between the Golek Boghaz and Eregli. We

were always pleased to find a name of any passing village on the map ; for it seemed a guide to show us how far we had got on towards our goal. We drove over low undulating hills with some signs of cultivation for two hours, and were heartily glad at last to notice a dark-green streak before us denoting the site of Eregli.

Shortly afterwards, Nahli pointed out a ravine, at the head of which lies Ibreez. He was very anxious that we should go there ; saying that if we thought other places beautiful, we would forget them all on seeing Ibreez.

This charming spot is only half-a-day's journey from Eregli, and I believe there is no exaggeration in what he told us. A deep and rapid stream is described as flowing from it to the plain. This issues in a great jet from a rock above the village of Ibreez. The water is of a deep-blue colour, bordered by a mass of verdure, and the air is cold and bracing. Hazel, bramble, thorn and walnut form a wide expanse of woodland ; and hundreds of small springs foam and leap over the great marble rocks into the channel below. There are curious bas-reliefs on the face of the rock, which Mr. Davis has carefully copied ; also inscriptions in Hamathite characters—that mysterious language which has hitherto baffled all interpretation. The ride from Eregli is through a beautiful hilly district with numerous villages embowered in the greenest of trees. I have much regretted since, that we did not spare one day to see a spot I may never again have the chance of visiting ; but “stern duty” pushed us on.

But we were now close to Eregli. It, like Nigdeh, is surrounded by mountains. It is reached from this side by crossing the Ibreez river. As it flows between meadow land shaded by lofty trees, the scene might have been in England, were it not for the towering Bulghar-Dagh whose snowy peaks dispelled any resemblance to home. The stream was full of fish the flesh of which is pink when boiled. We met several dervishes wandering through the fields; their snowy heads and long uncombed hair, the cocoanut drinking-cup swung on their backs, the spear-headed hatchet and their wild appearance, at once proclaimed to which sect they belonged. Our zaptiehs and arabaji devoutly saluted them, but they strode on, not taking the slightest notice of us.

Eregli like all the other towns, is now a ruin. Its decayed and miserable interior is very different from the richness of the meadows and orchards around it. It is a long straggling place with wide streets quite deserted, and houses in every direction falling to ruins. These are built of mud bricks and poplar timber, the cheapest and fastest-growing tree of the district. We drove straight to the khan. The khanji is a Beyrout Arab, a friend of Nahli's, and he prepared us a clean and airy room and covered the floor with new mats.

We were wondering if the air were always so oppressive as we found it, when the fact was accounted for by the sudden outbreak of a great thunderstorm, succeeded by a shower of hail equal in violence to the one we experienced at

Kara-Hissar. It rained into the shutterless room, in spite of the mats fastened against the open spaces. The khanji had to keep constantly sweeping the hail up to prevent all our things being soaked through. But the storm cleared the air, and we sallied out later, both ourselves and the town refreshed by the coolness and lightness which it had produced.

The population of Eregli is composed of Turks, Greeks, Armenians, and Arabs, and all have large gardens in the neighbourhood. Its fruit is celebrated throughout Asia Minor; the cherries and pears especially. The former are said to be ripe on the 15th of April (at least Mr. Van Lennep tells you so), however this year on the 6th of May the trees were only just bursting into flower.

We found the town literally in a state of siege. A band of Circassians under a resolute leader had arrived in it a fortnight before, and were nightly prowling the streets, and breaking open the shops in the bazaars. We saw a zaptieh who had been shot in the hand by one of them two nights before our arrival, when attempting to prevent a shop being robbed. Moreover the man himself who did it, was pointed out to us walking about quite unconcernedly. He was tall and slight, dressed in a drab coat and black Astracan hat, and had keen blue eyes and a reddish moustache. I saw my husband looking fixedly at him, and it was curious to see how he stood the gaze. A "daring devil" was Andrew's verdict.

These bandits held the whole town at bay, and helped themselves to anything they fancied in the shops. Indeed most of the natives had been forced to hide their goods. The

bakers would make bread in the dead of night, and sell it secretly for fear of the Tcherkess. Worse than this, during the last few days they had taken to cutting down the fruit-trees for firewood. We saw the stumps of many a fine tree freshly cut, and an Arab merchant took us to his house and showed us how they had cut down about twenty of his trees a few nights before ; but being heavy they could not move them, so he had carted them away himself, and stored them in his courtyard. The Circassians hearing of this, had gone to his house breaking his furniture, insulting his wife, and stealing all the portable things they could lay hold of. Others told us they dared not go out of the town to attend their vines or gardens, for fear of the Circassians, who would lie in wait to rob them.

The caimacan was so frightened he could do nothing. A Circassian who had been brought before him, coolly spat in his face, and walked out of the konak, no one daring to stop him.

We could not have believed such a state of things unless we had seen it all with our own eyes. Yet these people were being fed, clothed, and lodged by the Turkish Government, and this was their gratitude ! They had been sent to Eregli to become carpenters, as this was their trade, and trees are to be found on the neighbouring mountains. But they were too lazy to work, and preferred idleness and ease, and using violence when they wanted anything.

Andrew got in a towering rage when he heard of their doings. He told Nahli to repeat out loud in the market-



place where we were standing, that he meant to shoot the first Circassian who even looked at him. We had thrown discretion to the winds ; and if these people gave us the slightest cause, my husband was determined to show them that they could not, at any rate, insult or bully an Englishman with impunity. These people are cowards at heart ; for as it turned out not one came near us after hearing Andrew's speech. Indeed, they used to slink away when they saw us ; and their chief, who shot the zaptieh, did not appear again as long as we were in the town. Previously he had seemed to walk about jostling and insulting the people out of bravado.

I confess I felt rather frightened ; and as for Nahli, he was shaking all over at the prospect of the morrow's journey. We were going over a country notoriously unsafe, which indeed has been nearly forsaken by the caravans during the last two years. But my husband declared there was no danger, and that as part of the way was along the post-road, zaptiehs would always be at hand if needed.

I bought a good many second-hand carpets and small prayer-rugs in this town. The older the carpet is, the better it seems to be ; and the colours much softer. We also got a collection of moufflon heads. There are many of them in the hills round a village called Devleh, and all the Bulghar slopes on this side are said to swarm with them. We were glad of this, for Andrew has never succeeded in shooting any of the few of these animals still to be found in Cyprus.

We visited the old Armenian church. It stands in a garden of lilacs, the perfume of which filled the air for a con-

siderable distance. The roof is supported on wooden pillars, and the portico round the outside of the building is supported in the same way. The altar is a gem of wood-carving, black with age; the delicacy and transparency of the design belong to a period of art much earlier than this century. I also saw two pieces of fine gold embroidered cloth and a quaint old silver chalice. This church is unlike any of the Armenian edifices we had hitherto seen.

In walking through the streets we noticed that many of the houses were built with petrified stone, and learned that the stone was brought from a petrifying spring about four miles from the town—south, our informant said. Nearly all the waters of Asia Minor have this petrifying quality, in a much higher degree than those of Europe, as is evidenced by most of the old aqueducts which have been rendered useless by the large encrustations formed on them. Our informant added that there are also several medicinal springs in this district: one at Kiz-Hissar is like seidlitz; another at Ak-Serai resembles lemonade, and another on the plain is called the “sulphur pool”—its peculiarity being that it boils up in the centre, and steam and bubbles are seen on the surface.

In the evening many Armenians arrived with petitions for my husband, begging him to get them let off their taxes. This was a subject he knew how to deal with, as he has had the same petitions made over and over again in Cyprus. We saw about twenty of them waiting below to come up, but after the first batch left the room and related their experience, all the others disappeared.

## CHAPTER XX.

### THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

Preparations for brigands—An unwholesome spot—Bektik—"The mail"  
—"Tatar" or "Tartar"—Wild geese—Herds of camels—The camel  
and its food—The inevitable morass—Karabunar "the melancholy"  
—Truly "a deserted village"—Its unfortunate caimacan—Valuable  
ruins—Departed greatness—Hospitable reception—A Turkish lady in  
dismal case—Windmills that will not turn—Some of Nahli's ex-  
periences as a tax-gatherer; how the national funds disappear—  
Primitive irrigation—The mirage—I find myself in floral clover—  
Scarcity of fuel—Ismil—Andrew poses as a Pasha—Nahli is himself  
overtaxed—Ismil's one monument; a horrible idea—Cleanliness of  
the Turk—Advantages of native diet—The Circassians meet their  
match—A pickaxe as an aid to travel—A plethora of mushrooms—  
Kütschü-Keuy—Moufflon-hunters—Paul becomes odoriferous—Hints  
to travellers, to ensure hospitality.

WHEN next day, May 8th, we left Eregli early, I confess that, for my part, it was in fear and trembling. Nahli had told us the Circassians had been asking the arabaji, who we were, and making particular inquiries as to our route. I am not a bit afraid of Turks, Armenians or Greeks, but I must say I don't like the Circassians. Mr. Kitchener, who was consul at Castamuni, had told me many stories about them; how, among other things, their method of robbery is

to shoot you first. Bearing this in mind, I insisted on having our saddles strapped high up behind the araba, so that, at any rate, if they should shoot us from behind, the bullets would have to go through the saddles first. We had three zaptiehs with us, and an order to replace them at every post-station.

On leaving Eregli we drove through a swamp, the water at times rising above the axletrees, and the poor horses had to pull hard to get along. We struck out in a north-west direction; our destination, Karabunar, was only nine hours distant, but our horses were beginning to fail—for we had gone long distances every day, only giving them the night's rest. The road too was very bad, and once or twice we feared we should have to turn back. All the bridges over the streams were broken, so the waggon had to be dragged through the water and up the muddy banks.

We saw immense herds of buffalo, scattered over the plains, and in spite of the unwholesome soil, thousands of Turcoman huts. These little houses were here thatched with the tall reeds that grew plentifully about, in place of the ordinary felt, but still kept the beehive shape. Though the surroundings were unhealthy, the people seemed strong and had bright ruddy complexions.

It took us three hours to reach Bektik,\* a large village

---

\* Bektik seems the generic name for all the villages in this neighbourhood, as Keferdis is for those in the Amanus valley. The Bektik marked on Kiepert's map is the one through which we passed, and seems the most important of them.

on a branch of the Ibreez river. The water was as clear as crystal, with myriads of large fish swimming about in it. We crossed by a good bridge and keeping clear of the marsh, were able to get on at a good pace. The inland mail on its way to Stamboul overtook us here. A couple of horses bore the mails in leather bags fastened on their backs, with a man in charge to whip them up when they diverged from the road. A zaptieh, as guard, and a tatar\* or courier, completed "the mail." They went past us at a great pace. At the time I thought this was only a little bit of swagger ; but the pace must be good, for next evening we met the same tatar on his return from Koniah. The horses and zaptieh are changed every six hours, but the postman goes through all the way to Koniah and brings the return mail back to Mersina.

In about three-and-a-half hours from Eregli we arrived at the first post-house. Here one of our zaptiehs said he could go no farther, and as there was a difficulty about getting him replaced we continued to journey with only two. When we pulled up, I noticed the tatar asleep on a bench. His new horses were being saddled, and he had seized the ten minutes' delay to get a little rest. We met him again, as I have said, next evening.

---

\* We had been told that these couriers were Tartars, like our driver, but the man we now saw was unmistakably a Turk ; and as our arabaji told us he knew of no Tartar postmen belonging to his tribe, and as "tatar" in Turkish means "courier," travellers have probably confounded the two names.

Great flocks of wild geese, of a fawn colour with very long necks, were here frequent. The zaptiehs said they were good eating. Beyond the post-house the country entirely changes in appearance, the strata being composed of dry sand and tufa dust. Insulated conical mounds like extinct craters, and evidently of volcanic origin, rise from the surface of the plain.\* The pasturage had disappeared and in its place grew tufts of a fleshy plant we had not seen before; and the herds of cattle too had vanished in favour of droves of camels, which must have subsisted on this curious plant, although we did not actually see them browsing on it.

Nahli told us that a camel in Asia Minor costs to buy from ten to twenty-five pounds, and its keep next to nothing. They feed as they go along, and when the grass fails are given once a-day, a paste of bruised corn and water rolled into a ball and stuffed down their throat. Each ball weighs two okes, or a little over five pounds. In September they are sometimes very savage, eating almost no food for weeks. Each camel is supposed to carry a load of two hundred okes.

The undulating ground we were driving over was a spur of the Karaja-Dagh. On crossing it we came to a small fountain with the remains of an ancient aqueduct near it. A group of camels were eagerly devouring tufts of *salicarnia* and *mesembryanthemum*. Our own tired horses were glad

---

\* One more lofty than the others is called Mekkeh - Dagh on Mr. Davis's map, but none of our people knew it by that name.

to rest for a few minutes, for the last hour's work had been very trying. The road from here goes due west to Karabunar. Turning in this direction we passed a mound of the finest sand with several fantastically-shaped peaks rising out of it, and found ourselves on the outskirts of the town. This was of course the inevitable morass and defunct causeway ; both in this case small. But the stones were as usual turned up edgeways, and we were actually twenty minutes getting over a piece of ground hardly fifty yards in length.

We had not bargained for the scene which this curious and dismal town was to present—the utter silence that reigned around. Not even a dog to bark at us as we drove slowly past house after house with doors and windows closed, not a living thing to be seen, and the only sound was the rumble of our wheels as we dragged along. Andrew and I involuntarily spoke in whispers, almost afraid to wake up the stillness around. The profound silence, the utter desolation, the absence of any sign of human life ; the likeness, as it were, to a city of the dead, was much more oppressive than the loneliness of the plain. No trees or shrubs were here, not even carrion crows ; only the mud-built houses, and the ruins of more pretentious buildings lying about.

At last we pulled up opposite the konak, and here for the first time set eyes on a human being. This, in one sense, unique specimen of his race, was lying on a mattress on the ground smoking a cigarette, and from the fragments round him, had apparently been smoking on that one spot

for years. He seemed speechless with surprise when a call from the driver roused him up, and coming forward he explained that he was the caimacan and lived all alone in the town. There were actually only himself and "his women" in it. The inhabitants had all left for their yaila, which, he explained, as he pointed to the plain in a northerly direction, was a nine hours' journey at a place where the cattle could get food.

It seemed to us very early in the season for such a move, for we had found it very cold, and had had our blankets wrapped round us for warmth. But he explained that 'so soon as the sun had the least power, the malaria arising from the marsh made the spot very unhealthy. He had to remain. A caimacan cannot leave his post for more than twenty-four hours at a time. He had had three months of this terrible loneliness, and sent in his resignation by every mail; and to add to the horror of his position, he would shortly have to send away his wife and servants and then would not have even a dog to look at. The inhabitants would not return for four months.

The town is a long straggling place. A large ruined khan stands opposite to the konak. It was built by Sultan Selim and consists of two large wings, which are in fact two separate khans entered by gateways of great height and divided by a paved courtyard. Only the shell remains, but the walls are unusually lofty and built entirely of hewn stone. Around it are a number of small houses with dome-shaped roofs, formerly used as soup-kitchens. A large



Turkish bath too is attached to it. Indeed it would only require a little money to repair the whole pile and make it again habitable.

There is a fine mosque in the town built by the same sultan. The projecting roof is supported in front by a row of six fine monolithic alabaster pillars; whilst in the centre is a marble door carved in the same style as the Medresseh at Nigdeh. Opposite to the mosque is a fountain, but many years have passed since water flowed into its basin. Large pieces of alabaster lie scattered about, and if only some of the Urgub merchants came here to carve the alabaster on the spot, they might realise large sums of money; for the dervishes at Koniah are particularly fond of it and generally have small *plaques* of it fastened on their chests or in front of their waistbands.

We noticed another fountain in the centre of the town; a tall arch shadows it, inclining to one side from want of a proper support, and huge granite troughs lie round it. The streets originally were all paved with the same kind of stone as the causeway, probably Roman work. Indeed there are many evidences that the town was formerly a place of importance; but the unfertile surroundings, and pestilential marsh, make it difficult to understand why such a site should have been chosen. We had noticed no signs of cultivation since we left Eregli, nor indeed could anything grow on the volcanic sand.

The caimacan put the whole konak at our disposal. We found a fairly clean room with raised benches on which

to place our beds. He gave us some firewood and water and made his servant bake us bread, otherwise we must have starved. His wife also sent us yaourt and a few eggs. The yaourt resembled that of Turmanim on the Aleppo plain ; more like thick cream than sour milk, and delicious eaten with jam or sugar. I paid a visit later to the lady, and found her an exceedingly pretty woman, tall and slender, with a lovely clear complexion, and beautifully-shaped hands. She came from Constantinople and bewailed her fate bitterly, at having to remain here ; and certainly she did look out of place in these dismal surroundings. She had three servants and a little boy, and these six souls were all that lived in the village.

We did not know how to pass the afternoon so we climbed up a low hill to examine two old windmills on the top of it. The caimacan told us that the breeze never failed ; but the mills of course were out of order, so they had to send their corn all the way to Eregli to be ground—for the Government took no notice of his applications for means to repair their own windmills.

Nahli amused us this afternoon by relating some of his experiences as a tithes-farmer or tax-gatherer, for he seems a little of both. His favourite expression about the Turks is to describe their “eating up” everything—a figure of speech denoting the disappearance of public funds. The Sultan eats, the vali eats, the caimacans, the mudirs, everyone eats, down to Nahli himself.

I asked him how he managed to “eat” without being

found out. He was frank enough in his explanation. One of his methods is as follows. On entering a village to collect the tithes he espies a man with fifty okes of corn, which he, Nahli, at once declares to be fifty-five. The man denies this, but Nahli is obdurate and proceeds to write down his own number. At last his victim succumbs and tells Nahli that if he will only put him down as having forty okes, he will give him seven okes and keep the other three for himself. The bargain is struck and the Government would seemingly be defrauded to the extent of receiving the tax on the forty instead of on the fifty okes. But the matter really does not end here. Before it reaches its final resting-place, the Government will probably get not more than the tax on fifteen okes; for it has still to go through the hands of the caimacan, the vali, and a host of subordinates who all must "eat" out of it.

Another very common method is when grain of some kind has to be weighed for the Government, say a hundred measures. The peasant brings his hundred, but Nahli and the weigher only place eighty into the measure; and by a certain way of putting it in, can make it rise up to the hundred measure mark. They then divide between themselves the remaining twenty. He told us of many other methods of cheating the Government, and finished off by saying that he manages thus to raise his own salary from two pounds a-month to eight. As somewhat of a set-off, he explained that when he got his appointment, he had to give away seven pounds in backsheesh—five to the

caimacan, and the other two were "eaten on the road," the secretary and the manager of the little affair keeping a pound apiece.

I believe myself that Nahli is an honest man, and I don't think he likes eating his share, as he calls it. But he has no remedy. He declares he would only be laughed at, and probably despised if he did not do it. With such a state of affairs, how can the unfortunate country become prosperous ! It can only go from bad to worse, and I believe was never so impecunious as it is at present. It is not only the Turks that rob and eat, but everyone who has the power or the opportunity does so. Nahli is a strict Maronite Christian ; but in his small way, he robs as heartily as the Vali Pasha himself.

We left melancholy Karabunar at half-past five A.M. next day. There were more signs of cultivation as we got out of the town, the ground being irrigated from wells of very simple construction. A long pole is stuck in the ground beside the well, and across it an equally long bar swings like a see-saw, to one end of which a bucket and rope are fastened. When water is required the peasant allows the bucket to sink into the well, and raises it up by pressing the bar towards the ground. But the land seemed cultivated only in the near neighbourhood of the town, for we soon got amongst the sweeping stretches of pasturage which extend to Koniah.

As the sun rose, mirages became very frequent, and we were often deceived by views of lakes and forests or hills

which disappeared on our approach. The country was quite deserted; nor was there a bush or rock that could have concealed a robber, so that if any had meant to attack us, they must have done so in the open. It is therefore curious that the road should have had so bad a reputation; its lonesomeness, it appears to me, is the only thing to be dreaded.

Three hours from Karabunar we arrived at a guard-house, where we stopped and had some coffee; the zaptiehs expect you to take it, as their only means of gaining a small backsheesh. Nearly opposite to this, about ten miles distant, are two Turcoman villages Otamysh and Ortoba, situated on the slopes of some low hills, a continuation of the northern spurs of Kara-Dagh. The mountain lies due south behind the villages. The old road between Eregli and Koniah used to pass that way; but within the last ten years the ground has become a swamp, and the caravans now come by our road when they think it is safe from brigands. The mirage above the morass looked like a lake, the peaks of Kara-Dagh seemed like floating islets; and only the constant changes showed that it was an optical illusion. In the same way, as we drove towards the Turcoman yaila of these villages, the reed houses looked like camels, and we actually thought a large caravan was approaching. Then they changed to haystacks and finally to what they really were, the small native huts.

The pasturage round about this place is magnificent. Several springs burst from the ground, and the patches of

grass made emerald oases for miles round. The flowers were lovely, and wonderful in quantity and variety of colour. The periwinkle trailed yards long over the surface of the ground, its blue and white stars shining conspicuously amongst the green. Large crowsfoot, trefoil, clover, gladioli, daisies, myosotis, anemones, wild geraniums, and many others, made the ground a veritable flower-garden. I revelled in it all, and was in and out of the side-doors of the waggon like a harlequin in a pantomime—so Andrew declared.

I was very happy, and would willingly have stayed some days in the yaila, but Koniah was near, and we had not heard from home for so long, nor seen any newspapers, that we did not like to delay. So when I had filled the waggon with my flowers, we drove on, looking like English villagers on a May-day, or like an ox-cart on Mardi-gras in Paris. There is only one drawback to these yailas—the want of fuel. We passed many women busy grubbing up a small thorny weed which they dry and afterwards burn. The plants are so tiny that it seemed to me as if it must take a day's work to make a kettle hot. However I believe the people live almost entirely without fire; for unlike most of the natives they drink the milk unboiled, and as my experience of the process had shown me, the bread only requires a few seconds on the griddle.

We arrived at Ismil about noon and were at once hospitably conducted to the musaffir-odassy. A good stable was attached to this, in which Paul was tied up. An old

Turk made us welcome and began to prepare the coffee. I notice that on all these occasions it is a venerable-looking Turk who arrives to do the honours; and these old men have a curious resemblance to each other. My husband gets on capitally with them. He will sit cross-legged like they do and solemnly pull away at his narghili, every now and then uttering a short remark and creating an immense impression—looking indeed very dignified and wise and the real Pasha all over.

I am afraid I looked quite the reverse, for I was always too tired to sit still, and used to be in and out, and hurrying off poor Nahli to see if we could find some antiquities or discover something worth purchasing. I nearly killed him here. I had read in Murray that there are large ruins in this village; so I insisted on finding them, and walked the poor fellow round and round, and in and out, until we were both nearly blinded by the glare. The inhabitants, indeed, assured us that there were neither “antikos” nor “eski” \* stones or buildings, either here or in the neighbourhood. I was shown a large oblong flat stone, supported on four small uprights, in the middle of the village; but this is used for washing the dead people on! It, they told us, had been dug out of a mountain two days’ journey from Ismil. The only other stones visible composed the public fountain, for nearly all the houses are made of mud bricks.

The strangers’-room was very clean and did not seem

to be much used. We had noticed a gradual improvement in the guest-chambers since leaving the Kaisariyeh and Nem Shehr districts. But we were now in the centre of the most Mahomedan part of Asia Minor, and the Turk is undoubtedly cleaner than the Christian. His religion for one thing forces him to be so. We always sent for food to a Mahomedan house in preference to a Christian one, but when we had our choice we preferred eating from neither of them. My husband's old friend set before us bowls of yaourt and young onions, but we were not hungry enough to be tempted.

It is really wonderful how simply the people live in this country—meat and wine are quite unknown amongst the peasants, and yet they are a fine sturdy race. We had proved ourselves how unnecessary these articles are. We had only tasted wine twice since leaving Tarsus, and meat in two places—Kaisariyeh and Nigdeh. We lived entirely on bread, eggs, butter, milk and fruit ; for we had been able to procure grapes, apples and figs in all the towns ; and every day we were able to go longer distances without the sufferings we experienced at the commencement of our journey.

There must be something very health-giving in the climate to enable English people to travel as we did, and live as we were forced to do, without suffering any inconvenience. As I have before mentioned, 'we handed all our tinned provisions over to Nahli ; and with very little regret, for the brawns were in a state of pulp, the spiced beef



tasteless, the tongues flabby and the Liebig's soup very nasty. I threw all the jars away for they were too heavy to carry. Nature prompted one to turn to the food of the country.

The moukhtar told us that many Circassians had been here, but all their women and children had died off, and they had all left. He gave them the same character we had heard everywhere. They refused to work, and though the Government allowed them two piastres (fivepence) a-day each, they robbed wherever they had a chance. But the people here are all Turks, and more determined than those of Eregli and taking the law into their own hands, beat severely every man they caught stealing, and so the marauders had left in disgust ; a fact that probably accounts for our meeting none on the road—quite contrary to the reports of the authorities.

The shortest way from here to Koniah is through Kharzoon and Yarma. But at this time of the year the road is under water, so we had to make a detour in a northerly direction and drive first to Kütschü-Keuy\* about thirteen miles from Ismil. We drove slowly so as to save the horses for the following day. We passed a small lake outside the town, and had to get the villagers to level down the irrigation banks before we could proceed. A pickaxe is almost a necessity in driving near these villages. Without one we could not have got the araba over.

.

---

\* This village is placed wrong on Kiepert's map, and ought to be N.W. of Ismil instead of S.W.

As we neared Kütschü-Keuy we met many of the villagers out mushroom-hunting. It seems all the plain round Koniah is covered with them. The people eat them raw, indeed I saw even a toothless baby sucking away at one. About six miles north of the village there is a range of barren-looking hills, but we could find out no name for them; but were assured that every year the village hunters shot many moufflons on them. The horns we had fastened at the back of the araba were at once recognised. This village is one of the yailas of Koniah, and on arriving at sunset we found it very cold. It is a small place and many of the houses were shut up, for the people had only just commenced to arrive.

We drove to the strangers'-house, and finding it as clean as the last one we had stopped at, had our beds placed inside. There was a difficulty about finding a stable for Paul; and as he is rather of a combative turn of mind we did not like putting him near the other horses. I suggested he should be placed at the end of our apartment, for as he need not be brought in till the last moment and we were going to start at three A.M. next morning, his presence would not much matter.

However my prognostications were proved untrue, for we were awakened about midnight by an intolerable smell that nearly suffocated us. Andrew declared there must be a fox in the room; but on examination found out that Paul's coat was the cause of the disturbance. Whilst I had been gathering my flowers and mushrooms, we had let him graze

about, and he must have eaten some herb, the fumes of which coming through his skin filled the room with an odour between musk scent and that of a fox. He was bundled out very quickly, and we had to sleep for the rest of the night with doors and windows open.

We had been very kindly received in this village and all our wants at once supplied. I may here, I hope, not uselessly, give a hint to the traveller in Turkey and Turkish provinces. It is a bad plan on entering a village to call out "I want this," or "I want that," and "I must have eggs, milk," etc. The traveller who thus acts, will often be told they have nothing, partly from the fear that what they have is not good enough, and partly because such demands are quite unusual. A native stranger always waits till he sees the others eating, and then joins them, they giving him a share as a matter of course. If very hurried or famished, as we often were, the right way is to tell them you are hungry and beg them to bring you "food." In this way you leave it to them, and they bring you always the best they have. We discovered many little things like that by experience, and found that every day of our progress we were getting on better with the people.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### KONIAH AND ITS HISTORY.

Scriptural scenes—First view of the city—The past and present—Early history of Koniah—"A cradle and sepulchre"—Paul and Barnabas—Timothy—The Lycaonian plain—"The Almighty's belt"—A representative Turkish city—The streets—Captain Stewart's home—His servant Sambo—Sambo and the petitioners—We are asked to shelter a murderer—News at last; the welcome papers—Visit to Nourri Bey—Government offices in ruins—The bazaars—The mosques—Carpets of price—Our old driver figures as a hero—We engage a new one—An earnest—Visit from Nourri Bey—His account of the Circassians—Turkish and Christian malversation; "not a pin to choose."

WE did not make as early a start from Kütschü-Keuy as we had expected; for one of the araba horses was dead lame, and we had to allow a few hours' longer rest to enable it to take us at all. We then could only drive very slowly, but luckily the road is a fair one. We passed over marshy ground covered with reeds often twelve feet in height, used in making the Turcoman huts. We passed many arabas filled with bedding and children, and strings of camels, so laden with cotton mattresses that only their heads were visible.

A few children or kitchen utensils would be tied on the top of them, and sometimes a woman hiding her face behind her veil would be seated on the bedding, calling to mind vividly the old bible stories.

We were much struck with our first view of Koniah. It is beautifully situated at the foot of a range of mountains with two singular peaks which rise above the city, with its background of wild uncultivated gardens and tall trees. Sycamores, planes and poplars surround the remains of many ruins that extend beyond the present limits of the town. The short turf of the plain in front is like a lawn of emerald green, with rush-bordered ponds to break the even surface. We saw quantities of snipe amongst the flags; whilst the familiar swallow skimmed over the water, and the daisies and buttercups pied the mead, making it almost like home, except for the intense blue of the sky and the buoyancy of the air.

A blue-green minaret tapers upwards sending out dazzling rays as the sun strikes the azure tiles. White domes, green trees, red roofs, yellow-coloured walls, the belt of woodlands, the gray rocks beyond, make the approach to the famous city strikingly beautiful.

The East is changed most marvellously little; the same scenes go on from day to day that St. Paul saw when he travelled over this plain in the beginning of the first century. All we see belongs to and illustrates the past; the costume of the people, the tents, the implements of husbandry, the threshing-floors, the strings of camels and the lowly donkey,

such as I have described as meeting us on the way ; even the very salutations are the same which greeted Paul and Barnabas when they "weary, but strong in the Lord," entered the gates of Iconium.

This city with its mixture of the past and the present is not by any means to be realised in the mind's eye by a rapid description ; nor to be understood at a glance. It would be presumptuous of me to give a detailed description of the closed book of the past. Those who are anxious to have one, must go to other and cleverer authors, and then glean a little from each ; as none has yet succeeded in giving a complete account of the ancient capital of Lycaonia. I only aim to describe what I myself have seen as well as I can, so as to interest the reader, and possibly in my small way to help the traveller who wishes to explore one of the most interesting as well as one of the most ancient kingdoms of the world.

Koniah has been repeatedly destroyed and rebuilt, and its architectural features are entirely altered. Little is now seen of Greek or Roman Iconium ; but the remains of the Mahomedan architecture still bear testimony to the powerful government of the ancient Ottoman empire. It has been called "the cradle of the rising power of the Turks," as now it may be spoken of as "the sepulchre of their decay." It was the capital of the Seljukian Sultans ; Xenophon and Strabo repeatedly refer to it. Frederick Barbarossa took it after an heroic defence. It was retaken by the Sultans and held by them till Genghis Khan broke

their power. It has had a great part in the growth of the Ottoman empire, and has been included in the dominions of the Sultan ever since the time of Bayazid.

Apart from these, there are other features in the history of Koniah which are deeply interesting. It was till a short time ago the only city in Lycaonia connected with St. Paul's travels, the site of which was certainly known. He first arrived here accompanied by Barnabas from Antioch in Pisidia, and went to the synagogue to preach, when many of the Jews and Greeks became converted. But the enmity of the unbelieving Jews was raised and they threatened to stone him.

The two disciples fled to Lystra and Derbe, small towns where Greek was understood but probably little spoken, and where the civilisation of the capital had hardly penetrated. They returned to Koniah, and left it only when St. Paul commenced his journey back to Syria.

Timothy, "the cherished disciple" is supposed to have been a native of Koniah, and to have been here converted by Paul. Although the city is not again mentioned in the bible, it is supposed that St. Paul visited it on his third missionary journey when "he went over all the country in Galatia and Phrygia in order."

The district of Lycaonia extends from the ridges of Taurus and the borders of Cilicia on the south, to Capadocia on the east. The north is bounded by Phrygia, and the west by the hills of Pisidia and Pamphylia. It is a bare and dreary region, unwatered by any great rivers, but

having vast marshes that dry up in summer, though during the winter they become a lake ; whilst in the spring large herds of buffalo and cattle feed on the pasturage. The whole district affords excellent pasture for sheep, and immense flocks are seen grazing all over it. It was here that Amyntas, whilst he led a nomad life, fed his numerous sheep. It is not all unfertile ; for grain is grown in many places, and I have already described the wonderful luxuriance of flowers and herbs, the richness of the colours as the shadows fall on the plains, and the intense glow that spreads over its surface for miles. The effect is so distinct that the tints of yellow blue and green not unfrequently give it the appearance of a rainbow\* spread over the ground.

I felt more excited on the near approach to this town than any other ; for it is *par excellence* Turkish. Its history, its architecture, its bazaars and alas ! its decay are pre-eminently Osmanli. Next to Stamboul the Turks speak of Haleb and Koniah as their principal towns. Smyrna, Kaisariyeh, Adana are all more or less Christian now, but Koniah still holds its own—Moslem to the core. If I had come here straight from Europe, I should have been sorely disappointed. The mud walls, the crumbling ruins, and the unparalleled state of the roads leading into the town, take away all idea of dignity and grandeur ; and the decay is so terrible that the size of the city is lost ; it indeed actually

---

\* Turks always speak of the rainbow under the poetical name of "the Almighty's belt."



looks little more than a large mud-built village. It is only when one sees the mosques and baths, and examines the very ruins that now add to its desolate appearance, that one begins to appreciate Koniah, and that keen interest is excited.

I have already said that the road was execrable ; in fact there was none at all, for the irrigation conduits had been carried up to the walls, and seemed larger here than anywhere else. The old causeways were more dilapidated also, than any heretofore, and our entrance into the great city succeeded in cooling down a great deal of the enthusiasm I had previously got up. There are very few covered bazaars in it, and all the streets are unusually wide—more so than in any English town. I fancy this proves the heat cannot be so great here in summer as in other parts ; I observe the hotter a country is, the narrower are the streets, for the sake of shade, and also because such an arrangement creates more draughts. The shops were very disappointing. The only things worth noticing in them were the warm gloves and stockings made of the *teftek* wool—and they are really wonderful, for nothing equals them in warmth and softness.

Captain Stewart of the 15th Hussars, the English consul, had to go to Sivas a few weeks before our arrival ; but he had kindly written to my husband to say he put his house at our disposal, and we might stay in it if he had not returned. We found a very snug little place in charge of Sambo his black servant, who seems devoted to his master and was very attentive to us during our stay in Koniah.

Sambo is quite a character in his way ; and one of his tricks deserves a paragraph to itself. His great delight was to introduce people with petitions to my husband, and watch from behind the door for the explosion that was sure to follow. He would rush downstairs to Nahli grinning from ear to ear and saying: "Juss like my massa! juss like my massa!" and took particular pleasure in mocking their discomfited looks as he showed the petitioners out.

We hardly had a meal in peace for these people. We would come in for a few minutes' rest, and soon after be besieged by all sorts of applicants, generally about the most trifling grievances. Human patience could not stand it, and when they would literally force their way in utterly regardless whether we were eating or sleeping, they were sometimes not very politely received. As I have said before, these petitions were nearly all about their taxes, begging my husband to request the Vali to let them off paying such and such a thing. I remember one man saying all he wanted was to be allowed to accompany us when we called on the Pasha, to present the petition to his excellency in our presence, as then his excellency would have to read it. We were perfect strangers to this man. He might have been a thief or a murderer for all we knew to the contrary ; so Andrew simply told him he thought his request very impertinent and ordered Nahli to show him out.

This case was not a bad exhibition of self-assurance on the part of one asking a favour ; yet it was outdone even in this respect, by another before we left Koniah. We had

just returned from arranging for our departure, as will be related shortly, and quite ready for lunch, when Andrew was told that two men were waiting to see him. He sent Nahli to find out what they wanted, but they declined to tell him and were so pertinacious that at last my husband consented to give them an interview. I heard them all talking angrily together in the sitting-room, and felt very curious to know what it was about. Presently the two strangers came out looking very ruffled, and pushed rudely past me on the stairs, making no attempt to remove their hats. A few minutes before, whilst waiting for an audience, they had been bowing to the ground, and showing every possible sign of servile homage.

I found Andrew in a very indignant frame of mind. He vowed I would never guess the proposal these gentlemen had made to him. And certainly I do not think I should have succeeded; for it turned out that they, having learned we were going to the coast, actually wanted us to escort a murderer with us and take him away under English protection! An Italian it appeared had in a quarrel murdered a Turk in a cornfield a few days previously. These two men were his friends, and wanted us to save him from the law. Fancy our taking a murderer red-handed away with us, and going back to Cyprus with such an addition to our party! I was just as indignant as my husband. It would have been a nice return on our part for all the hospitality we had received from the Turks, to have helped a criminal to escape from justice.

We were glad to have a day's rest, and actually revelled in all the newspapers which were waiting Captain Stewart's return. My husband was rather loath to unfasten the coverings, but the temptation was too great to be resisted, for we had been so long without news. We were very interested about the new ministry which was a great surprise to us ; for on leaving Beyrout no one had any idea how the elections would go. On asking my husband if he were glad or sorry the Conservatives had lost, he only laughed, and said : "A soldier has no politics, all he has to remember is the word—'obey.'" The cowardly desertion of the brave young Prince in Zululand, and his heroic death in fighting for our cause, was still being written about in the papers.

Our first duty on the morning after our arrival was to call on the Vali. We found however that he was absent. But he had nevertheless not forgotten us. He had most kindly, on learning of our intended visit to Koniah, telegraphed to the caimacans of all the coast towns, ordering them to pay us every respect if we should land at any of their ports. My husband was anxious to thank him for the trouble he had taken.

In his absence affairs were administered by Nourri Bey, the Deftahdar, or Auditor-General of the province. He was in the serai, and received us in a small room next the council-chamber. All the building had been burnt down except the outer walls and a detached piece of masonry inside, in which the business of the district was now carried on. The vast pile that stood on the site of the palace of the ancient sultans

had fallen down at different times, and been replaced by wooden edifices ; so it was not surprising that, when a fire broke out about six weeks before our arrival, the whole block should have been burnt to the ground. During the conflagration three hundred prisoners escaped, and though some had been captured, a great many were still at large in the mountains robbing all the travellers they came across.

No attempt had been made to clear away the rubbish. Heaps of slacked lime, charred beams, broken rafters and crumbling walls lay as they fell, a mass of *débris* and dust. Nourri Bey apologised for the state of everything by pleading pressure of business as his excuse, and that the Vali had had no time to have the building repaired or the enclosure cleared out. He was extremely polite, and placed an escort at our orders to see the town and the ruins. The account of our visit to the latter, I shall defer until the next chapter, for they deserve a special notice ; as also of my conversation with the sheikh of the dervishes (who came to call on Nourri Bey during our visit) and its result. Our impressions of the habitable part of the city and of the bazaars may be briefly given.

The streets are wide and clean. Saltpetre is an extensive manufacture here ; we noticed quantities of it sold in the bazaars. This, and socks and gloves of the *teftek* wool, seemed the principal commerce. However we got some very good Killim carpets, far superior to any we had seen in Kaisariyeh, and one quarter the price. I was glad at

last to be able to buy some of them ; for I had searched for them throughout our journey, and the only good ones I had seen, were here and at Adana—the prices at the latter place being very high. Kir-Scher is another town where carpets are made, but only the small Moslem prayer-rugs.

We spent the following morning in again going over the bazaars. They always amuse me ; the variety of trades, the novelty of the articles for sale, the busy scene amongst the camels and mules, the costumes and different nationalities, and the life and bustle, compare so grandly and quaintly with the composure of the eastern shopkeeper, sitting pipe in mouth on his carpet for the chance call of a customer. In passing the doors of the different mosques one cannot fail to notice the carpets hanging over them like a screen. Some of these are very beautiful ; and those who wish to have an idea of what a really good Killim is, should study them. We were admitted into several of the mosques and no one took the least notice of us. The interiors are most uninteresting ; the hideous Turkish fashion of whitewashing the walls having obliterated any carvings or arabesques.

We intended leaving on the next day for Kassaba, and sought out our old arabaji to ask if he were inclined to go on with us as far as Karaman. We found him in the midst of a colony of his compatriots with whom he had made himself quite a hero by relating our adventures. He claimed cups of coffee at intervals from his friends as a reward for his endeavours to amuse them. His frugality had often amused us on the journey, and his petitions for backsheesh

were never-ending. On this occasion the moment he saw us he held out his hand for one ; much to Nahli's indignation, for he was beginning to fear that the frequent calls on our purse might make us less inclined to give *him* a big one at the end of the journey.

The arabaji's terms were too exorbitant, so we engaged another man, agreeing to give him eleven medjidies if he took us to Karaman in a day and a half. He handed a fine rug to us, as a pledge that the bargain was struck. It was a very curious one, half silk and half wool, and bright yellow in the centre. I bought it from him later for two pounds. It came from Astracan, he said. Our new arabaji arranged to be at our house at daybreak next morning, and by thus starting early we hoped to reach Kassaba that night ; the distance is said to be twelve hours by horses, and eighteen by mules.

In the meantime, we had to pay our visit to the mosque of the dervishes, which is described later. On our return from their performances, we found an officer waiting to tell us Nourri Bey was coming to call. The latter soon arrived full of apologies for not having come to return our visit before, as it is etiquette to make an official visit a few hours after one has been received.

We found Nourri a very well-informed man ; but it was strange to see how much more he knew of other countries than he did of his own. He made absurd mistakes about the geography of Anatolia ; indeed he did not appear to know half as much about it as my husband

did. I have read of such a disparity between the knowledge of French and German officers ; the former knowing much less about their own country than their enemies did.

Andrew spoke very strongly to his excellency about the Circassians ; and he seemed rather disturbed, promising that the Vali would send troops to Eregli and make inquiries about the atrocities committed there. I fear, though, he will have forgotten all about it before the Vali's return. He seemed honestly indignant with his own Government for letting loose all these half-savage hordes in Asia Minor. He said that for years they had tried to teach the Circassians to settle down, but that they were born thieves. They have tried to make them soldiers and zaptiehs, but they get into constant trouble.

The Circassians are bad soldiers for they cannot be taught "to obey." They will learn their drill, and fulfil their duties for a week or two, and then get a lazy fit and do nothing. If imprisoned or fined, they seize the first opportunity to desert. They are impertinent to their officers, and quarrelsome with the men. If sent into a village they commit every kind of violence and cannot be trusted. Nourri added, that if a Circassian were made to face the Russians in a battle, he would certainly shoot at the enemy—but he would insist on stopping to strip and rob every man he killed, and then on going away to sell his horse, and would only return to the war after his money was spent. He told us that he had had great experience with them, and knew them well. The Stamboul Government does not know what



to do with them. When he said this, Andrew quietly suggested they should all be collected and sent back as a present to the Czar.

Nourri talked more hopefully of the future of his country than most Turks. He spoke of roads, railways, improvements and reforms, and declared that all they wanted was money. Andrew replied that we all knew that ; but that the reforms must come first ; and pointed out to him how much good could be done—the streets mended, the rubbish cleared away, drains made, and repairs looked after—if the municipality of Koniah were only tolerably honest and fairly energetic, instead of, as is the case, squandering the money on themselves. He said plainly, that as long as the Pashas allowed such open-handed dishonesty to go on under their very eyes, English people would never believe in their reforms or be willing to lend them any more money.

When Andrew said the same thing at Kaisariyeh, he was coolly told that the municipality there was in the hands of the Christians ; and that if the Pasha were to report the president, the latter would get up a case against the governor, and that all the Armenians would club together and appeal to the foreign consuls, saying it was only an instance of Moslem fanaticism against the Christians. It is very difficult to judge fairly between the two sides ; but in the matter of being dishonest, and of every man trying to cheat the Government, I believe there is not a pin to choose between them.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### KONIAH : ITS RUINS AND ITS DERVISHES.

The old walls—Ancient lions—The Castle of Allaoodeen—A treasure-trove; Persian tiles—Effective carving—The tomb and the mosque of Allaoodeen—Relics of ancient Iconium : native want of appreciation—Tottering mosques—The castle—The suburbs as seen from it—My interview with the sheikh of the Mevlevi dervishes—I obtain permission to visit their mosque and see the dancing—Andrew on my diplomacy—Our visit to the college and mosque of the dervishes described—The courtyard—Shoes off !—The mosque and its treasures ; priceless gems of glass—The tombs and shrine—Hazret's tomb—Offerings of devotees—Wealth within and poverty without—The dance of the whirling dervishes—Coffee—A Pasha's backsheesh—Proofs of the tolerance of the Turk—A contrast in this respect with the Christian.

I HAVE deferred until now the account of our inspection of the ancient ruins of the city, made under the able and willing guidance of Nourri Bey's escort of zaptiehs.

I believe the circumference of the old walls when they were erected by Sultan Allaoodeen was about three miles. The remains are still strong and lofty, and are flanked with square massive towers, the work of the Seljukian sultans.

The latter were distinguished from the Moslems in one way ; they did not profess the same horror of statues and figures representing the human form ; and they carefully preserved, and built into their walls, all the fragments of ancient art which they discovered. Of the three principal gates only one now remains. Two towers are built near to each other on either side. It is remarkable on account of the lions which are carved in front of it. One of them holds between his front paws a small statuette representing a man in a Roman toga ; the other is resting with one foot on what looks like a boar's head—the snout is nearly destroyed, but the eye is very visible ; the third lion, we were told, had been taken away and broken up.

The wall on the north-west side of the town is not so lofty, and the towers are smaller but more numerous. But it is only in isolated places that any remains can be seen, for they are rapidly crumbling down through decay and deportation for other purposes.

The castle of Allaoodeen Key-Khosrou, whom the Turks look upon as the founder of the Seljukian dynasty in Koniah (1192), is only a few yards distant from the gateway. It may be perhaps best described as consisting of a large amount of débris. It seems to have been built on a mound encircled by a brick wall, and near this are ruined chambers and arcades that may have served as dwellings for the retainers belonging to the palace. But the site has long been used as a quarry ; and it is difficult to conjecture either the size or plan of the ancient castle of the Princes of Koniah.

But though a ruin, it proved a very interesting and, in a sense, productive one to us. On one side rises a square tower which must have been covered with Persian tiles inside as well as out. Even now the colouring, when the sun shines on them, is most beautiful. They have withstood the rain and snow of several centuries without the blues or purples fading, or the gilding losing any of its richness. Andrew climbed up to the top of the ruin to break off some of the tiles for me, and the zaptiehs from below at once commenced to throw up stones, not caring how many they broke off for us. One of them went up with my husband and offered his bayonet to unfasten them. They are embedded very firmly in a strong cement, and it is most difficult to get them out, without breaking the stars and globes. Each tile is made in a different shape, and yet all fit one into another. They are of many colours—deepest purple, royal blue, white, gold, rich brown, crimson, dark green; and sometimes patterns are drawn on them, or a design formed in black and filled in with gold and colours. A few have a delicate tracing painted over a white ground.

No attempt has been made to save these beautiful relics. We were allowed to knock down a large mass of stone, so as to try and get a few of the tiles out intact. The ground below is covered with hundreds of broken pieces, and in a few years not a vestige of the building will be left.

The outside ornamentation is very curious. We thought at first it was stone carving; but a close examination showed the design was formed by thin bricks placed one above

another; some projecting, others retreating, and spaces left so as to give it every resemblance of having been cut by a chisel. The effect was very light, and in better taste with the encaustic tiles than any sculpture. The cornices are particularly curious, being wonderfully light and airy. A lion stands in a niche in the lower wall. There is a corresponding niche opposite, but the statue that filled it has disappeared.

The tomb and mosque of Allaoodeen stood on the same mound. Along the cornice of the roof of the latter building is a row of small pillars, which must have been taken from a ruin belonging to an earlier period. The entrance is richly covered with arabesques and sculptured ornaments; but the effect of the whole pile is gloomy and heavy, for it is without any pretensions to architectural beauty.

In this neighbourhood are many relics of ancient Iconium. Odd pieces of Greek and Roman work have been built in with the mud walls, and turned to uses that would have astonished the original sculptors. A modern schoolhouse stands near, with a dome above it, entered by a lofty doorway, with a marble arch, elaborately carved. The adjoining stone wall has some fine windows, with differently-carved designs round the marble frames. Exactly opposite, on the other side of the road, is another ruin with a chamber having a deep vaulted arch. The walls are lined with blue and purple tiles resembling mosaic. If we had had time or means of transport at hand, we might have brought back enough to have made several fireplaces.

It is really extraordinary how little veneration the Turks

have for these relics of their ancient grandeur. A good-natured bystander, seeing me picking up some pieces from the ground, called to his friends, and before I could stop him, had broken off a huge square piece, too bulky to have been carried in our araba, or I should have brought it away with me. I believe blue tiles are manufactured now at Kutaya; but the modern ones cannot touch the ancient in either colouring or design.

One cannot fail to be struck with the number of the mosques in Koniah; their graceful minarets rising up on all sides towering above the flat or circular roof. Many of them are in a very dangerous state; one especially we noticed was leaning so much on one side that the only wonder was how it remained in position; but such is the fatalism of this people, that the muezzin still went up it three times a day to call the faithful to prayer.

We had still another castle to visit. It stands a little beyond the city walls, and seemingly has no name. It is built in an oblong shape, with eight buttresses round it. A moat of unusual size encircles the walls. Below the drawbridge, Andrew found a large stone lion, much defaced and chipped, but still of fine proportions. On scrambling into the castle we passed through a twisted passage; one would think easy to defend, for only two men could have fought abreast. The centre of the ruin is filled up with piles of earth and stone; the outside shell alone remaining intact.

We climbed up to the top of one of the towers and had a glorious view. For the first time we saw the gardens and rich

meadow land that lie between the city and the hills. Meandering streams fringed with shrubs and shaded by lofty trees flowed through them ; fruit-trees were just bursting into leaf ; nightingales sang in every hedge ; whilst the perfume of the limes and the walnut-trees filled the air, even to the height on which we stood. The suburbs are much larger than the actual town, extending for a considerable distance over the plain.

So much said of the ruins of Koniah, I shall now give an account of a most interesting visit which we were enabled to pay to the college of the dervishes.

I have mentioned that when we called on Nourri Bey, the sheikh of the Mevlevi dervishes arrived. He was received very ceremoniously and treated with much respect. At the coronation of the Sultan, a sheikh from these dervishes is sent to gird him with the sword of Osman. They are the richest and most powerful sect in Turkey, and have large properties, as well as great influence with the people.

I had asked if I might be allowed to see their church and college, also for permission to look on during a performance of their dancing. They told us that Friday was the day for the whirling dervishes to perform, but on my looking very disappointed, the sheikh said that if we would call at the Medresseh next day, he would see what could be done. He added that his priests in Cyprus spoke well of the English, and that as my husband was one of the governors of the island, he would like to pay him a compliment. He seemed rather uncertain about admitting me, observing that women

never appeared at these ceremonies but behind a lattice-work ; and suggested that it might be disagreeable for me to be stared at, or to hear remarks about my presence there. I assured him I was quite prepared for all this, and added that I had too much respect for the Turks to fear any discourtesy at their hands. He smiled and seemed pleased, and fixed 4 P.M. as the hour for our visit next day.

My husband was much amused with my compliments and successful pleading. Indeed, he declares I would make a good consul, as I am always ready with a 'fair reply, and know exactly what to say to all the natives we come in contact with. All I can say is, I do it for amusement. It is intense fun to see their surprise at my taking a part in the conversation ; and how much more respectful they are to me when I go away, than when I first enter the room.

Accordingly at 4 P.M. on the 12th of May, the last day of our stay in Koniah, we started to see the dervishes. They live in a building adjoining the tomb of the founder of the sect, Hazret Mevlana, who gave his name to the Mevlevi dervishes. This tomb is the most striking object you see on entering the town, and is visible for miles from the plain beyond. The bright blue minaret, surmounting a cylindrical tower, I have already spoken of. It is placed over the saint's tomb and the church and college are built round it. These were erected by Selim I., who gave this college precedence over all the others in the Ottoman empire.



We entered through an iron gate which is always kept open, leading into a paved marble court, with a fountain in the centre. Palms, bananas, cactus, lilacs, pepper-trees, acacia, syringas, and many flowering shrubs are planted round it, and filled the air with fragrance. This court is open to the public, who gladly avail themselves of the permission to come and drink the water, which is cold even on the hottest day in summer. Three sides of the square are surrounded by a colonnade having a marble floor, and supported by light marble pillars. Eighteen rooms open on this, inhabited by the dervishes, one priest living in each chamber. The fourth side, or that facing the entrance, is occupied by the church and a small salaamlık.\* These are separated from the other part of the court by a low iron railing.

We were received by a dervish dressed in a long black robe and wearing a conical-shaped hat of yellow felt. He conducted us through a graveyard to the back of the church, where we had to go through the ceremony of taking off our boots; and very funny we looked—I, in my black stockings, my husband in chocolate-coloured ones, and Nahli without any toes at all to his—as we walked across the little room leading into the mosque.

On entering we found ourselves in a kind of square chamber, separated from what we would call the aisle, by a screen. From galleries placed round this space

---

\* Reception-room.

the lookers-on could witness the performances of the dervishes ; the portions set apart for the women being carefully shut in by close lattice-work. The floor was of polished oak, and overhead hung a network of silver wires, on which were fastened thousands of glass lamps of every conceivable shape, form, and colour.

The effect was most beautiful. There were gems of Venetian work amongst them that collectors would willingly give thousands of pounds for. I have never seen such a variety. Delicate glasses from Venice so thin that one was almost afraid to breathe near them ; some with coats-of-arms and designs engraved on them so minutely that it required a magnifying-glass to make them out ; some with stems, others with handles, a few with lips, or flowers—every colour was represented, and the value of the collection must be enormous. I saw Bohemian glass in ruby colour and deep blue ; opaque Persian glasses, and iridescent vases that had been exhumed from some ancient tombs. They were all filled with perfumed oil, and when lit up, the scene must be beautiful. The polish of the floor was wonderful ; it shone like an ebony mirror, and we slid rather than walked. It surprised us to think how the dervishes could keep their equilibrium on such a slippery surface.

The church itself is a long narrow building, having on each side of the aisle numerous marble tombs. At the head of each of them is a pillar with an enormous green turban wrapped round it. A low railing separates the tombs from the worshippers. At the top of the mosque are three steps

of solid silver leading to a kind of table or altar which is covered with a most miscellaneous heap of riches. Gold and silver cloths, rich embroidery, carved pieces of wood, mother-of-pearl caskets, cases inlaid with precious stones, gold and silver and ivory scimitars, engraved goblets and lamps—altogether a blaze of jewels and reflecting lights, a glow of colour, and a mass of richness that positively dazzle the beholder. In barbaric magnificence it is unrivalled. The costliness and fineness of texture of each object, the superb workmanship of many of the articles, make the whole group an ensemble of splendour which can hardly be surpassed. Above hang two Venetian chandeliers with coloured flowers and leaves between the branches, the glittering colours being in harmony with the magnificence below.

The ceiling is inlaid with mosaics and gems which are divided by richly-gilt wood carvings. In a recess corresponding to the dancing-chamber, stands the tomb of Hazret Mevlana, in whose honour all these gifts are showered on the mosques. At the head of the tomb is the usual column, but the turban of green cloth is here considerably larger than any of those on the tombs of the other imans. Shawls and scarves from Persia and India are thrown over the body of the tomb, the gifts of special devotees. The aisle is covered with carpets which put into the shade any I have ever seen. I have ransacked, now, the bazaars of the principal cities of Turkey in Asia, but never have I seen such beautiful carpets as here. The design and colouring of some are so

beautiful that it seemed treason to use them as a covering for the floor. One that I particularly admired was over two hundred years old.

There can be no doubt that the reputed wealth of these dervishes is no fable. But the contrast of seeing a gem like this mosque, filled with such enormous wealth, with the ruins, the filth, the poverty and decay surrounding it, impressed me very much.

We left by the private door so as to avoid the crowd which was peering in at us from the principal entrance. There were probably some angry ones amongst it ; for it must have been a strange sight to them to see a "Giaour" and an unveiled woman standing by the tomb of their most revered saint. We were to see the dancers perform in the kitchen, as the sheikh did not like to try the temper of the people too much by giving us infidels a special performance in the mosque.

On entering, Nahli exclaimed enthusiastically : "*Quelle bonne odeur de beurre !*" and looked round rapturously at all the cooking utensils, and the savoury messes frying and stewing over the fire. The kitchen is a delightful room. A long raised platform, about thirty feet wide, occupies one side of it ; the floor is of polished oak, and black with age and wax. We sat cross-legged at one end of it, on cushions. Great vases of purple and white lilacs were placed round us, and coffee was served by a dervish.

Below the platform there was a huge fireplace, large enough to roast a couple of oxen ; indeed, if all the windows

had not been open we could not have endured the intense heat. The walls were covered with saucepans, fryingpans, and basting ladles with handles about four feet in length to enable the cooks to use them without approaching too near the furnace. Dervishes came in occasionally with small braziers into which they put some of the hot ashes, and carried them away to warm their rooms. Everything was scrupulously clean; every utensil was as bright as if new from the bazaar. The copper saucepans were so polished that they reflected objects like a mirror; towels and dusters were all clean, and not a speck of dust was to be seen anywhere. The platform on which we sat had narrow strips of felt round the walls, and on this the dervish-cooks sleep; neither pillows nor covering being allowed.

All this time visitors were gradually coming in and seating themselves on each side of us. When the sheikh arrived, he sat in the centre on a tiger skin, with his back, like ours, against the walls. He said a few words of welcome to us before seating himself. Four musicians made their appearance with reed pipes, drums, and cymbals. They began to play a slow droning tune, and one by one the dervishes poured in. About thirty prepared to dance. These were dressed in long skirts, very full round the waist, and made of some heavy material. They wore a short jacket above the skirt and the dervish felt hat like a sugar-loaf on their heads; but neither stockings nor shoes on their feet. Most of them were in black, but a few had dark green, blue, or gray skirts just touching the ground.

They sat down with their hands folded on their breasts, and their heads bowed in front of the chief, and on a given signal from the music, started up and began to spin round and round. The musicians broke into voice, and the whirling began in earnest. The dresses of the dancers floated round them like an extinguisher ; one foot gave the impetus, whilst the other acted as a pivot on which the body revolved. They whirled past us, slowly to one even measure, till I became so giddy I had to shut my eyes. I noticed that they held the right hand aloft with the palm downwards, whilst the left arm was kept lower with the palm upwards. At a sign from the music, the step changed and it became like a *trois-temps* valse. My husband and I glanced at each other but were afraid to do more, for fear we should smile ; and we knew that at least a hundred eyes were fixed sternly on us, watching for the smallest sign of levity.

It was, indeed, a wonderful stretch of liberalism to allow me to be on the same platform, unveiled amongst their holiest men. No woman had ever before set her foot in that part of the college, and I was determined to show how much I appreciated their courtesy and hospitality, by carefully observing all their customs, and looking as solemnly at the scene before me as the oldest dervish in the room.

The performance lasted for an hour, and some of the men looked ghastly pale at the end of it. We were told the whirling was far more difficult than it looked, and that

it took years to become a proficient in it. Each man bowed to the chief on retiring, and the cooks commenced at once to make us more coffee. We wanted to go away ; but the officer and zaptiehs who accompanied us, begged us to remain for a few minutes, as it was not often they had the treat of drinking "dervish coffee."

Every man, if he has received a certain amount of education and has sufficient interest, may become a dervish. They have to serve first for three years in the kitchen, then five as servants of the church, before they are entitled to the priesthood. Afiz Effendi is their head at present, and there are eighteen minor chiefs, who are allowed to occupy rooms in the college. Many of them have also private houses where they keep their wives and families. We noticed in the town many dervishes who were bootmakers, sellers of teftek wool, cotton merchants, and belonging to the different trades. They only differ from the other inhabitants in wearing the felt hat of the sect.

On leaving, Andrew handed some gold to the priest who had acted as our cicerone and begged him to buy a sheep to feast the dervishes who had danced for us. We were told that was the Pasha-like manner of offering them a backsheesh.

We had been treated most kindly by them. Even the most fanatical had welcomed us in a courteous manner; and though my appearance in their midst must have grated deeply against their prejudices, they were too innately well bred to let any outward marks of their displeasure be seen.

Surely the Turks can hardly be called fanatical after this experience of them in their most fanatical city ! I may remark here, that during our whole journey we had never been less mobbed, less jostled, or had less occasion for a guard, than in Koniah. Yet we were in the very heart of Asia Minor, in a town that is filled with the most bigoted of Moslems, and containing the fiercest devotees amongst the dervishes. Very few English have been here, and certainly no English lady during the memory of the inhabitants. Yet we suffered far less inconvenience than in the midst of the rich and opulent Kaisariyeh, where the impertinent inquisitiveness of the long-nosed inhabitants was at times insufferable. Many a time I was forced to make a desperate effort and open my umbrella in their faces and stand under its shelter with my back towards them. Whilst here in Koniah, though a crowd would often collect, they never pressed or pushed up against us, but formed a circle of their own accord to give us room. We were truly greatly struck with the natural politeness of the people ; I will ever look back with unalloyed pleasure on our stay in Koniah.



## CHAPTER XXIII.

### DUE SOUTH TO KARAMAN.

Homeward bound—A decent road and an apology—Turkish and English road-making compared—Value of directness—Arcadian goat-herds—Schumra, a village of pitfalls—Returning signs of life—Cassaba, its minaret and walls—Old china in an out-of-the-way place—A bath at dawn—Bin-bir-Kilisse, the site of ancient Lystra—Paul and Barnabas ; crowding Bible memories—Fertile Ilisera—Arrival at Karaman—Hospitality of Ali Effendi—Sudden transformation of bare walls—Why I prefer a divan to a chair—A truly Turkish meal—We feel at home—Andrew recognised by old friends (?)—A picturesque market scene—Friendly services of the Caimacan—We impress horses, and endeavour to excuse the act—The mosques of Karaman—Two perfect doorways—Supposed grave at Karaman—Startling extent of the cemeteries—The castle—Climate of Karaman—Its situation and aspect—Prevalence of semi-deserted towns—The Turk and his hospitality—Difficulty of repaying it—His appreciation of small attentions.

It poured with rain all night, and was still coming down in torrents when we rose on the morning of the 13th of May to prepare for our homeward journey. We were going due south from here, and on reaching the coast intended to hire a sailing vessel to take us over to Kyrenia. Nourri Bey had telegraphed to the Caimacan of Karaman to have

horses waiting for us, and also to Killindryeh to retain a good sailing vessel until our arrival.

It cleared up about six, and by half-past we were seated in our new araba, and jolting for the last time through the streets of Koniah. Our old arabagi was watching the start; and the last, as the first word we heard him utter, was "Backsheesh." Our new man was a very good-tempered, cheerful Tartar—in fact, the best of all the people we had hired during our travels. His horses were strong and hardy, and trotted fairly over the plain.

We discovered as we left Koniah, that for once I had been doing a Turkish town injustice in the matter of the roads which lead up to it. For the road we took was a fair one, and there is another tolerable road leading to Angora. We, in fact, had entered the town by one that has been long abandoned.

As the sun rose, the morning turned out to be perfectly lovely. The ground sparkling with dew-drops, the cheerful song of the birds, and the air fresh and cool—indeed its buoyancy affected the zaptiehs in front of us as much as ourselves; for they careered gaily on much to our amusement, and evidently still more to their own mutual admiration. We had no less than six of them, for no reason that I could make out. We met no one all day, but a few peaceful shepherds and an occasional traveller hurrying to the capital, more frightened of us than we of him.

The made road continues for about ten miles; but the

broken stones, in places, were in such large pieces that, to avoid the jolting, we preferred driving over the plain, though the marshy ground made it difficult for the horses to pull through it. The Turks cannot be called good road-makers. In this case, for example, the stones were occasionally such gigantic specimens of macadam, that, to avoid the jolting, we would in places drive over the marshy plain; yet, if I must speak the truth, I would sooner drive over any Turkish road I know of, than over one made by the young science of England; at least, judging from what I have seen in Cyprus, and, as I have before hinted, I do not think I am at all singular in this opinion.

Concerning roads, indeed, I hold my own opinions. The subject is one which we English, as exhibited by our works abroad, view in a peculiar, not to say slightly nonsensical, fashion. Now the Turks know the nature of the people they have to deal with; and instead of zigzagging their road from village to hamlet, they invariably make it straight as the crow flies between two towns, with branches from the main road to the villages. We, on the contrary, twist and twirl the roads, so that the man taking his wares to market, must double the length of his journey, and first go through a number of hamlets, tiring out both himself and his mule. Nor is the practice of the slightest use even to these minor villages, for they have all short cuts between each other, and our English improvements are naturally regarded as absurdities.

At the end of a couple of hours, we found ourselves again on the trackless plain, plentifully covered with short grass, which is not utilised, as we saw no herds of cattle. Occasionally flocks of goats would be seen following their shepherd in single file, led by a big ram with the little lambs running close to its tail. The shepherd stalks along with his sheepskin, or felt, coat on his shoulders, a gun slung on his back, playing a tune on a reed pipe as he walks, in true Arcadian fashion. The goats seem to follow the music, and never diverge from the file. Mushrooms grew plentifully amongst the grass, also periwinkle and a purple flower with a starlike blossom. In one place there was such a variety of colours so closely packed together, that at a distance the earth looked like a Turkey carpet. The sonorous chirp of the bee-catcher sounded clear and sharp as we drove along; blue jays flashed before us in the bright sunlight, and crested hoopoes sat on every telegraph pole. The sun had warmed the air; yet the patches of snow that still lay on the Sultan Dagħ above Koniah gave it a crispness that was most exhilarating.

Our track led us now close to, and then some six miles distant from, a range of hills that bounded the plain between Koniah and Karaman, which seemingly is nameless, except the one peak above Cassaba, which is called Cassaba-Dagħ. We had been four-and-a-half hours on the way, when we passed the first village Ali Bey-Keuy; and shortly afterwards reached Schumra, where we stopped for two hours, resting in the Mussaffir Odassy. The village is large, with wide streets,

having scattered houses on either side ; but there was hardly a soul in it, the inhabitants being all away in the fields. However, the zaptiehs found out a woman who brought us fresh butter and milk, and with some cold chicken we did not fare badly. There is literally nothing to be seen here ; and as the houses are of mud and so much alike, had we lost our way, I don't think we would have again found the house we had come from. A few poplars and mulberries grow round the village, but there are no gardens. It is a place, too, that has its own terrors for the heedless. The corn is buried in pits lined with straw, and taken out as required. A good deal had recently been exhumed ready for sowing ; and as the pits are often in the centre of the roadway, and as of course the people never think of refilling them after they have opened them, the risks to the benighted traveller were not easily calculable.

It took us six hours to drive from Schumra to Cassaba ; and the whole journey we did in eleven hours. I daresay it is fifty miles, for we went a good pace most of the time. The plain continued for a long way uncultivated, and without either a house or a human being to be seen. About one-third of the distance, the road crosses the Chárshauba (Wednesday) bridge, with fine arches, over a rapidly-flowing river ; and a little beyond it, on the top of a hill, is a guard-house. But we drove on without stopping, and as we rapidly approached the Cassaba-Dagh, with the Kara-Dagh lying far off to our left, we were glad to exchange, for the first time on that day, the monotonous plain for undulating country. Our driver

wanted us to stop at a village, called Kizil-Keuy; but the promise of an extra backsheesh kept him up, and we made straight across country, following the telegraph poles, through land very rich and loamy, and showing signs of the plough.

We saw the Minaret of Cassaba a long way off, but the town itself lies in a hollow. You thus come upon it suddenly, and the surrounding high wall, in a fair state of repair, with redans flanking it at certain intervals, and four gateways of Saracenic architecture, gives the place a remarkable look.

The gates, however, are but mere gaps to-day. The walls are built of thin slates of limestone, placed one on the top of the other, and cemented with clay. We thought they were mud bricks in the twilight, and only found out our mistake next morning.

Cassaba must have been a large and flourishing place oncè, but is now in a terribly ruined state; only a few houses remaining upright. It is still famous for its melons. Seeds from Cassaba are much prized all over the East. There are good and plentiful springs near it, and the crops are always fine. Before entering the town, we drove through piles of bricks and mortar, mixed with small stones, extending over a large space of ground—indicating that some large building, or possibly a village, had once stood on the spot.

The wind blew cold, coming down in wintery blasts from the snow-filled ravines of Cassaba-Dagh; and we were glad to find a hospitable inhabitant who took us to a guest-house and brought us plenty of wood for fire. He also procured us some pilaff with pieces of meat stewed in it, and bread and

eggs. I was surprised to see the rice arriving in a china bowl, and yet more so, to discover on the two plates accompanying it a fleur-de-lys roughly painted on the back. The Turk told me his father, and his grandfather before him, had them in their possession; and when I asked if he would part with them, flatly refused. I fancy some traveller may have left them behind early in the beginning of the century; for modern Capo di Monte has a different mark.

I think we all got up tired the next morning. We had slept indifferently well, and the drive of the previous day had been very fatiguing. Andrew and I wandered out to find a place to wash in, so early, that even in this primitive place no one was astir; so he enjoyed a bath in the village fountain.

The town seemed even more desolate by day than at night, and looked larger than we had thought. The bare volcanic peaks of the Kara-Dagh (black mountain) rise opposite, like a lofty island appearing above the surface of the ocean. This peculiarity has often been noticed by travellers in this country. The plains extend absolutely level to the foot of these mountains, which rise up in insulated peaks—islands as it were, from a vast sea of verdure. Kara-Dagh, Mekkeh-Dagh, Hassan-Dagh, and Karaja-Dagh all rear themselves from the surrounding plain in this peculiar fashion.

In the centre of Kara-Dagh, which is only wooded on the south-east side, and even there very sparsely, lies a village called Maden-Sheher; near which are the ruins known as

the Bin-bir-Kilissé (thousand-and-one churches). Mr. Davis speaks of this as an old monastic settlement, and thinks that it was very probably the site of Lystra. He saw large and numerous cisterns on the mountain, many of which are still in use. There are also the remains of about thirty churches in fair preservation, and of excellent plan and execution.

As we sat by the ruined fountain and gazed afar off on the hill-side where lie the remains of the ancient Lystra, what fast thronging memories filled our hearts of those journeys which the Book of Books chronicles!

To this mountain-side, with its remote fastnesses, Paul and Barnabas must have fled from Koniah, over the plain we had crossed only yesterday. In that distant village, once sacred to the worship of Jupiter, Paul had bid the cripple "Stand upright on thy feet;" and had rent his clothes in horror when the people would have sacrificed to him and his companion, as Mercury and Jupiter.\* From its gates, St. Paul had been dragged senseless past the temple of Jupiter, when, at the instigation of certain Jews from Antioch and Iconium, the fickle multitude had stoned him, leaving him for dead. And we sat in sight of the spot where it had all happened!

But, in spite of associations so sacredly vivid, we could not stay. We left Cassaba at 6.30, making straight for Ilisera. This village is situated about a mile distant from

---

\* Paul, the sacred record teaches us, was taken for Mercury because he was the chief speaker. Barnabas may have been in like manner taken for Jupiter on account of his stature. He is said to have had something majestically benign in his appearance.



the mountain, by the side of an artificial mound. The country round it is grandly fertile, and was at the time peopled with busy peasants and their ploughshares. Between this spot and the Kara-Dagh, a ridge of land rises, dividing the Koniah and Karaman plains. On reaching the summit, the first view of the latter city is very beautiful, with its ancient castle towering above the trees and garden. And the aspect, too, had a charm of novelty. We had come from winter to spring. The trees were all out in leaf, the corn in green ripples waving over the fields; and whether field or garden, all was well and carefully cultivated.

Three miles from the city we crossed the dry bed of a stream by a two-arch bridge, on to the road which reaches so far, and is designed to meet that coming from Koniah. It is to be hoped that before long, some governor more enterprising than the present one, will join the two ends. But I am sorry to say the approach to Karaman is as bad as most of those we have seen. This was once the usual causeway; but it has been allowed to get into such a state of disrepair, that a lake of mud would be preferable to the present state of matters. We had to reach the khan on foot. It is situated in the middle of the market-place, and is a large roomy building kept by a Greek, who gave us at once the two best rooms he had. One of them was above the market-place, with windows all round it, so that the look-out was delightfully cheerful.

Mr. Mavromati, a Cypriote merchant at Mersina, had kindly sent us a letter for his correspondent at Karaman, a Turk called Ali Effendi, son of the late Chelebi Effendi who

entertained Mr. Davis. When Ali heard of our arrival, he and the Caimacan came to welcome us, and then went off to get us food and beds. We assured them the latter were not necessary, but our friend insisted on sending them. Presently six servants came back, and in a few seconds, the bare room was transformed into a most luxurious apartment, with piles of soft mattresses, cushions, and pillows.

Turkish servants are adepts in making you comfortable. Ali's head man had, in one second, put down a large killim on the floor; over this, in each window corner, he placed a broad mattress, then a soft one covered with silk, and satin-lined cushions fitting into each corner, and a thick one placed crossways for the head. So we were able to lie stretched out, half sitting and half reclining, and yet able to see everything going on around us.

I delight in the Turkish fashion of lying on the floor, on a soft mattress with a cushion for your head and two others under each arm. No seat is more comfortable; and after we had washed and changed our dusty clothes, it was delightful to throw oneself on the soft couch, and to feel able to write, read, eat, or look out of the window, without a hard angle running into you, or any exertion in having to move.

Presently our friend's major-domo returned with a table about a foot in height, and with him five other servants with a brass tray and dishes. This was placed on the little table, napkins and plates arranged on it, with about a dozen different kinds of eatables. One of the attendants

brought us rose-water and a gold embroidered towel to wash with, before coming to eat ; and this pleasant ceremony over, we sat on cushions round the table and began our lunch. Everything was remarkably good ; for not only had we by this time learned to like the Turkish style of cooking, but I have no doubt extra care was taken in the stewing and flavouring of everything given to us on this occasion. Rose-water succeeded the luncheon, the remains of the feast being handed to the servants ; then came the narghilis, and we were left to have a siesta.

In Karaman, it seemed almost as though we were in our own country. I did not feel in the least a stranger, for every one had heard of us, whilst my husband would constantly recognise faces without exactly knowing who their owners were. They belonged no doubt to people who had been to Kyrenia on business. Be that as it may, welcome was written on every face. A large crowd assembled in the khan ; and as we went in and out of our room, a rush would be made to the most likely corner to get a glimpse of us. It was market-day, too ; and when the peasants heard who we were, they just unfastened their loads and sat down again to wait for our appearance and see the English Pasha they had so often heard spoken of.

Karaman is only three days from the coast, and Kyrenia only four or five hours over the sea. Merchants daily, during the summer, pass between the mainland and Cyprus, and most of them, of course, know my husband well. It was so funny later, when a man would rush up and salaam,

and then warmly shake hands, to hear Andrew's *sotto voce*, for my benefit: "I had that man in prison for smuggling copper piastres;" or, when the next one would seem still more delighted to see us: "That's the fellow I fined for making a disturbance and fighting with a Greek:" or when a third, more frantic still, was recognised as having been caught shooting without a licence, and a fourth as having been detained for want of correct papers. But their delight was as great and their welcome as warm, as though Andrew had been their brother instead of their judge. All seemed proud to be recognised; and several came with flasks of Cyprus wine, or cheeses, or some little island present, thinking we would appreciate the gift as coming from Cyprus.

When we had seen all our friends, we started to return the visit of the Caimacan, and to beg him to find us horses for next day's journey.

From the khan we stepped into a square with a large carved fountain in the centre; shops with verandahs round three sides of it, gave it a piazza-like look, whilst to-day, the square itself was occupied by people selling their wares at little temporary booths, or simply from baskets. Numbers of women had come to the market with their homespun cloth for sale, and piles of white cotton ready to be weighed. Others had small stalls with beads, pins, imitation jewellery, combs, and such like odds and ends. Piles of brown and red chatties, heaps of dried fruits, skins of fresh butter or yaourt, sacks of grain with buyers and sellers busy haggling over them, gave a cheery business-like air to the scene,

well contrasted by the background of patient donkeys blinking in the sun, huge camels groaning and chewing lazily their chopped straw, and the white covered arabas.

The streets beyond the market-place we found quite deserted—a sudden change ; yet there is nothing in this town to impress one with that sense of desolation and decay that was so painful in some of the places we had visited. For one thing, there are numerous fountains in the streets, and the sight of the clear water in abundance everywhere, no doubt enlivened the scene. The *Konak* we found to be a large building, standing in a separate enclosure. We were received very courteously by all the officials, and were told that as horses were very scarce, the *Caimacan* had been obliged to impress four of them, belonging to the country people who had come in to the market. The unfortunate owners, waiting outside, implored us not to take their beasts.

We promised to pay them generously and to take every care of their horses, and to exchange them for the first we could hire elsewhere. But we had to be obdurate ; for in a country where there is no means of travelling except on horseback, one is obliged to do as the natives do, even though the proceeding may seem not a little arbitrary. We could at least console ourselves with the knowledge that such an action was no outrage on the customs of the country ; that the peasants would be gainers by the business ; and that they would be infinitely better off in respect to it, than if the confiscation, such as it was, had been made in behalf of

a native magnate. And, indeed, I do not know what we should have done, had the Caimacan not impressed these horses for us; and he only did so, when the Vali telegraphed, and the Vali only obeyed the instructions of the Firman.

Having settled this important matter, we devoted the afternoon to the study of the different mosques and the castle. From the beauty and number of the former, one can judge something of the ancient wealth and importance of Karaman. The officer who served as our guide, was very proud of his mosques, giving us a history of each. But we did not delay long over the first we visited, the Bin-Jami—which is chiefly remarkable for a large room attached to it, with a fountain in the centre and divans round the walls; nor over Pasha-Jami, the next in turn, for the door was fastened and we could not get in. But the Minaret, which has sixteen sides, is one of the most beautiful in the town.

Emir-Jami which followed is quite in ruins. Fortunately, however, nine columns still stand, and one lies on the ground. These support arches on which the cupola must have stood. There are some Christian tombstones on the floor, almost entirely defaced. We also saw the Valideh Tekke, under the charge of the dervishes, and the Hadji Bey Oglou Jami—this latter, built by a Seljukian sultan, is quite a ruin. Four carved wooden pillars stand in front of the arched entrance.

The two finest mosques we had purposely left for the last, so as to study them more leisurely. One of these,

not very far from the khan, is called the Khatouniat-Jami. It is completely ruined with the exception of one end, now used as a school for Turkish children. Several fine antique columns support the side arches. One of the doorways is a perfect gem of art. It is constructed partly of marble and partly of limestone, with the most delicate carving and arabesques engraved all over it.

Nothing that I have seen in any of the tombs or mosques, equals this one in delicacy of work. Even the apathetic Turks understand its beauty, and were pleased by our evident admiration. It reminded us greatly of the college at Nigdeh. The style of building is much the same ; although, here, in the first court, there is only a single row of arches, whilst at Nigdeh there are two stories. But, on the other hand, the carvings in this one are more minute, and the designs more varied. A small garden occupies the centre of the court, in which was a woman busy watering. Over the outer gateway is an Arabic inscription ; which, deciphered by Nahli, was to the effect that this mosque had been built by the Imperial Princess Khatouniat, daughter to Murad, in the reign of Khalil, son of Mahmoud, son of Karaman, in the year 782 A.H. (about 1382.)

The most important of all their mosques is that of Karaman Oglou. It is situated in a garden with a stream of water flowing through it, and nearly hid by the dense foliage of the walnut and plane trees. It varies from the other, in having a pattern round the base of the walls in black basaltic work ; the walls, also, are inlaid with encaustic tiles—blue, green, and

gold of the same style, yet not so beautiful as those we saw in Koniah. The gem of the mosque is the doorway. It is made of walnut-wood, and is double. Each door is divided into separate pieces, and each piece filled with a different design. The patterns are so extraordinarily minute, and of so delicate a design, that the most patiently-carved Indian ivory can alone be compared with it. Above, in the higher compartment, was an Arabic scroll; but this, as ill luck would have it, has been more defaced than the ornamental carving, and Nahli could not make it out.

At the back of the building is a circular room with three tombs, with the usual turbans at the head, and embroidered cloths laid over the grave itself. We have been shown several tombs said to contain the body of Karaman, who gave his name to the town, and was the first and greatest of its princes; but I don't fancy there is any certainty as to which is which—or, rather, as to which is the right one.

On our way to the old citadel, to which we now hurried—for we had spent several hours in the last two mosques—we passed several large cemeteries, and were struck by their unusual size, and the regularity and closeness of the stones. Some must have been centuries old, for we saw tombs in numbers sufficient to have buried a population five times as large as that of Karaman.

The castle is built on a hill some three hundred feet above the level of the plain, and is surrounded by a wall of red-coloured stone with many towers, not two of them



of the same shape ; for they are round, square, and sometimes polygonal. Many sculptured stones are let into the walls, some of them having Turkish and Arabic inscriptions on them. The interior is crowded with a number of mud and stone houses filled with Turks, and indeed forms a large quarter of itself. We stayed for some time enjoying the view from the top of one of the towers ; but a sudden change in the air, after the sun had set, warned us to be making for home.

Indeed, Karaman, for all its abundance of sparkling water and its look of life and motion, has not the reputation of being a healthy town. We were told that typhoid fever is very prevalent ; and certainly the air which was hot and oppressive in the daytime, suddenly became, after sunset, so cold that we shivered as we walked along.

The town itself is built on a low hill about two miles from the Bozalla-Dagh ; the oldest part clustering around the castle which stands on the highest point. Gardens are unusually common. They not only surround the town ; but each house seems to have within it, its walnut or poplar grove flourishing luxuriantly.

There are, I should add, long streets of half-deserted bazaars and many houses still in good repair ; but the half of them unoccupied. The fact is, the inhabitants of the town are too few in proportion to its size. Throughout the heart of Asia Minor, we have been struck by this want of population. Every town is more than half in ruins, simply

because there are not enough people to occupy the houses and keep them in repair.\*

On our arrival at home, shivering as I have said, we found that our kind friend Ali Effendi, had not forgotten us ; for he had sent a sumptuous dinner to be ready on our return. The hospitality we everywhere received was really very remarkable. We were perfect strangers. We had no power to do any of our kind hosts either good or evil. We had no imposing train of servants to make them think a handsome reward would be forthcoming. Nevertheless we always received unbounded kindness, and the most generous hospitality.

At first we found it very difficult to repay these people. They would have been very much hurt had we offered them money. So we made a rule, which we never diverged from, of giving each servant who waited on us a medjidie on our departure. It does not sound much ; but the fact is, the more food given to us, the more servants we had to wait on us—in Karaman, for instance, there were seven whom we had to pay. To one or two of the more generous of our hosts, I have, I am glad to say, been able, since my return to Cyprus, to send little presents : wine from Limassol ; pomegranates from Famagusta ; cheese from Accatou ; wicker-baskets in fancy shapes from Kormakiti : or any little native *specialité*, which

---

\* I have not attempted to give the numbers of the inhabitants of any of the towns, because, not only is no regular census taken, but an estimate would be misleading, as the number varies with the seasons.

they appreciate as coming from here. We have since been told that the fact of our having remembered all these little trifles, has had a very good effect; and that the people are as delighted as they are astonished, to find the English never forget their promises.\*

---

\* A short time ago a very distinguished traveller was paying me a visit. He amused us by relating how he had been staying in a remote Greek monastery, and that soon after his arrival the head priest produced a letter of invitation signed by me, inviting him to lunch. The good "papa" had kept this treasure carefully between sheets of vellum, and would show it to all his guests—a sign that these people *do* appreciate any little civility.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### A NIGHT IN THE FOREST.

Our imposing return—Terrors of the “Itchelli”—Last view of Karaman—An Eastern well appropriately set off—The Médan—Lalâh, a very oasis—Villagers impressed in our service—Where are the brigands?—Wild tulips—The mill of Kalakeuseu—Primitive butter-making—A stiff climb and a rough road—Hidden cascades—A deep dell of solitude—Destruction of timber—A Yuruk encampment—Deceptive reassurances—Our goal seemingly in sight—The valley of Mout—We make a plunge into the forest—Horses promised—The forest in flames—How the remnants of our party fared—The situation at midnight—Welcome lights and general collapse—Tardy deliverance—The morrow’s reflections : how far had we come?—Not Ybunti after all—The Caimacan’s victim and the real truth—How I felt—Sad reports of my behaviour.

WE succeeded in making a start next day at 5.30 A.M. Our cavalcade consisted of three mounted and two foot zaptiehs, Paul, with my husband on his back, and four hired horses, with their owners following on foot ; and I had almost omitted to include two important individuals, myself and Nahli.

We were altogether a most imposing party ; but there was a reason for this increase in our retinue. The Caimacan

had insisted on our taking four zaptiehs, and had also armed these with an order compelling every village we passed through, to contribute twelve men to beat the country in front of us, so as to discover any brigands who might be lying in wait. His fear was that some of the escaped prisoners from Koniah, originally brigands from this neighbourhood, might have returned to their old haunts ; a fear backed up by Captain Cooper's special warning to my husband, advising him to take a strong guard, if the authorities wished it, through the "Itchelli." We were going to ride during the two following days right through the heart of the Itchelli. The country thus designated lies on the south side of the Taurus, extending from Ermenek to Selefkeh, and is very mountainous and very sparsely inhabited.

On leaving Karaman we followed the course of a narrow but deep stream, bordered with trees and flowers, and commenced ascending a succession of flat chalk and limestone hills, bare with the exception of a few stunted juniper, thorns, small firs, and cypresses, dotted about here and there. But we would turn and look back occasionally at Karaman, fast disappearing behind us ; for the background of blue hills, the woodland, the red-coloured castle, and quaintly-shaped houses, made most lovely and picturesque little bits of landscape. The reader may think from my descriptions that all these views are alike. But, though the surroundings, the hills, the castles, the gardens, would seem the same, nevertheless, each scene has a most striking individuality of its own to destroy all sense of repetition.

We were going to Ybunti this evening, and had a long day's journey before us. The Caimacan had foolishly told us we could easily do it in twelve hours, and we had equally foolishly believed him. Of the two roads, one by Koslougougak, near which there is a guard of zaptiehs, and the other by a place called Médan, we chose the latter, as it was said to be a little shorter.

After ascent upon ascent, we found ourselves surrounded by ranges of low hills, crowned with short herbage and aromatic shrubs, and here and there in the hollows a few trees. We here for some distance took the telegraph-poles as our guide. The wires bore a curious freight in the shape of innumerable cuckoos, which made the cliffs re-echo with their plaintive note. Beyond these, there was nothing to strike the attention, except now and then some solitary camel browsing on the young shoots of the trees, mild in appearance and shaggy in coat. About two hours from Karaman the road divides at a well. I shall ever remember the spot. It will always be fresh in my mind from its surroundings. The caravan resting beside it in picturesque grouping. I looked back long and often at the scene—the brilliant colours of the flowing costumes, the swarthy Kurd-like merchants, the fine camels—it was so vividly an Eastern scene, and the last of the kind we were to meet.

The Médan is merely a small oblong plateau amongst the higher mountains, whose fertile soil yearly gives excellent crops of grain. We rode above it on the heights ; and about two miles beyond, the track, turning suddenly to the right

and descending a steep declivity, found ourselves in that perfect oasis — the charming little valley called Lalâh. Innumerable little streams, their waters sparkling in the sunlight, fell in foaming cascades from the heights above. Oxen were ploughing up the ground, cows grazing peacefully, whilst the goatherd's pipe or the bleating of his flocks made the echoes resound with cheerful music. Birds, bees, and insects flew from flower to flower.

It was altogether a delightful change from the gray rocks we had been riding over ; but Asia Minor is the land of contrasts, and this great and always unexpected change of scene is one of its greatest charms to the traveller. On riding through the valley we saw at one end of it a ravine, with the village of Lalâh perched on high, on the precipitous sides of the limestone rocks. The houses were most peculiarly situated ; for the ledges in front of them were so narrow that a horse could not stand on them. There was, too, no apparent necessity for the choice of such a situation. Under the shadow of the overhanging brow of the hill, are numerous caves, partly used as habitations for men, and partly as shelter for the goats. The bright scarlet and blue dresses of the women, as they wandered about amidst the flocks, made patches of colour accentuating the deep red and yellow of the cliffs.

Our zaptiehs climbed up to the village to make some of the inhabitants come with us to beat the rocks ahead ; for we were going into a still more desolate country than that just recently traversed. Our foot zaptiehs had long

since given in ; and of the three muleteers who accompanied their horses, but one remained.

If it was seemingly a hardship to take these people away from their occupations, and to make them tramp for miles in front of us, yet it must be remembered, that until the peasants refuse to harbour or assist the brigands, or, indeed, until they join the government in pursuing them, these pests will never be exterminated. It is, therefore, but fair that they should be compelled, to a certain extent, to supply an escort to travellers over a road which is rendered unsafe by their own supineness—to use no harsher name.

It had taken us four hours and a half to reach Lalâh. We now rested ten minutes, whilst the zaptiehs were away, and at the end of that time they returned with five peasants who were told off to walk in a line about a hundred yards in front of us. We only saw one individual in what was considered the most dangerous part of the road, a Zeybeck, who seemed very sulky when spoken to. In answer to the zaptieh's question, he said he was a shepherd, and when asked where his flocks were, waved his hand vaguely to the mountains. His presence and the distance he avowedly placed between himself and his alleged vocation, were suspicious, and made us proceed more carefully. But nothing but range after range rose around us, and the country seemed as bare of inhabitants as it was of houses. Patches of beautiful grass grew in the ravines, and springs burst from the rocks at every few hundred yards, many of them with stone troughs below for the passing horses



or camels. Apparently the only flowers were tulips ; but with these the ground in places was covered to a blaze with great crimson or yellow blossoms. It was the first time I had ever seen a tulip growing wild, and my husband dismounted to gather me a huge bunch of them.

About mid-day we stopped at a famed spring, called the Yaglee-bunar (fountain of butter). It rises from the earth in little bubbles, and fills a large natural basin surrounded by the greenest of pasture. It was a great treat for our poor horses, for we rested for twenty minutes, whilst they greedily fed on the grass. We dared not stop longer, for the guides declared we had only got over a quarter of the journey, though the zaptiehs said we were halfway.

Some distance beyond, a pathway branches up the hill to the left hand side, leading to a village called Naudahlee ; but our road led straight on, by a noisy bubbling rivulet which splashed over moss-grown boulders, and finally settled into a deep, swift mill-stream that serves the mill of Kalakeuseu. The aspect of the country had for some time been changing into woodland and pasture, broken by ravines and dells. In this valley the pasture is simply magnificent. Hundreds of black Yuruk tents were pitched amongst the rocks, these people evidently preferring the hill-side to the plain as an encampment. They had camels, horses, buffaloes, sheep, and goats, all seemingly thriving equally well.

We crossed the stream below the mill and ascended to a rather larger encampment than the others, where we were given milk and eiran (buttermilk). The buttermaking was

being carried on at the time in the most delightfully primitive manner. The sticks placed upright in the ground and fastened at the top, had a skin of milk slung between them like a gipsy's kettle, which two women swing from side to side till the butter is made. The product is equal to the finest Devonshire, and, like that kind, is never salted.

From this spot we ascended the mountain-side, by the rock so precipitous that both the zaptiehs fell backwards off their horses, their saddles with them. It served them right for being too lazy to dismount as we had done. The ascent occupied nearly an hour; and when the top was at length reached, our horses stood quivering in every limb from the effects of the long straining climb.

All kinds of creeping plants covered the ground, violets and lovely mosses filled the crevices. Every now and then, through the dense foliage of the oak and fir, fairy glades would come in view, whilst the gray crags above looked like great walls and buttresses. The higher rocks were perforated with caves. The path was so very rough that, tired as we were, we had to dismount, and often to drag the horses through gaps in the rock so narrow that they could hardly pass, or over the trunks of fallen trees, or down descents like attic staircases from ravine to ravine. Through the forest, on every side, we had occasional peeps of the undulating outlines of the mountains we had just traversed, or of the opposite cliffs, where the rocks were cut into such fantastic shapes that it was only by a steady look we could really satisfy ourselves we did not see actual towers and castles.

In the densely-wooded ravines on either side, often some cascade, larger than the others, would only betray its hidden presence by waking the echoes with its deafening music, and by dashing its spray above the tree tops. Occasionally a solitary black tent, with the blue smoke curling upwards, betrayed the presence of a Yuruk shepherd ; and now and again, a goat would be seen perched on a rock, or stretching itself over the abyss in the attempt to reach some dainty morsel of food.

As evening closed in, we reached the entrance of a dense oak-forest, with neither undergrowth nor rocks, simply the gnarled lichen-covered trunks, the huge excrescences on which showed their great age. As we rode through the silent darkened shadows of this virgin forest, we felt that truly the deep dell's solitude here kept unbroken sabbath. For more than an hour we rode on, only knowing we were approaching the habitations of men by the awful destruction around us. Thousands of grand old monarchs of the forest had been wantonly destroyed by fire, and in their fall had dragged down others with them—firs, pines, cypresses, and oaks—the growth of centuries lay wasting on the earth. The farther we went on, the worse it became.

At seven o'clock we at length reached a large encampment, and eagerly inquired of the Yuruks how much farther we had to go ; for we had now been in the saddle since half-past five in the morning, and going on the whole time, with the exception of ten minutes at Lalâh, and twenty at

Yaglee-bunar. Of our escort, only two mounted zaptiehs and one villager remained ; the others had all dropped by the way. The Yuruks assured us an hour would bring us easily to Ybunti, and that the road was good—all down hill. So we started again, buoyed up with hope, and looking forward to rest and food, little expecting what we had before us.

In half an hour we found ourselves on the summit of the mountain, the brilliant moonlight lighting up below us the valley of Mout, with the Calycadnus (Gok-Sou) meandering like a silver streak through it. The valley is about fifteen miles wide, surrounded by ranges of hills, so high as to dwarf by comparison the ranges that divide and subdivide the intervening plain. Along the northern side, great precipices reach down from giddy heights, and the huge red limestone rocks form fantastic masses which we repeatedly, indeed, mistook for fortresses. At our feet, stretched, five miles wide, the gloomy forest of Ketrân, so dark that even in the brightest sunlight it resembles a great patch of indigo. Beyond again, lay the twinkling fires ; and we fondly fancied that some spots less in the shade than others, were villages, and one of them, the long looked for Ybunti.

So we made a bold plunge into the forest ; but the ground was so slippery that we could not sit on our horses, and, making a virtue of necessity, fastened the bridles round their necks, and sent them on as pioneers to find the road. Now and then the branches of the trees would open a little, and so save us from quite losing our way. In other places

a roaring fire would light up the forest for hundreds of yards, and compel us to make a detour to escape the flames. These conflagrations were very grand. Indeed, the crackle and the roar made my blood curdle; and as for the horses, they would start with terror and madly plunge forward, as some great flame would flare up as though to take them in its clutches.

In places, a fire that had evidently raged for days was now slowly eating 'itself out, having burnt all within reach; in others a solitary tree in flames indicated that the mischief was quite recently done.\*

I cannot describe how tired we were; we no longer walked, we threw ourselves along—I may say we *jerked* on. At last the second zaptieh gave in, throwing himself on the ground, and saying he could go no farther. We all walked on, not venturing to speak, for we felt that to open the mouth would stop the machine. Nahli was the next to declare he could not go another step. It was only when I affirmed that I saw a wolf, that he was persuaded to get on his horse, on which he sat with his head drooping on his chest, the picture of woe. As for me, I was *past* fatigue. I could not have sat down if I had been forced to. I was so wound up that I had to *keep going*. I can't describe the feeling.

And thus we wandered till midnight, when we at last

---

\* This frightful destruction was the work of *daily* incendiaries; the question could not but arise—how long would it be, before the baleful work was completed, and the whole forest destroyed?

found ourselves clear of the trees, amongst rocks and peaks that rose hundreds of feet in the air. Here a narrow pathway led through the brushwood, and as it got more into the open, we could again distinguish the fires we had seen from the mountains. An hour's further walking brought us within pistol-shot of some of them ; and then came the reaction. Utterly done we threw ourselves with one accord on the ground, leaving Andrew to call assistance by firing off the barrels of his pistol one by one. Presently the welcome sounds broke upon the air, of men shouting, the shrill voices of women, children crying, dogs barking, and we could see lights moving to and fro. We had now to shout ourselves to show we were not robbers, but unfortunate strangers who had lost their road.

It took half an hour to assure them of this, when some men appeared, and showed us the way to the village, which we entered at 2 A.M., having been nearly twenty hours in the saddle. The poor horses were nearly finished ; they could only lie down with their necks stretched out and refused both food and drink. We satisfied ourselves with a cup of tea, and lay down to try and rest ; but the sun had been up for many hours, before I closed my eyes.

The next morning one of the first things we did, as, indeed, it was the most natural thing to do under the circumstances, was to ask the villagers if they could tell what distance we had travelled the previous day. They assured us that with good horses, eighteen hours (or two

days of nine hours each) was the shortest time they had ever heard of the distance being done in.\* They informed us, too, that we had not even accomplished the journey we had set ourselves to do, for Ybunti, our intended destination, was an hour farther on! The place we had reached was, it appeared, called Gengellee; a village separated into two parts, its houses nearly hidden by the ledges of rock under which they are built, and by the spreading trees and tangle of undergrowth.

Now it was clear that the Caimacan of Karaman could have known nothing whatever of the road, when he said it could be done in twelve hours. I am certain that, under no circumstances, could it be ridden in less than fifteen. Our horses were certainly very bad ones, and we were forced to go slowly; yet we had gone on without a rest, and so had, partially, at least, made up any loss of time arising from this cause.

As for myself, when I came to think over it, I could not imagine, nor have I been able to imagine since, how I did it. My nerves were strung to such a pitch, that I think I had got beyond feeling anything. My husband declares that during the last terrible hour or so, before we lay down on the ground, I kept on talking without ceasing, and scolding

---

\* It is far from easy to ascertain the exact distance travelled in Asia Minor. It is computed by araba, camel, or mule hours. And even these guesses at truth, roughly made by the passage of the sun (for few of the natives carry watches) are again dependent on the rate of progress of the individual. So that the differing statements made to us of the distance between two given places, by various people, are accounted for.

---

everybody, but neither waiting for nor wanting an answer. I have not the slightest idea I did so. Indeed, next morning I laughed heartily at his description. I remember, indeed, feeling like a bit of elastic—I would fall and stumble at every step, but at once recover myself. At one time I know Andrew insisted on lifting me on to my horse ; but the agony of the moment was too great to bear, and I screamed to be taken down—so he let me go on my own way. He solemnly affirms, and won't retract the statement, that I kept on saying: "I hate you, Andrew. I hate the trees. I hate Nahli. I hate everything. I hate everybody. And I hate myself," over and over for more than an hour.



## CHAPTER XXV.

### MOUT AND ZÉNA.

The valley of Mout—Some deserted villages—Reception by the Caimacan—Mout—A notable spring—The castle—Claudiopolis—Vestiges of a vast colonnade—Scarcity of forage—The Gok-Sou—A broken bridge—Locusts, and the locust bird—The bridge of Paradise—Exquisite woodland—Arrival at Zéna—Reception by Hadji Ibrahim Aga—An encampment beneath the stars—A veritable patriarch—Aga and Effendi—Advantages of a bed-room beneath the sky—My primitive dining-room—Pasture, stream, and woodland—A placid life—A lingering farewell.

WE left Gengellee for Mout at half-past ten in the forenoon of the 16th May, and took two hours to ride the distance between the two places. This part of the valley is carefully cultivated. We saw fields of corn, maize, and cotton, melons, cucumbers, and pumpkins; and, although so early in the season, the latter were above ground. Low hills, of volcanic sand and tufa dust, had young fir-trees growing over them; the rivulets were bordered with Christ's thorn, Judas' tree, and other thorny shrubs, intermixed with occasional lilacs. Sometimes as we passed, the long, brown neck of a camel would

rear itself above the shrubs, and greedily pull down the tender branches within reach. The innumerable fruit, oak, beech, and other trees testified to the marvellous fertility of the soil—the result of irrigation combined with the rays of an almost tropical sun.

About halfway, a stone bridge leads across the river, just above which a charming waterfall rushes headlong over a ridge of broken rocks. The valley has many small hamlets, but most of them were empty, the people having already departed for their yailas. There is something very melancholy about these deserted villages. The open doors hang loosely on their hinges, no smoke curls from the chimneys, nor is there cat or dog to give an air of domesticity to the scene. A cluster of bats, and now and then a small brown owl, will fly out as you pass.

On gaining the top of a little ascent, we came in full view of the Castle of Mout, with its solitary keep and bastioned walls. We hurried down and rode straight to the konak, asking for the Caimacan. We found him sitting in a small room, entered by an outside staircase ; a very young looking man, only lately appointed. When he heard we were going to stay only a few hours, he at once sent a messenger to his wife to tell her to send us some luncheon. We begged him to try and have our horses changed, but he could only find us two new ones. On these we put the baggage, and returned the old ones to their owners by the zaptiehs, who promised to look after their safety.

Whilst lunch was preparing, Andrew and I started to see

the town. It is divided into two parts by a stream of water ; on the far side some fair sized houses were in course of construction. With the exception of one straight street containing a few shops, the town is very much scattered. Below the castle there is a splendid spring of icy cold water, shaded by two huge pear-trees. It rushes from under the old wall into a basin about three feet in depth. The ground is paved all round it, and it evidently has been, since the olden time, the favourite evening lounge of the inhabitants. The coldness of the water must be an unspeakable boon to them during the enervating heat of the summer. Even at the time of our visit, we were glad to be able to wash our hands and faces in this natural basin. In the neighbourhood, one sees the remains of many old columns and hewn stones.

A few steps lead from the spring to the ruined castle—ruined that is, with the exception of the outer battlement walls, and the polygonal towers. The ancient keep is a circular tower, three stories high, which overlooks the entrance to Mout from the side by which we had come. The other side has a natural rampart in a deep precipice, its base washed by the river. Opposite the entrance is the Mosque of Karaman Oglou ; a small building with two pyramidal-shaped mausoleums on each side of it, in which it is said the two sons of Karaman are buried.

To the south and south-west of the town are many ruins that indicate the site of ancient *Claudiopolis*. I have never seen so many columns together as here. An avenue of them must have led from the town to the necropolis, and many are

still lying on the ground where they fell ; huge masses of wrought stone and fine marble pillars. In the burying-ground, there is a large white marble sarcophagus, with the lid lying not far from it. The style of all these remains is severely Doric, without the faintest trace of any sculpture or inscription.

The heat was so trying, we were glad to return to the cool little room in the konak, and rest until luncheon was ready. When it appeared, we sat round the usual low table, and ate, *à la Turque*, with our fingers. The Caimacan gave us a letter for the head man at Zéna, a Turkish gentleman, reputed always hospitable to strangers. Indeed, our kind host assured us we should find a very comfortable night's rest there.

We said good-bye to our entertainer with grateful thanks. Though our entertainment had been modest, still the Caimacan of a place like Mout can only be a poor man ; and he had given us ungrudgingly of the best he possessed. Our greatest trouble here had been forage. Chopped straw was exorbitantly dear ; we were charged two medjidiés (seven shillings) for a single feed. Indeed, corn throughout Asia Minor is dear and difficult to procure at this time of the year. The last season's supply is nearly finished, and the new has not yet come in. The natives feed their horses on grass till the barley is ripe ; but, of course, we could not expect ours to do our work on a continuance of such food.

On leaving Mout we rode along the brow of several

sandy hills, more often than not in single file, for the rain had washed away the sand into deep precipices on either side. Halfway to the river bank we passed another splendid spring. These must be unspeakably grateful to the inhabitants; for not only is the water always cold, but the surrounding ground forms ever a delightful resting-place—a little oasis of trees, flowers, and pasture.

We were making for the Gok-Sou (sky-blue river) which separates the valley of Mout from the Taurus range that we had yet to cross. Formerly a bridge led over the river, but it broke down about seven years ago, and, I need not say, has remained in the same condition ever since. Three arches and a mass of masonry are all that now represent the ancient highway. But we had been told of this, and cantered along the northern bank, riding through groves of tamarisk covered with white feathery flowers, and fields of rice and maize, passing many Yuruk encampments with large flocks, until two miles farther, we found the boat that was to take us across—a large flat-bottomed one, rowed by two men. It cost us, however, the delay of an hour, for we had to unpack all the baggage to get the horses into it, and reload them on the other side, where stands a small village to which the boatmen belong. The river—which here is about two hundred and fifty yards wide, with a very strong current and chocolate in colour, by reason of the melting snow in the mountains—much resembles the Pyramus.

On leaving the ferry we rode eastwards along the south

bank through fields of corn, that, in a few weeks, would be ready for the sickle. The ground here is irrigated by the Calycadnus, and cultivation is far advanced. Oleanders, the favourite flower of the Levantine midsummer, formed pink borders along the stream. The flowery heads of the wild canes with their flaunting leaves, filled the air with a rustling sound. Blue jays, emerald-coloured bee-catchers, and crested hoopoes flitted above us; and thrushes and nightingales warbled from every bush.

At a certain point the road turns directly south; but, before commencing the ascent of the mountains, we had to ride through acres of land swarmed with millions of locusts, which, at every footstep our horses took, flew up in clouds. Not the smallest atom of a blade of grass had been left by them; yet, strange to say, the ravages were only local—the land close to the river being untouched, and, as we ascended, we lost them again. I believe there is a bird, something like a blackbird in shape and size, with a pink body and black wings and tail, which destroys enormous quantities of locusts. We noticed many varieties unknown to my husband; but none that exactly answered this description, although a bird with a bright *yellow* body and black wings and tail was very common. Perhaps the pink colour is a mistake.

We soon, however, reached a richer and more luxuriant country—passing through woods of beech, plane, elm, sycamore, oak, and poplar, with a dense undergrowth of flowering shrubs, far more beautiful than those beyond Mout—indeed,

the farther south we rode, the more luxuriantly the shrubs blossomed, and the greater their variety.

The steep ascent was varied with but one valley, with its central small stream and chiftlick (or farmstead) and its few cornfields at one end. Presently we came to a most singular bridge built across a mountain torrent. It is made in a single arch, so pointed that it terminates in a ledge in the centre; so that to cross the bridge was like riding up one wall and down another. We were all obliged to dismount to cross it. The architect who made it must have had a curious fancy.\*

We followed this torrent all the way to Zéna. No words can describe how very beautiful the road is. Indeed, we forgot all fatigue; we even forgot, for the moment, how near home we were getting, and only lived in the present moment. The stream came down in a succession of waterfalls tumbling into basins fringed with moss and ferns; its banks were covered with flowering shrubs whose perfume filled the air. Larger trees stretched their branches over the water in deepest shade; ivy, clematis, honeysuckle, passion-flower climbed up the trunks, and wild vines hung in festoons from tree to tree. No woodland scenery can be more lovely, and no artist's or poet's dream of solitude, find fairer realisation than this.

---

\* It was really so sharp that it put one in mind of the bridge like a razor, which is supported by a Guardian Angel, which must be crossed by all good Mussulmans just before arriving in Paradise. Indeed, the surrounding scenery was not unlike an earthly realisation of our idea of the same place.

The sight of a small mill on the heights above, indicated the near approach to the village, and a mile farther brought us in sight of flickering lights through the branches of the trees. It had taken us just six and a quarter hours to ride from Mout. The moon was up by this time; but we had considerable difficulty in picking our way through the narrow lanes round the houses of the long and straggling village. It took us, indeed, almost half an hour to ride through it. At each of the two houses belonging to Hadji Ibrahim Aga (for whom we had the letter) the women pointed onwards, saying we would find him still higher up. At last we came in sight of a large fire of blazing pinewood, with a group of men sitting round it.

We recognised the Aga at once by his greater stature and long flowing beard, as he reclined on some cushions smoking his hookah in front of the fire. The place he had chosen to encamp on, was a plateau above the town, surrounded by hedges, and having streams flowing past it on either side, so that it was quite isolated from the neighbouring meadows. The zaptieh rode on in front of us, and fording one of the rivulets, gave the great man the Caimacan's letter. Another of the group read it out loud whilst we waited in the shadow. They all then rose up, and came forward to welcome us; the younger of the party stirring up the fire and holding aloft blazing torches of tcheragh.

We begged of the Aga to take us to his house. He replied that here was his house; and pointed to his mattresses, and pipes, and coffee services. Then they explained to us



that he always encamped out in this manner during the summer, and only the women remained in his houses. He had moved up here two days before.

At first we were a little dismayed at the prospect of having to sleep in the open air and on the bare ground. But the night was so soft, the moon so bright, and the novelty of it all so entrancing, that soon we quite entered into the spirit of the thing, and set about to prepare our encampment. The kind Aga insisted on bringing out mattresses and yorghans for us, and all our baggage was placed round my sleeping place. Great logs of wood were piled on the fire, the visitors had moved away, and we were soon very comfortable. Our horses were tied up near at hand, and busy munching the short grass; for neither corn nor chopped straw was to be had.

Presently servants arrived with our supper. It consisted of scones made with fresh cheese, flour, and herbs, and buttered hot, yaourt, eiran, new milk, fried eggs, fresh butter, and mountain honey. We did ample justice to this varied yet simple fare, and what was left was divided amongst the servants.

The Aga told us he had two wives, and had given to each a house, where she and her children lived. One was in the lower part of the village, and looked after his poultry and cattle; the other lived above, and attended to his flocks of sheep and goats. He had many shepherds besides, who all lived with their families under his roof in quite a patriarchal manner. There is no Caimacan in this village,

but all the people look up to and obey the Aga\* as their head, and crime is unknown in it.

After supper we concluded our sleeping arrangements ; more wood was brought, and the fire burnt brighter and brighter, lighting up the remotest corners of our natural enclosure. Nahli and the servants were apart from us, at the other side of the fire, and the Aga for this night had returned to his house.

The new sensation of sleeping without any kind of shelter kept me awake for a long time. How much of our lives we waste by living within four walls during the grandest time of the twenty-four hours ! Never have I so thoroughly appreciated nature, as during the night I passed under the starlit sky at Zéna. I lay down to the music of the nightingale, whose voice pealed out in song from every surrounding bush. A change seemed to come at every hour. The skies would darken, and then lighten again ; new constellations rose and set ; the moon moved slowly over the tree-tops, lighting up the ghostlike forms of the foremost pines. Violets, syringas, oleanders, roses, honeysuckle, jessamine, and daphne made the air heavy with sweetness ; whilst the purling of the waters soothed one insensibly into a dreamlike sleep. Now and then I would rouse up as a nightbird flew over our heads, and gaze around in astonishment at this new aspect of nature.

---

\* He is called Aga because he is a strong rich man. It is a title given in opposition to that of Effendi, which merely means a learned man, or one who reads and writes.

A silence that could almost be felt had fallen over everything; a calm so grand and still had for the moment eclipsed the turmoil of life, with a peace-giving power that would soothe the most troubled heart. A strange delicious sense of satisfaction gains the ascendancy. You feel "at one with Nature, and at rest in her strong protecting arms."

When I woke up, refreshed and full of happiness, the sun was rising and a pink glow came softly through the branches of the sombre pines. No one was awake but the shepherd dogs and myself. I wandered away by the forget-me-not bordered stream, and found a deep pool, into which a little cascade poured a continual stream. The honey-suckle and vines made a bower overhead as they stretched from oak to oak on either side, and I could not have dressed more privately in my own room.

I can hardly find words to describe the enchanting scenery that surrounded us. I never felt less able to describe it with anything like justice. I could only feel that I now, for the first time, saw the perfection of earthly loveliness, and was satisfied. Surely no scenery can equal in beauty this part of the Taurus? When one speaks of mountains, rivers, cascades, woods, and forests, they give one a framework to write about; but here it is the beauty of the colouring, the extent of the view, the grandeur of the forest, the cheerful sounds, and, above all, the soul-giving feeling of the air so strong, so pure, and yet so mild—that cannot

be described. So soft and yet so bracing ; it had all the glow and colour of the south, and yet the delicious freshness of the north. The forest-covered hills that we had passed yesterday, spread out in front ; beyond lay the banks of the Calycadnus ; then the fantastic mounds and valleys of Mout ; and yet farther the wooded heights of Northern Taurus, rising crest after crest till lost in the crimson sky. Around and below lay the cottages of Zéna spread out like an ancient Greek amphitheatre, with the glorious view in front. No wonder that the Aga had a placid and peaceful expression on his kind old face. He lives here in a natural paradise, away from the torments and vexations of the world, in one of the fairest gardens of nature. He lives amongst his flocks and his herds ; his existence is an ideal one, which those who pass their lives amongst the discontent, the strife, the discord of the outer world, with its wrangling races, and "murmuring millions" of men, can only look on as the vision of a dreamer, or as a picture shadowed in the mind of a poet.

As the sun rose we saw him approaching, staff in hand, with his two little grandchildren beside him. He would not hear of our going away till our wants were supplied, and we had broken our fast. We parted with him with much regret ; and as I rode away, I looked back for the last time, so as to carry away with me forever the memory of one of the fairest spots in the created world.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### A BEAUTIFUL RIDE.

A fortunate official—Rough forest roads—Turkish kindness to animals—The gipsies—A fair scene ; even “ bonny Scotland ” eclipsed—For once I see flowers enough—“ Kenger ” coffee—The yaila of Bozaghatsch—Hearty reception—Cookery by Turkish ladies—The yearly flitting—Prisoners paroled for church—Signs of a southern climate—Mountain game : boar and porcupine—First glimpse of the blue sea—Bozaghatsch in summer—The peasant and the conscription—Arrival at Killindryeh—The population turn out to greet us—News of home, and of “ Souris ”—I am at last satisfied that I have done something.

ON leaving Zéna, we re-entered the forest, and rode on through fir and oak. We had twelve hours' rough riding before us ere we should reach our destination for the night, Killindryeh—or, as it is sometimes spelt, Chelindreh. We hoped to meet the Caimacan of Bozaghatsch (the government has been removed there from Killindryeh) at the yaila of Ana-Bazaar, six hours on the road.\*

---

\* The Caimacan of Bozaghatsch, unlike his unfortunate colleague at Karabunar, was able to leave his village every summer for the yaila. The reason of permission being granted in one case, and not in the other, is, that the yaila of the former is always on the same spot, whereas the

The path was very rugged, but the horses seemed to know their work and got on famously ; now gathering their four feet close together on a ledge of rock, then springing lightly across a chasm, scrambling laboriously up a slippery incline, and picking their steps one by one as they wound round corners so sharp that the slightest mistake would have sent them crushing to the bottom. Above us the "voice of the turtle" floated from tree to tree, the thrush, the lark, the blackbird, warbled cheerfully as we passed ; the sun shone down through the tender green of the young firs, all nature was smiling, and we all were in the happiest possible frame of mind. I look back on this day's ride with a sensation of intense gratification, as one without alloy.

Even in these almost untrodden forests, we came to many fountains with arches over them and troughs of wood below ; a proof of the proverbial kindness of the Turks to animals in marked contrast to the conduct of the Arabs. We saw several encampments of gipsies, each with a small flock of goats. The charred stems frequently seen here, were evidence, I fear, that these wanderers are responsible for much of the forest destruction.

The scenery grew still more enchanting as we reached the heights, and wound through valleys amidst their summit. Ferns grew in the crevices of the rocks, ivy trailed over the

---

peasants of Karabunar select different sites from year to year ; and as there is consequently some uncertainty of the whereabouts of the Caimacan, the Vali requires him to remain in the village, in case he should require his services.

gray boulders, columbine and honeysuckle waved in festoons from the branches, and the young oaks were bursting with leaf, their delicate tints in lovely contrast to the darker foliage of the pines. The ground was ablaze with colour ; a perfect natural garden, abounding with great red tulips, huge crimson and pink peonies, gladiolas, mauve-coloured hollyhocks, roses, jessamine, and great sweet-scented old-fashioned flowers that are rarely met with nowadays. How beautiful they looked in their natural home ! It was hard to believe that these were actually *wild* flowers, when one thought of the puny little flowerets of our own woods.

There are parts of Scotland which are lovely, very, very lovely. The silvery birches and the golden bracken that border our Highland lochs, have a beauty which has made them renowned. But there the flowers are missing. One gets tired of the eternal heather, of the blue-bells, and perhaps a foxglove or two, and longs for a greater variety. But here, in the scenery we were passing through, that which was wanting at home was present, to add the final touch of beauty to Nature's lovely dress. Here are the same gray rocks, the mosses, the ferns, and the glorious old oaks ; but, above and beyond all, the flowers—such flowers as one could suppose might be in Paradise. I feel as if I never could be satisfied pulling them. It is almost too novel a pleasure to be thoroughly enjoyed. Indeed, it was difficult to feel sufficiently calm to enjoy the exquisite beauty of these woods. My love of flowers has grown with me since the first days I can remember. It seemed satisfied for ever now, with a

greater sense of delight than I had ever felt before. I could hardly believe it was not an exquisite dream, until I heard my husband admit that he really enjoyed it quite as much as I did, that he had never seen any place so beautiful in its way.

In the glades a kind of thistle grew profusely, which the natives called "kenger." About a dozen small berries are found on each plant; and these, Nahli told us, when roasted and pounded make a tolerable substitute for coffee.

This range of hills terminates very abruptly. Of a sudden you find yourself above a steep descent. A narrow plain, destitute of trees, white and chalky, with a few cottages dotted over it, lies between this and the next ridge of hills. When we descended we made for the only green spot at this time of the year, in a small oasis round a spring, where, after the hard work of the last four hours, we got off to rest the horses. A few hawthorn-trees covered with blossom, made a pleasant shade.

On ascending the opposite hill we looked down into the vale of Anaï-Bazaar, the yaila of Bozaghatsch, which, viewed from above, resembles a dense jungle of fir, oak, and splendid walnut trees. As we rode towards it, the perfume of the latter was very strong and aromatic. The whole village seemed surrounded by a walnut grove. Each house stands in a separate little enclosure, having its own garden and paddock, and group of trees. All was luxuriant, for water flows everywhere.

The konak is a stone building with a large wooden



verandah. The prisoners are kept in a room below. The Caimacan of Killendryeh, Mehemet Izet Effendi, came out to meet us. He said he had been expecting us for some time, as three months before he had received a telegram from the Vali ordering him to do what he could for us on our arrival. He insisted on our remaining in the yaila for lunch, and sent to his wife to prepare us food. It seems the wives are always the cooks, and send the dishes out to you. You are never invited to partake of them in their own houses. The Caimacan apologised for the fare, observing they had only just moved up to the yaila, and that the bazaar was not yet opened.

This yearly flitting is looked forward to with the greatest delight by the natives. The women commence to wash their clothes, shake out the carpets, re-stuff the cushions, mend the saucepans, prepare their bedding, long beforehand; looking upon the start as *the* event of the year. Even the dogs and cats partake of the general excitement, and the children are lifted to the seventh heaven of enchantment, in prospect of a life for the next four months of perpetual pic-nic.

Whilst we were lunching, the muezzin called the people to prayer. It was more than a little curious to see all the prisoners released in order to attend the service. They all rushed off in a body in an alarming way; but it was only to the nearest stream to wash their hands, feet, and faces. The place of worship was merely a low ruined building

roofed over by a huge walnut tree. The ceremony was very simple, but very picturesque, and thoroughly in keeping with the wild surroundings.

The Caimacan found us a change of horses, and had our baggage strapped on to the backs of two small donkeys, and sent off in charge of a zaptieh. We were told it would take us six hours to get down to the coast, so hurried our departure. We found the climate is decidedly warmer than at Koniah; but though the sun was more powerful, the mountain air was so invigorating that the heat was quite bearable.

The ride down to Killindryeh is very lovely, almost equal to that above Zéna. One felt as if gradually going south. Myrtle and chiniah began to appear in the forest glades, the first we had seen; and even deutchzia and an occasional cistus; but the oak woods were still unmistakably children of the North.

We saw numerous tracks of boar as we rode along, and often came upon a broken tusk or a porcupine quill. The latter animal often grows to the length of three feet here. It is thought a much greater delicacy, by the Greeks, than the wild pig. In the very middle of the forest we would sometimes come on a cleared space, sown with wheat or barley; and it was in such spots that the signs of game were most frequent—for the boars are so numerous that they often destroy half of these little crops.

From the heights above Anaï-Bazaar we got our first

distinct view of the Mediterranean—the great expanse of water lay before us

Canopied by the blue sky  
So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful,  
That God alone was to be seen in Heaven.

The distant horizon was bounded by an undulating blue line, over which a white cloud hung suspended. This was Cyprus, our temporary home; and pleasant thoughts of waiting letters and welcomes from our friends, gave us new strength to push on rapidly. We had still many miles to go up and down ere reaching the last bulwark of mountains separating us from the coast.

On these mountains the view is often deceptive as to distance. They all have rounded summits, and seem as though one range were of the same height as the others. Thus, when on the top of one, you see nothing around you but an endless surface of forest, with now and then a precipice reaching down to the valley below. The narrowness of the ravines makes the ascents often very steep, and the journey in consequence longer than the mere distance would imply; but the country was so beautiful, we rode on unwearied. The deep dells with their roaring torrents; the furrowed rifts, the gray and brown boulders, the still silent woods, opened out a succession of varied landscapes before us as we rode on. The English oak above, below, and around us, recalling to mind the near approach of Royal Oak Day, crowned a very garden of flowering shrubs and undergrowth.

We passed through Bozaghatsch, a large village perched on a limestone plateau, now deserted, except by the poorest of its inhabitants, to whom a visit to the Yaila was a dream only. These poor creatures crowded round us to ask if the new conscription had commenced in Koniah, and if we knew what lots had been drawn. This thirst for information had a very potent reason for its origin ; for Nahli told us, that many of the young men were prepared to start for the mountains, the moment they learned that their names had been drawn.

Two miles beyond the village, a larger torrent than usual, spanned by a good stone bridge, led to an ascent so steep that we had to go on foot. I turned the opportunity to account by gathering a grand bunch of tiger lilies and hollyhocks as I followed my horse. We constantly passed Yuruk encampments, and occasional nomad shepherds, but neither villages nor peasants. The final descent is very long and winding. We rode along the ridge of a deep ravine bordering the last barrier between us and Killindryeh, leading to the commencement of an aqueduct, which we followed for seven miles, and at last reached the first houses of the town. It was almost pitch-dark when we entered ; but not so black that our eager eyes could not make out, dimly, the outline of two small caiques in the harbour, in one of which we hoped to sail on the morrow for Kyrenia.

Our arrival created a great stir. The sailors and inhabitants poured out of the coffee-houses ; and in a few minutes we were surrounded by Osmands, Ibrahimis, and Mehemets

who had had dealings, pleasant or otherwise, with my husband in Cyprus, all vociferous in their welcome. I can't describe the kindly feeling these people showed us. Though only poor merchants or fisher-folk, they welcomed us as though we had been of their own kin, and struggled for the privilege of leading our horses to the house of the richest man in the village—Paule Dimite. This good friend is a Greek, and he at once got out for us his best quilts and rugs, and made preparations for our entertainment. People crowded into the entrance of the room, all eager to answer our questions about Cyprus. Indeed, I am sure that poor Nahli never had harder work in his life than during the next hour, in the endeavour to translate *all* he heard.

It was touching to find how these people knew everything about us and our belongings. I had a sort of dread we should hear of Cyprus having been given up, and all the officials sent home ; so it was with a feeling of relief we turned to the local news of our own little place.

For myself, I had in one corner of my heart a place that was eager to be filled with tidings of one little pet. I had left my faithful little friend\* and companion behind me ; and all these rough fishermen came forward to tell me of its welfare. Everyone knows that the Turks look on a dog as an unclean animal ; and I think nothing proved more fully how anxious these poor people were to please us, than their volunteering to give me information on the subject they knew I was most anxious about.

---

\* Readers of my former book will remember my tiny mouse-coloured Pomeranian, "Souris."

---

We were indeed sincerely touched by their welcome and kindness. I went to sleep that night very happy. I felt that I had accomplished a feat that few ladies would undertake; that I had travelled through a country that was almost unknown, and gone through trials and dangers that required great tact and endurance to overcome them. I hope people won't laugh when I say that I felt, for once in my life, that I had done something really of use to my fellow creatures; and that if I should succeed in writing a readable account of our travels, I might be the means of attracting attention to an almost unknown land, where health is to be found by those who seek it, grand sport by the hunter, and unexplored treasures by the traveller, the botanist, the geologist, and the antiquary. I confess I have never had such a happy feeling of being satisfied with myself as I had that night, and I fell asleep in a very pleasant frame of mind.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### KILLINDRYEH AND OUR VOYAGE HOME.

Disappointment ; a foul wind and compulsory detention—Good-bye to honest Nahli ; a recommendation and a warning—We turn our own interpreters—Killindryeh—The timber shoot—Site of ancient Celendris—Vestiges of the old castle—Wanting a bridge ; official disregard of national interests—The rock-cut tombs—Visit to a secluded ruin—Reminiscences of Cyprus—A hidden stream—We find a bridge—An excellent situation—Undoubted signs of departed monastic life—A ramble over the ruins—Black and gray snakes—We resolve to start—A stormy night—Wrecked in port—My bedraggled pasha—Donkey-stalking—Approach to dear Kyrenia—My nervousness—Andrew goes as *avant courier*—How he was received—Calls for “the lady”—How my pet had been cared for—Apotheosis of “Souris”—Impressions of our trip—My last word : an appeal for the generous Turk.

NEXT morning, the 18th of May, when we awoke at day-break, we looked out to discover that most important point to us—the direction of the wind. To our utter dismay a strong breeze had sprung up from the west, and a start was out of the question until it should change. The mountains of Cyprus stood out clear and purple before us. We even fancied we could distinguish the pass across them, that

separates Kyrenia from the Messarian plain. The distance between the two shores is only forty-five miles, and with a fair wind, the little caiques have often done it in four hours.

The delay was very annoying. We had hurried so as to be back punctually by the end of my husband's leave, and our present detention might make us days late. As for Nahli, he was fortunate in finding a ship for himself; so we permitted him to start for Mersina. We gave him a present and a very good character; and, indeed, will always be glad to recommend "Nahli Sabbagh of Mersina" as a good interpreter and a thoroughly honest man. He has but one almost pleasing foible—his imagination sometimes gets the better of his veracity. If he should try to amuse future travellers with stories about me, as I have been amused by his accounts of his old employers, I hope they will take this little peculiarity into consideration, and not conclude I am all that he may paint me.

For a short time after Nahli left us, we felt rather at a loss for his services. But my husband essayed to be spokesman, and found that his Turkish came out in a way that surprised us both. Indeed, after a while, we found we were able to get on quite as pleasantly without an interpreter as with one. The process was altogether quite a success, for, during the three days we spent in this place, we both had to talk a good deal, and in this way learned so much as to be quite fluent before we left it.

Killindryeh is a flourishing little village, situated between



Anamour and Selefkeh, and boasts a sheltered harbour, which is filled with caiques all the summer. A large export trade in timber is carried on. We were very much puzzled at first as to the purpose of some grooves or slides on the rocky surface of the hill to the valley below; but could appreciate their value in the amount of labour saved, in thus shooting down quantities of pine and oak. The branches of the latter are much esteemed for firewood, as they burn so slowly.

The village stands on the site of the old Celendris,\* a town said to be of Phœnician origin, though the ancient remains are nearly all evidently Roman. The aqueduct we had followed on entering, formerly led into the old town. A fine marble monument still stands erect at the east end of the village, consisting of a pyramid (a good deal broken) mounted on four arches supported by four pilastres of marble. The pattern of acanthus leaves, round two of the capitals, is not of very finished workmanship. A stream of water runs near it.

On the western extremity of the little bay, are the remains of an old castle, which extended over a large space of ground. An old tower is the only part of it now remaining. Much of the *débris* was used in building a konak on the spot; a handsome square building still standing, but rapidly falling into decay, as it has not been occupied since the seat of Government was moved to Bozaghatsch. The inhabitants-

---

\* The modern name is by some written as I have already named, Chelindreh.

complained bitterly because the broken bridge across the Calycadnus had never been repaired ; declaring that were it made serviceable, their little town and harbour would be the most thriving along the coast. This I can well believe, for it is undoubtedly the nearest port to the interior, and except for about ten weeks in midwinter, the pass is open all the year round.\*

There are in the neighbourhood some rock-tombs, having staircases cut in the stone leading to the entrances. These tombs have ledges inside on which the bodies were laid ; sometimes only one, often as many as six. There are also recesses for lamps, or statuettes, cut in the solid rock. But the sight which most took our fancy, and to the exploration of which we devoted the following day, was an ancient ruin about three miles to the left of the town, situated in a sheltered bay on the sea-shore.

We walked to it along the coast through wooded scenery, very much like that of Cyprus. The bushes of chiniah, laurel, lavender, myrtle, and arbutus, the olive and carob trees were the same as cover the northern coast of that island. Kyrenia cannot boast the large yellow broom that grows here, having the sweetest perfume. An hour brought us to a narrow ravine, into which we descended by a path completely arched over by trees and creepers. A

---

\* It is in matters of this kind that the supineness of the Turkish Government is surely bringing about its ruin. One cannot fail to see that absolutely *nothing* is done to increase the trade or secure the prosperity of the people.

narrow river flows through the little valley, entirely hidden in places by the dense foliage ; a grassy sward, soft as velvet, occupies the level ground, and on the shore stands a fine ruin, its base almost washed by the waves.

We had some difficulty in finding a place to cross the river. We had to force our way along, through a compact mass of foliage, until we came to an enormous fig-tree ; and, stooping under the branches, found that it sheltered an old bridge, a companion fig-tree on the opposite side throwing its branches across, so that the two formed a canopy over the width of the stream. The roots unfortunately had grown also, and were gradually loosening the stones of the bridge. On crossing we found ourselves in what was evidently the ancient garden, in the midst of fruit-trees of all kinds, now growing in a wild state, their trunks covered with ivy and creepers. The emerald sward was studded at the water's edge with forget-me-nots. The river pools were twenty feet deep in places, but half concealing the big trout of two and three pounds which lay at the bottom, whilst shoals of smaller ones flitted to and fro. Fat eels occasionally wriggled across, or a tortoise would come up to breathe.

Although so secluded, the little spot teemed with life. Myriads of bees, butterflies, and other insects buzzed about. The air was full of the song of the warblers and flycatchers in the trees above. On all sides, except seawards, the valley is surrounded by heights covered with thick forest. One might live for years in the neighbourhood, and yet never discover the enchanting little spot.

We were not long in deciding as to the profession of its original occupants. The sheltered position, the river full of trout, the woods swarming with game, the fruit-trees grown wild, the snug little cove where smuggled goods could be so easily landed, and the great fresh sea in front, with Cyprus visible in the distance—made it the ideal spot, certain to have been chosen by the most luxurious liver of mediæval times. It had been a monastery.

The ruin is a long building facing the shore, and extending right across the valley, very narrow in proportion to its length. An outer stone wall surrounds it. The inside is in a most ruinous state ; but we saw three brick vaulted arches in the Roman style, which probably belonged to the chapel. The size of a few self-sown trees within the walls, proclaim its age. On a little promontory, on the west side of the valley, stands a small watch-tower ; but I was afraid to enter it, for a black snake, seven feet in length, glided out on our approach.\* We spent the whole afternoon here, revelling in the beauty and quietude, and thinking how strange it was, that for eighteen months we had lived directly opposite this spot, and yet had known so little of the scenery, the people, and the virgin forest.

We did not get away from Killindryeh till the 19th. On that evening we insisted on starting whether the wind were fair or foul.

---

\* The natives consider this kind harmless ; and declare, both here and in Cyprus, that it *eats* the gray—a poisonous kind.

We set sail in a small one-masted boat, with a crew of two men. I lay at the bottom rolled up in blankets, and covered, head and all, with a waterproof sheet. Now and then, I felt great weights slowly moving over me, and then gliding back ; which my husband told me later were the waves that constantly came in. Indeed, a fearful storm raged round us, and they had to keep pumping all night to keep the boat afloat ; and truly my husband's knowledge of sailing stood us in good stead that night.

The gale ceased as the sun rose, and we found that we had got across certainly, but were some thirty-six miles east of Kyrenia ! Our ship was leaking terribly, and the gear so out of order, that the owner could not prevent it going ashore. So we chose a soft place and took a sandy bank, about two hundred yards from the beach, from which we were rowed in the ship's boat, in a half-drowned state, to the land. My gray habit was saturated with water, and my hair and face covered with salt. My husband was in a still worse plight. Paul, who had been forcibly pushed overboard with an oar, after rolling right over, swam straight to land.

As we set off to find the nearest village, we could not help laughing at our draggled looks, and thinking what an undignified appearance "the Pasha" would make on entering his district. The sun warmed and dried us, though, of course, everything was unpleasantly sticky. We had nothing either to eat, except some bread I had brought to feed a few hens I had with me ; but which, poor things ! had all been drowned in the night.

We walked on through a trackless country for seven miles, my husband leading Paul, with me on his back, all the way. He was getting quite done up, when suddenly he espied some donkeys feeding in a ravine, and set to work to stalk them. After nearly an hour's hard work, he succeeded in catching one, but only the smallest of them. His feet almost touched the ground on either side, and occasionally the donkey would come down altogether—my husband standing up with the little animal between his feet. However, a few miles further brought us to the village of Saint Ambrosius, where we were known, and had no difficulty in finding a horse. We cantered merrily along after that, the bastions of Kyrenia growing nearer and nearer, and the waving palms over the konak standing out an unmistakable landmark.

I felt quite nervous with excitement as we approached our little town. I felt afraid, too, of hearing bad news about the little faithful friend that I have had for twelve years; indeed, long before I was married. So my husband galloped on in front to learn the first news. Later, he described the scene to me.

As he approached, he made out the Cadi, the Caimacan and officials, smoking their narghils under the great vine; the zaptiehs and pioneers sipping their coffee, the sentries on their beat; the dogs lying about—just where we had left them. Nothing changed, except the ground itself, for the weeds had been allowed to grow apace. When, of a sudden, they saw him galloping up, it seemed as though a bombshell

had fallen in their midst. They rushed forward with shouts and cries, kissing his hands, and greeting him enthusiastically. Everyone left his work ; the coffee-shops were emptied ; the fishers left their boats : all came crowding round to welcome him home.

Soon they called out for the "Madama!" "Kokona!" "Keria!"—and when Andrew explained that I was waiting to hear about my little dog, there began a Babel indeed.

It seems that everyone made a particular point of looking after my little "Souris" for me. Zaptiehs were told off, and during her walks abroad not a mule was allowed to stir ; if another dog attempted to make acquaintance with her, a shower of sticks and stones was the result. The town-crier had gone round and informed all the people that, if anyone ill-used the dog, he would be treated with the extremest penalty the law allowed. Every day the butcher was ordered to cut off a piece of the best meat, and a villager had to bring in her tenderest chickens once a week ; whilst, daily, the Cadi, or Caimacan, or someone of the officials, would go and inquire about her. Two zaptiehs slept all night in our house to look after its welfare, in case of robbers breaking in ; and last, but not least, once a week the little boy in charge of her, was actually allowed to take "Souris" to the Turkish bath, and there wash her. Had the poor, kind Turks given me all they possessed most sacred in the world, they could not have given me a greater proof of their devotion, than by allowing my dog to be washed in their bathing place.

All this may sound exaggeration—even absurd. But I relate it, to show how kind and conscientious these poor

people are; how willing they were to try and do their utmost to please us on our return. The moment they heard why I was staying behind, there set in a veritable Babel, as I have said; and then they rushed home to our house, and made the little boy advance with "Souris" in his arms, and come to meet me.

I saw the old toothless Cadi panting on in front; the grave Caimacan with his black coat-tails flying; the foreman of works waving his stick, and holding his hat on as he flew along. I saw the red coats of the zaptiehs and the white ones of the pioneers, as they scuttled through the fields, and quite a train of minor officials running breathless behind. Bob, the colley dog, was careering round and round them, gathering in the lagging ones like a flock of sheep. "Souris" was carried aloft, not at all pleased with the honours bestowed on her; but when the little creature saw me, she gave a cry that was almost human, and sprang from Don Pasquale's arms, running to the spot where I had pulled up my horse. I had to spring to the ground to keep her from being trodden on.

She certainly had been well cared for. Since I first got her, a diminutive puppy a few weeks old, I have never seen her so well looked after. As I shook hands with everyone near me, they all crowded round, pointing to her thick coat of hair and to her portliness, which had increased to quite a Turkish style of beauty. Even her very crossness, as she snapped at their attentions, called out expressions of satisfaction as a sign of her being well and hearty.

I shall never forget all their goodness; for all they had



done, had emanated from true kind-heartedness. They had wished, poor people, to please us on our return ; and had done for our sakes what they knew we would appreciate most. We have only lived about eighteen months amongst them ; we were strangers in manners, religion, language, and customs : and yet, now, I believe that most of them would give their lives for my husband, and certainly nothing could be more touching or more genuine than the reception we met on our home-coming to Kyrenia.

I must close my book here, for we have returned to the place from which the kind reader has borne me company in my travels. We have terminated a journey which has been not only delightful in itself, but has given me subjects of interest and reflection which will last all my life. We have returned refreshed in mind and body, and have laid in a store of knowledge that could not have been gained except by personal observation and experience. We have come back full of deep commiseration for the unfortunate Mussulman ; for, though I condemn most strongly the Osmanli Government, still I will lift up my voice, again and again, for the long-suffering Osmanli people ; and as long as I live will ever remember the kindness, the hospitality, and the courtesy we invariably received, from the highest to the most humble of their nation.

THE END.







